YACHTING

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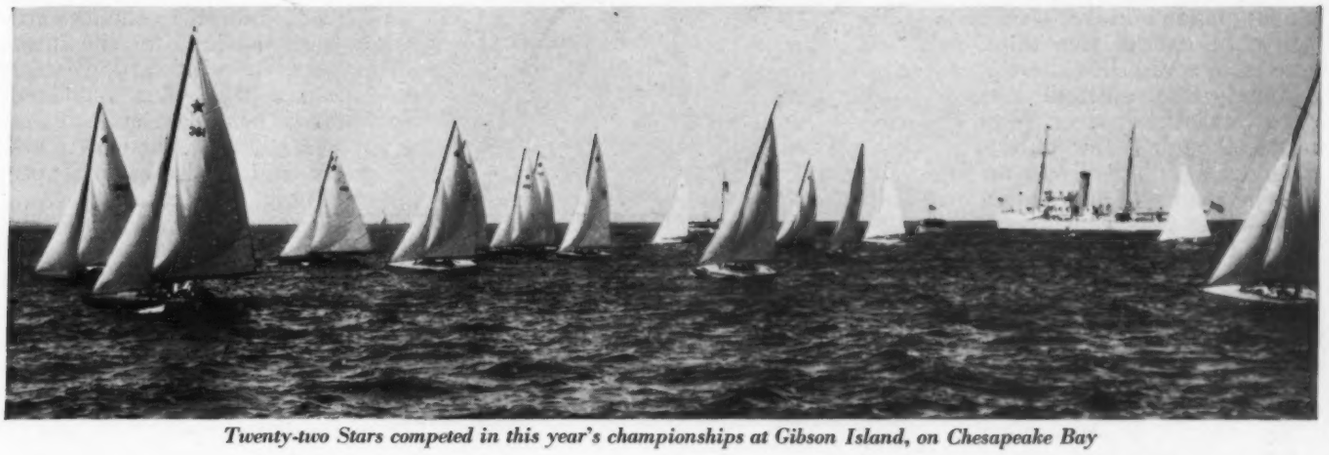


Twenty-two Stars competed in this year's championships at Gibson Island, on Chesapeake Bay

Star Class Championship Returns to Long Island Sound

"Peggywee" Comes from Behind in Last Mile of Final Race to Win the Series

By WILLIAM H. TAYLOR

STAR CLASS Internationals traditionally produce more than their share of thrills, and this year's was no exception when Arthur Knapp and Newell Weed, in *Peggywee*, from Western Long Island Sound, climbed up from second to first place in the series on the last round of the last race, beating *Tempe IV*, sailed by Walton Hubbard and T. R. Dittmar, just at the moment when *Tempe* appeared to have the thing sewed up.

By inspired sailing and with no breaks to help them, Knapp and Weed brought the trophy back to the Sound after it had spent five years touring the country — a tour that took in New England, the Pacific Coast, the Gulf, and Chesapeake Bay. It probably won't stay on the Sound long, but the Star sailors there, and others, will be glad to see it.

Everything conspired to make the 1930 series a success. The weather was fine, the hospitality of the Gibson Island Club, as well as the setting it provided, perfect, the foreign fleet representation was better than usual, and from start to finish good sportsmanship prevailed. And every race was a race, all the way, with sailing of a caliber that couldn't be beaten in any class anywhere.

Peggywee started out nicely by winning the first race. Smooth water and a light breeze out of the sou'sou'-east greeted the fleet of twenty-two Stars and nearly a hundred spectator yachts when they came out of Gibson Island's landlocked harbor into the open Chesapeake, off the Magothy River, the first day. The International Race Committee of the Star Class gave them a windward and leeward course, twice around, and they were off at 1:30, with *Peggywee* out ahead from the start. The fleet split, most of the boats standing offshore while a few followed the local boat, *Ripple*, sailed by the 1929 champions, Graham and Lowndes Johnson, in along the beach. When they came together near the weather mark *Peggy* was so far out ahead that it looked like a case of "no second," for she rounded the stake boat a minute ahead of *Tempe*, with *Vixen*, the Barnegat Bay boat which showed up very well in the first three races, third; then *Chico*, of New Orleans, *Okla*, of Southport, Conn., and *Majella*, of Peoria. And except that *Okla* passed *Chico* on the second weather leg, that was how they stood for the rest of the race, the Johnsons finishing sixth in *Ripple*.

Peggywee's crew were not unduly impressed with their victory that night. After all, it put them only one point ahead of *Tempe* and so on, down the line, and, as Arthur Knapp pointed out, they had done exactly the same thing in the first race at New Orleans a year before but they hadn't won the series.

And the second day up came *Vixen*, sailed by Slade Dale and C. E. Grover, to take first place for the race and tie *Peggywee*, which finished third behind the Miller brothers' *Flapper*, from Hampton Roads, for the series lead. *Okla* was fourth again that day and *Ripple* fifth, while *Tempe* dropped to seventh. The breeze was fresher, up to twelve knots, and some of them started with reefs. That race was the first of the three-times-around courses which had everybody dizzy by the time the series was over, especially when, as happened later, they were triangles instead of windward and leeward.

On the third day, Sunday, September 28th, *Tempe IV* and *Flapper* put on a grand race for first place, way out ahead of the rest of the fleet, and it was only by superior maneuvering in the last few seconds that Hubbard, 1927 international champion of the class, got *Tempe's* nose over the finish line ahead of the Hampton Roads boat. It was a magnificent duel between the two, and the lead had changed between them half a dozen times

before the gun finally barked for *Tempe's* finish. *Vixen* and *Peggywee* had become involved in a scrap with each other and several other boats which ended by putting them down in fifth and sixth places, respectively, *Chico* and *Ripple* slipping in ahead of them.

By the end of this third race the series had pretty definitely resolved itself into a struggle between four boats, though a few of the eighteen others still had an outside chance of doing business. Those four were *Tempe IV* and *Vixen*, tied with 59 points; and *Peggywee* and *Okla*, with 58 each. The Johnson brothers were next best at this time, with 53 points, and below them, *Chico*, ably sailed by Gilbert Gray and D. S. Wuescher, headed the remainder of the fleet with 45 points.

Sailed by Arthur Knapp and Newell Weed, "Peggywee" won the trophy for the Western Long Island Sound Fleet

The fourth race, held Tuesday after a lay-off on Monday during which the Gibson Island Club took the whole bunch for a visit to Annapolis, narrowed the battle down practically to two boats, *Tempe* and *Peggywee*, and gave the former a decided edge. Once again *Tempe* came home first in that fourth race, but this time *Peggywee* was right on her heels, with *Ripple* a good third, each having had the lead at one time or another early in the race before *Tempe* took it for good. In this race, in which the breeze was moderate and rather fluky in spots, both *Okla* and *Vixen* tobogganed right down out of sight as far as their championship points were concerned, *Okla* finishing ninth and *Vixen* eleventh.

So, on the morning of the last race, the score stood *Tempe*, 81 points; *Peggywee*, 79. The next best boat was *Ripple*, with 73 points; below that, barring an unheard-of upset, nobody in the fleet had the ghost of a show for the title.

The final race, Wednesday, October 1st, was held over a triangular course in the freshest breeze of the series and a chop which, while small, was steep and had a punch to it. It was a reaching start and to make things look blacker for the Western Long Island Sound boat she was a shade too early at the line, or at least Knapp thought he was and came back, though the committee later said that he would not have been recalled as they couldn't tell he was over.

He was up at the weather end of the line, however, and could tack and get back with little delay, and once on his way with his wind clear sailed *Peggywee* so effectively that he managed to beat *Tempe*, which had started down to leeward, to the first turn. They were tenth and twelfth, respectively, to turn that mark. *Vixen* led the parade, followed by *Tsan*, the Peconic Bay boat sailed by E. W. Poor and E. C. Towl, which, handsomely sailed in the rough going and carrying the old, low rig, proved the eventual winner of the race by a long lead, though she received scant notice due to the interest in the duel between *Tempe* and *Peggy*.

On the second leg — the first beat to windward — Hubbard and Dittmar got *Tempe* going like a train of cars and came up from twelfth at the leeward mark to fifth at the weather. *Peggywee*, on the other hand, turned the weather mark eleventh and a less persistent skipper than Arthur Knapp might have lost interest right there. Eleventh *Peggywee* remained on the next two reaches down to the leeward mark again. On the next beat to windward, *Tempe* passed *Okla*, but remained fifth, behind *Tsan*, *Chico*, *Vixen*, *YuYu*, the Cuban entry, which, also carrying the old rig, had come up from the ruck. *Peggywee* did better this time, and rounded seventh, with *Okla* between her and *Tempe*.

The order again remained unchanged down to the leeward mark and the spectators opined that it was too much to expect *Peggywee* to pass *Okla* and *Tempe* and put another boat between her and *Tempe* to tie up the series in the last beat of a mile and three-eighths. But she did that and plenty more, and did it all at once.

Hubbard cut *Tempe* close around the mark, with a good lead on *Okla* and *Peggywee*, and strapped her down hard for the beat to windward — strapped her down a shade too hard, perhaps, and certainly pointed her a shade too high. It was soon evident that she was bobbing up and down twice in the same hole as the chop hit her under the bow.

Bill McHugh, crewing in *Okla*, and Newell Weed, in *Peggywee*, peeped out under their booms as they came up to the mark and saw *Tempe* virtually stopped. A quiet word to their two skippers and *Okla* and *Peggy* wiped around the buoy and drove off hard with a rap full while *Tempe* still chopped with her nose up in the wind. Five minutes of that was enough. *Tempe* was pointing, but *Okla* and *Peggywee* were traveling, and they walked right through her lee, tacked, and crossed her, *Tempe* having to come about to avoid fouling *Peggywee* as the latter came up on the starboard tack.

From then on it was easy, or at least it looked easy from the side lines. *Tempe's* crew went up in the air higher than a kite, rushed around trying all kinds of ways to make her get up and get out from under *Peggywee*, which now had her covered. The harder they tried the slower they seemed to go. Could they have finished just behind *Peggywee* they would still have had the series, but they couldn't. *Peggywee* finished fourth, behind *Tsan*, *YuYu*, and *Okla*, and *Tempe* was way down in ninth place at the finish.

It was a great series that Knapp and Weed sailed, never missing a trick that they could take and never easing up for an instant when they were ahead or when they were apparently hopelessly licked. Harold Smith, former Atlantic Coast Star champion, drew the restful if monotonous assignment of sitting in one of the stakeboats during the whole series, and he had a tribute to pay after watching things at close quarters on at least one turn of every race. "I've been sitting there for five days," he declared, "watching them turn that mark, and there are two boats that to my mind stand out as never having made a mistake, at least not where I could

see them. Those were *Peggywee* and *Vixen*. They never took a wide turn, never lost headway for a second, never wasted time deciding what to do, never made a false move. Those boys were going all the time."

Of the minor prizes for the series, the Distant Fleet Trophy went to *Chico;* the Invaders Trophy to Colin Ratsey's *Joy*, of the Solent Fleet; and the Novice Fleet Trophy to *Fawn*, of Elk River.

The Cubans, M. deSena and Ramon Gomez, won what might be termed a moral victory, for in the series and in the final race, in which they finished second, they placed better than a Cuban boat has ever done in the several internationals in which Habana has taken part.

The class, at its annual meeting held in conjunction with the series, adopted the new, tall rig as the only official rig for use in international and other major championships, though the use of the old rig, of the same area, but longer on the foot and shorter on the hoist, is still optional in other competition. Where the wind blows, at least, there seems to be some doubt about the superiority of the new rig, for in the fresh breeze — a good twenty knots or more at times — in the last race, it was the two old-rigged boats, *Tsan* and *YuYu*, that showed the loftier-sparred Stars the way home. Roller reefing gear was also adopted as optional, though it is doubtful if it will be popular in this country.

The foreign element was well represented. Besides *YuYu*, there was the British entry, *Joy*, and two from France, the Cannes boat *Licette*, sailed by those two hundred percent Frenchmen, Kelly and McClatchy, and the Paris boat *Startle*, manned by the more orthodoxically named Peytel and Lebrun. Kelly, whose salmon pink pants and canary yellow shirt were a feature of the series, was quite proud of his consolation prize, feeling rather like the fabled New Bedford whaleman who reported at the end of a three-year voyage that he "didn't see a single whale but he had a durned fine sail."

As usual, the series had its one girl sailor, Mrs. Sampson Smith, who crewed for her husband in *Red Star II*, the Otsego Lake entry. They didn't win any prizes, but they had their first taste of international championships and are planning to come back next year for more.

A more delightful spot for the series than Gibson Island would be hard to picture, and those who sailed there have no doubts as to the future of Chesapeake Bay's fast-growing participation in yachting. A breeze every day — not too hard as a rule — balmy late September weather, unrivaled hospitality ashore, blue skies, blue water and wooded shores, and the picturesque procession of bugeyes laden with everything from watermelons to sheep made the most favorable of impressions on all those who were there to race or just to watch.

Next summer will see the internationals held on Western Long Island Sound, with its light, tricky breezes from nowhere and everywhere, and its tows of sand barges and tons of driftwood. The Sound yachtsmen will have to outdo themselves to give the Star sailors as good a series as they have just finished.

The final standings are as follows:

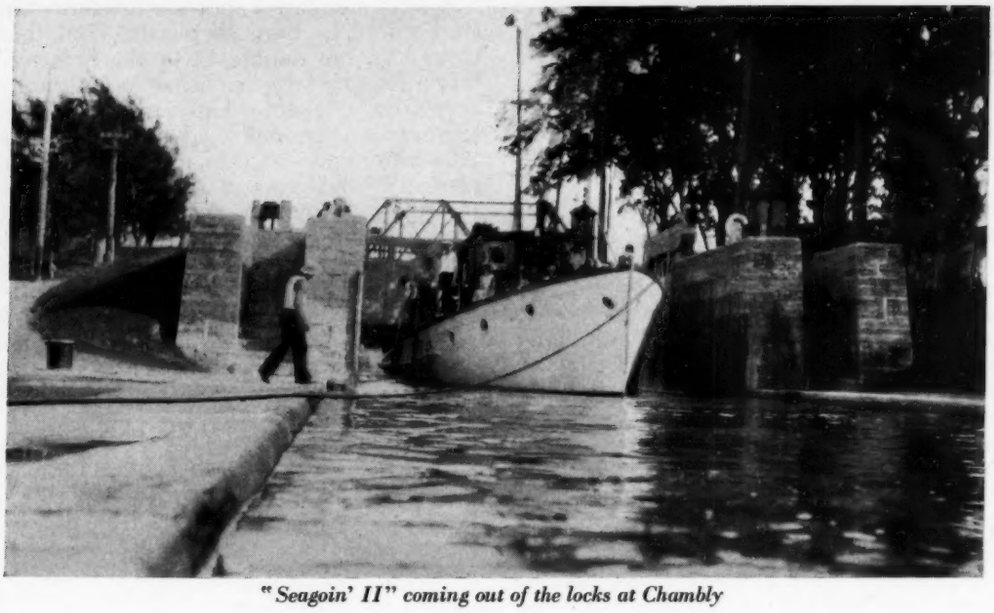
Boat	Fleet	Crew	Points
Peggywee	Western L. I. Sound	Arthur Knapp, Jr. & Newell P. Weed	98
Tempe IV	Newport Harbor	Walton Hubbard & T. R. Dittmar	95
Okla II	Central L. I. Sound	J. F. Watkins & W. J. McHugh	92
Vixen	Barnegat Bay	Slade Dale & C. E. Grover	87
Chico	New Orleans	Gilbert Gray & D. S. Wuescher	82
Flapper	Hampton Roads	J. G. & Grady Miller	82
Ripple	Chesapeake Bay	J. G. & C. L. Johnson	82
Tsan	Peconic Bay	E. W. Poor & E. C. Towl	66
Joy	Solent	Colin Ratsey & John Atkin	63
Fleet Star	Gravesend Bay	Tim and Tom Parkman	60
Majella II	Illinois River	Ralph Bradley & C. C. Howland	59
YuYu	Habana	M. deSena & Ramon Gomes	58
Lintik	Philippines	J. C. Rockwell & A. B. Tigh	47
Moonshine	Narragansett	D. H. Atwater & S. Ellsbree	39
Fawn	Elk River	C. J. Stewart & J. T. Mason	39
Chuckle	Great South Bay	H. C. Halstead & P. deGumoens	34
Emmeline	Santa Barbara	H. Doulton & E. Carpentier	33
Nalu	Hawaii	R. A. Anderson & C. R. Dyer	33
Fram	Lake Michigan	F. W. Manegold & M. Nilsen	32
Startle	Paris	J. Peytel & J. Lebrun	30
Red Star II	Otsego Lake	Mr. & Mrs. Sampson Smith	23
Licette	Cannes	Eugene Kelly & J. McClatchy	11

Plans of "Enterprise" in the December Issue

THROUGH the courtesy of W. Starling Burgess, designer of *Enterprise*, we will reproduce in the December number the lines, construction and sail plan of this year's America's Cup defender. This will be the first opportunity afforded yachtsmen to study the many interesting features of what is probably the fastest yacht of her size and sail area ever built.

"Tempe IV," representing the Newport Harbor, Cal., Fleet, was a close second in the series (left)

The Barnegat Bay Fleet took fourth place with "Vixen" (right)



"Seagoin' II" coming out of the locks at Chambly

Around Gaspé with a Diesel

Twenty-Five Hundred Miles of Canals, Rivers and Ocean

By DAVID O. WOODBURY

ALMOST anyone should know better than to wind the dinghy painter into the propeller at the start of a 2500-mile cruise, but Provincetown Harbor was dark that night and we were so busy backing out of fish weirs that the "dink" was left to her own devices for a moment. She went adrift, and was recovered with the boathook by the ship's doctor, who was used to such implements. All seemed snug for the night, but next morning the "dink's" 50-foot painter resisted every effort of the amateur divers armed with saws, bread knives, and tin shears. It was wound up tight. Grimly we determined to beach the ship at the first low tide, and beach her we did, through four successive ebbs, little by little fighting the havoc caused by a twisting rope which had cleverly backed the packing gland nut off the stuffing box and wound it on again cross-threaded.

A four-weeks' cruise through the St. Lawrence River and around Gaspé Peninsula and Nova Scotia with fourteen people along should not be started in this way, particularly in an able Diesel craft like *Seagoin' II*. But who can say what is a fair price for experience?

If you will glance at Hydrographic Chart No. 1412 you will see that by drawing in the Hudson River and the Champlain Canal you make of New England and the Maritime Provinces an island. If you have a seaworthy boat of less than seven feet draft, and a number of friends with time enough, there is no more interesting cruise in America than this circuit, with its rivers, canals, lakes, gulfs, oceans, fogs, and grief and adventure generally. *Seagoin'*, in the modest words of her designer, a "glorified Guinea fisherman," is thoroughly competent for the trial, and so, from her hailing port of Boston, one late June day, she staggered out of the harbor under a capacity load of dunnage, food and passengers.

Before we had reached Minot's Light, all the fourteen had their assigned jobs. There were the cook and his wife, the doctor, the quartermaster, the mate and the bo's'n, the carpenter and the captain, the navigator, various assorted wives and women friends, and Bunzy, the five-year-old who turned out to be one of the best sailors of the lot. And in the engine room there was "Java Al," without whose efforts the black gang would never have got the other thirteen home. *Seagoin'*, with her 15 feet of beam, is one of the biggest 53-footers afloat, but even she bulged — as the navigator liked to say, "spewed her caulking" — when packed with this able crew and the piles of sea bags and sails that the old salts brought along. However, we all had bunks to sleep in, and, by squeezing, a place at one of the two mess tables in the deckhouse.

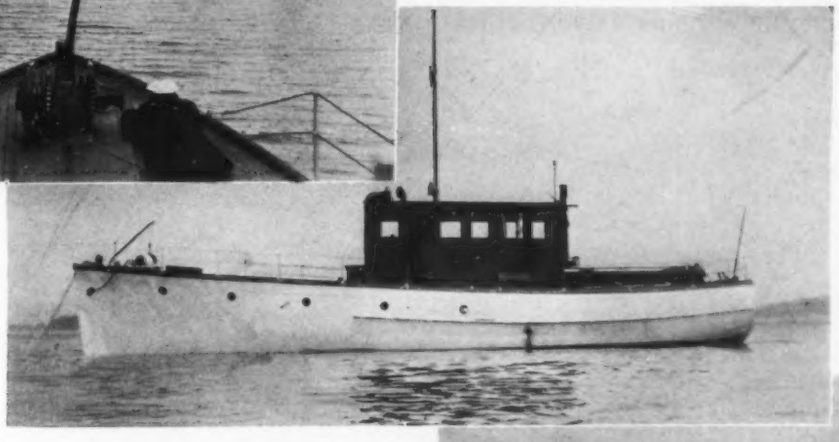
With the Provincetown interlude as an eye-opener, as you might say, the trip got underway with something like enthusiasm. The quartermaster began to ring the ship's bells with admirable regularity, and "Chips" got over a hard winter of school teaching sufficiently to shear off the mate's Samsonian locks with the tin scissors. The rest of us took to housekeeping and wheel watches with reasonable zeal. But it was evident that all eyes were fixed on Rouse's Point, N. Y., and that the intervening space was nothing but a chore.

Rouse's Point is not on Chart No. 1412. It was significant now only because the crew had been given to understand that one left the dry United States there. I doubt if any mishap short of foundering would have turned a single one of the fourteen hopeful faces prematurely homeward. Even in shipwreck some of them might have struck out instinctively for the Canadian shore if they had known the way. But I must not be unkind. It is not everyone who can take a four-weeks' vacation in Canadian waters.

Between Cape Cod and Lake Champlain the territory is too well known to need description. When we reached

New York City we discovered that our fancy whistle was out of service; a mysterious leak had discharged all the CO_2 out of the tank intended to blow it. We navigated the East and North Rivers with the aid of a cornet, which the navigator played beautifully. At the most critical point in the circuit of Manhattan, where the municipal ferries lie in wait for one at the Battery, our Diesel choked on something and quit. It was about the time of night when you are wondering if you ought to turn on your running lights, and what with traffic, and dusk, and no power, things began to look pretty thick.

"Once in a while a mountain looks down from behind a foreground of green hillside"



"Seagoin' II" (at left) is a 53-footer powered with a 65 h.p. Diesel. (Below) Dalibaire nestling between the hills that rise from the St. Lawrence

However, "Java Al" wound the thing up again somehow, and we wallowed and snorted out from under foot without actually being stepped upon.

Rouse's Point was a disappointment. Canada seemed farther away than ever. The customs officials took only a perfunctory interest in our fourteen souls and their aspirations, and it being still daylight, we managed to run up the Richelieu to a snug berth at St. John's, P. Q. Beyond this point the Richelieu runs the rapids for ten miles, and to make the section navigable the quaint little Chambly Canal winds along the river bank. We might have been in the heart of France, for the canal was scarcely forty feet wide and filled with a multitude of little wooden locks and bridges. An occasional string of barges blocked our way, a Frenchman idly swinging to the tiller of the rearmost, while a team of horses sweated along the tow path ahead. Our transit of the Chambly consumed a good four hours, for it was no place for full speed ahead. There was no water to speak of, except in mid-channel, and as each lock or bridge hove in sight we would toot violently and then try so to gauge our approach that the bridge tender might drop whatever he happened to be doing and remove the obstruction before we did. Being able neither to tie up, nor anchor, nor drift, without going aground, it was nip-and-tuck as to what would happen to our 40-ton craft in that tiny waterway. But the lock tender never failed, and would come running from his farmhouse on a distant hillside at the first sound of our horn to swing the bridge or the lock wide open — just in time. We went mildly aground once, rubbed sides with another yacht which we met square at the entrance to a lock and, finally, without further mishap, came down through a flight of locks in the late afternoon into the broad shallow lake called the Chambly Basin. Our troubles with canals were over.

Beyond Chambly the Richelieu is deep and friendly to north-bound ships. Two or three knots of current boost you along. Once in a while a mountain looks down from behind a foreground of green hillsides, and small French villages are snuggled down into the landscape at regular intervals, each with its slender spire and sprawling farmhouses. Peacefulness is deep all about; the trees lean over the bank, lap up the muddy water and contemplate their own reflections.

But there was no peacefulness that night at anchor off St. Denis, for we were given an exhibition performance of Canadian thunder showers. One after another they hove up over the horizon and gave us the works. This Canada is a wet country, as they said. Finally, "Java Al" and I took down the mast. It stuck up too conspicuously out there in the middle of the river in the midst of the lightning striking all around.

There is no satisfaction like getting something for nothing. After a swift passage of what remained of the Richelieu next day, we came out into the great St. Lawrence at Sorel and were delighted to find the tide waiting for us. This seemed curious, until we discovered from the current tables that the Atlantic is actually felt as far up as Montreal. As we passed down and left Lake St. Peter behind us, the current increased until, in the Richelieu Rapids, we figured we were doing fourteen knots. We passed ships at anchor waiting for the tide to turn, which it does for two hours in every cycle, and we passed great mounds of water made by buoys actually sucked under by the rushing current. They looked like sinister sea monsters charging at us through the boiling flood.

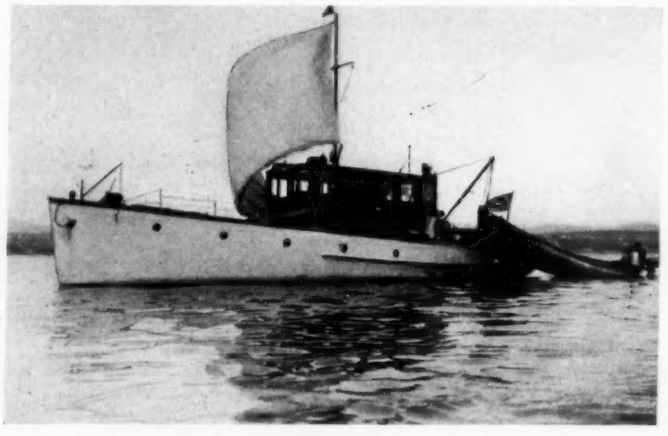
Ten o'clock that night found us in sight of the Quebec bridge and willing enough to quit. We anchored in three fathoms and spent an hour taking soundings with the lifeboat in the dark. Finally we hove up the

Aground below Quebec, where we stayed until the tide floated us off

hook and moved out to five fathoms, which was lucky, as our 18-foot spot turned out to be a bare nest of rocks at next morning's low tide. Twenty-four feet is a reasonable drop for this region, and the charts are not always accurate as to soundings inshore.

Having escaped going aground in the night, we dropped down to Quebec — Quebec in the early morning, with fog and rain and difficulty finding a dock, and then oil and water and supplies to get, and everybody crazy to go ashore.

Leaving Quebec we found a roaring tide with us, and as we coasted down by the end of L'Isle d'Orleans the sun came out and cheered us. But our noble Diesel was not cheerful. Slowly it wearied of its work and died, without once heaving a groan or falling sick of any known disease. The mourners quickly gathered about, took her pulse, prodded and primed her, slapped her sides with monkey wrenches, and in general acted in the most solicitous manner. But she would not revive. She had, according to that graphic phrase, "joined the majority."



A jury rig and the outboard finally got us back to Quebec

We drifted three miles toward the Gulf in that first hour. As it seemed likely that the deceased might be resurrected shortly, the deck was left to the mate and bo's'n with instructions to drift as scientifically as possible until further notice. The rest of us undertook the engine and after some time had it going again, as mysteriously cured as though our faith alone had done it. But it was not for long. Half an hour later she died again. Once more extensive rites were held below while the deck gang drifted more scientifically than ever. An hour later the breath of life was again restored, and for thirty minutes we ran on schedule. Then we quit. It was a case of one on and two off, and though we examined into every principle of the heavy oil engine, we found no cause of any kind for this behavior. Truly, we were confronted with a new human equation in steel.

At six o'clock we had drifted ten miles down the St. Lawrence. All hands were dismal and dirty. At "grub's up" we came on deck mystified and disheartened, a grimy crew. What next? Someone remarked that it would take over five months to drift back to Boston, allowing time out for bad weather. The mate stood idly at the wheel. He is always cheerful in adversity.

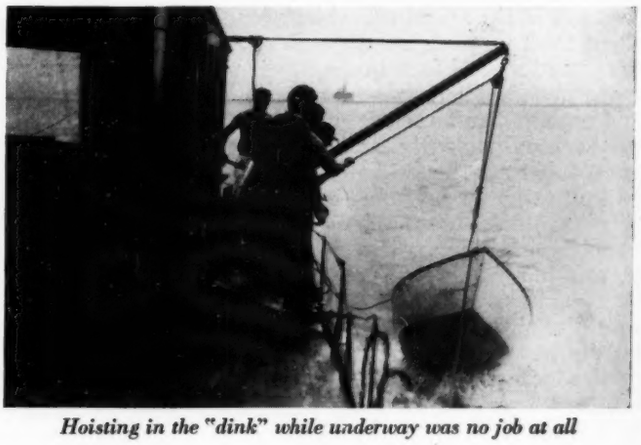
"Well, sir," he said, "We'll be aground in three minutes, Skipper. Yes, sir, three minutes."

"Fine," I grumbled. "You've figured it out pretty close."

But for once the mate was wrong, for at that instant we hit smartly on a submerged rock, slid off, drifted, and lodged securely. The mate said some things about the chart, and I said some things about him. The bo's'n organized a boat party and tried to kedge off with the light anchor. It only stretched the rope. We shifted all available weights and tried again, but the part of the St. Lawrence that had floated us was a long way to seaward by this time. The tide had already dropped several inches. We had begun to take a list.

The log says of this moment: "There was nothing to do but eat and wait. Ate and waited." Stolid in adversity, you see, as true seafarers should be. Before the meal was over dishes had begun to slide across the tables and objects in the staterooms below were clattering on the decks. We were on our way down. How far? It was a dismal moment and in it the mate showed his true spirit by intoning chapters from the tide tables like a priest saying mass. It seemed that the tide would be back again in three hours and that the prospects were really very bright. They did not seem bright then, however.

By seven o'clock the nest of boulders that held us was visible, the water swashing and gulping over it unpleasantly. It was raining again and in the falling darkness the crew stood in the shelter of the staggering deckhouse and looked apprehensively at what was left of the river. Nobody liked to be inside, but kept an eye on the lifeboat, which was ready to take us off if necessary. The ship had fallen on her side to a list of twenty degrees — it seemed like forty — and there she stayed, while all the moveables in her sought new low levels. The log says: "The gang then stood and sat by till the tide hit the ebb at 8:15." Somehow that dismal evening passed without further mishap and at 9:30 *Seagoin'* floated again and seemed none the worse for wear.



Hoisting in the "dink" while underway was no job at all

The prolonged rest, moreover, had done the Diesel good, and she started cheerfully enough and ran us down the four-fathom curve for half an hour. Then she quietly died once more and we dropped anchor safely out of the channel and off the rocks.

The next day was the Fourth of July. We celebrated it in a special way — by sailing our 53-foot "power boat" back to Quebec. The bo's'n was obviously pleased, and hopped around like a madman, giving and countermanding orders and trimming the ridiculous spread of tent canvas to catch the little breeze. The tide was obligingly going up-hill with us, and we rigged the outboard motor to the whaleboat and took advantage of the forces of nature and gasoline to the extent of at least three knots. By mid-afternoon we came grandly back into Princess Louise Basin, a returning argosy laden with troubles and hope.

The breakwater and entrance to the narrow canal at Beau Fils, Gulf of St. Lawrence

Now followed a period of real trial, while for six days we sweated over our dead engine. We gave her a valve job and we unstuck her rings. We cleaned her inside and out, and changed her oil. We retimed her and unplugged her injectors. We remodeled the fuel piping; we put in a new air tank and a new bilge pump, and we put a booster on the generator. In short, we learned about Diesels from her.

But when we started her up she ran one half hour by the clock and then quietly and peacefully passed away. We sat there, soaked in fuel oil, choked with emotion, and watched the hand of the Great Reaper slowly close over her once more. We could do nothing. It was the saddest moment of our lives.

The basin at Beau Fils, where "Seagoin' II" was storm-bound for a day

A near mutiny sprang up, and the only thing that saved the ship was the fact that counter-mutinies prevented concerted effort. Nobody wanted anybody else to quit. Finally, Java Al took apart the last stronghold of the Diesel, that inspired creation which is its heart and soul — the metering pump.

But even Al, with his years of mechanical experience, was dismayed at the soul of this Diesel, apparently so aimless in its intricacy. Like a furtive pack of grave robbers, we stole around in that dark chamber, starting guiltily at every sound, and more than once wishing we were well out of it. But some spirit of bravado kept us at it until six little cams appeared — and four of them were upside down! Who were we to question their maker's conception of their right position? We glanced hastily around, there in the Quebec twilight, to see if we were being watched — we slipped in profaning fingers and turned the little cams over — we screwed on the cover and sneaked the Diesel's soul back into its iron vitals — we pressed the button — .

At eleven next morning we were on our way to Gaspé. She had learned about running from us.

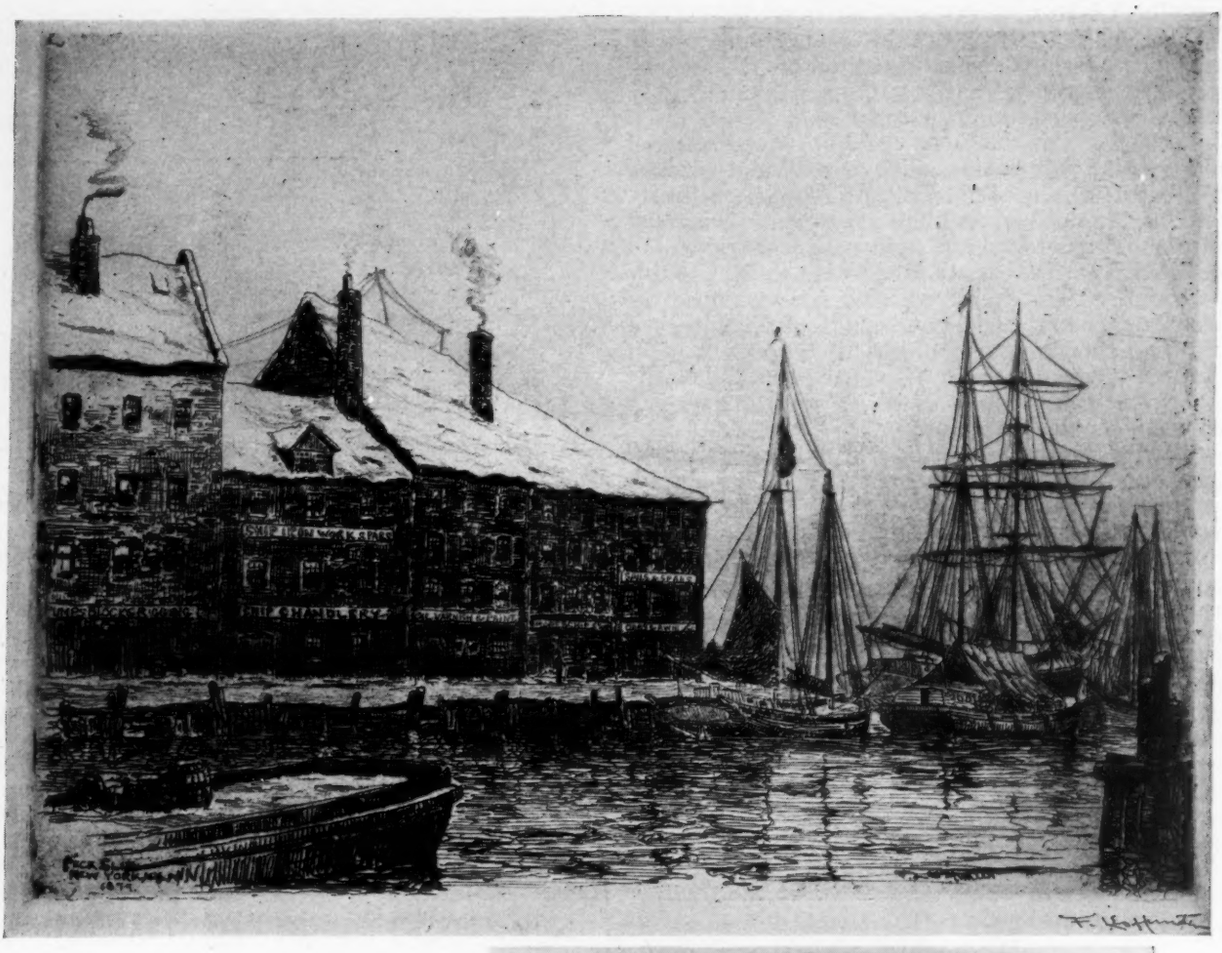
And now for four days we had what might be called a successful cruise. The broadening St. Lawrence smiled upon us as we coasted along the south shore, past the dim blue cliffs of the Saguenay, making daily runs close to a hundred miles. Soon we were no longer in a river but on the lee shore of a great bay, with westerly winds and tide rips kicking up a following sea which made the lifeboat astern jump and shudder and bring up with a grunt on her painter.

The second day out of Quebec the mate's sweetheart had to go back to the States. There was a great conclave in the charthouse over time tables. Each member of the crew had a different route for her, all equally round-about. Finally, after running all day with a sou'west gale piling the seas behind us, we pulled wearily into an island shelter off Rimouski. It was raining, and blowing hard as our ten-foot dinghy careened off into the darkening blur of night for a two-mile row to shore, with the lady in her best clothes, surrounded by dainty hat boxes.

In the morning the wind had backed into the south and our shelter was no more. We had to get out, and there being no other direction to go, we set our course for the Gulf, weather or no. And we were lucky, for the sou'easter that followed was said to be the worst for

(*Continued on page 100*)

"Chips" cuts the mate's hair

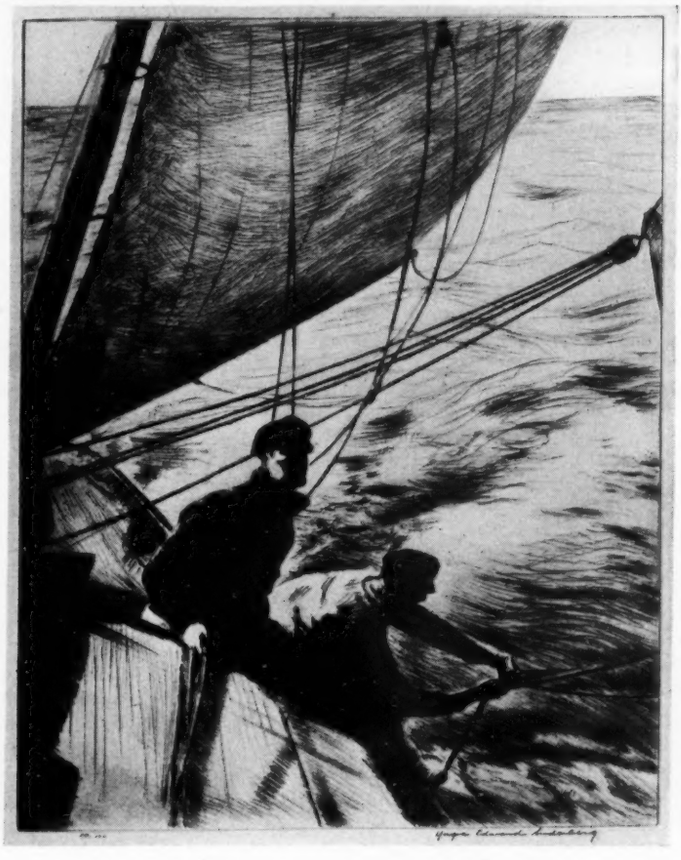


THE WATERFRONT OF OLD NEW YORK

PECK SLIP AND THE EAST RIVER IN 1879

From an etching by Leo Hunter

This sketch, and the others of the series, show South Street as it was some sixty years ago. While the fleet of sailing vessels that berthed here to discharge its fragrant cargoes and to load for all the ports of the world has vanished, some of the old houses facing the famous street still remain. Peck Slip itself has been filled in since the sketch was made.



A QUARTERING BREEZE

From an etching by Y. E. Soderberg
(Courtesy of Harlow, McDonald & Co.)

Yacht Racing Union Trophy Goes to Lake Michigan

"Atalanta," of the Chicago Yacht Club, Defeats "Gossoon" and "Spry"

THE 20-rater *Atalanta*, flying the burgee of the Chicago Yacht Club, and representing Lake Michigan, won the Yacht Racing Union Trophy, commonly called the Richardson Cup and emblematic of the Great Lakes Class R championship, in a series of races sailed off Belmont Harbor, September 10th, 11th and 12th. In winning she beat *Gossoon*, of the Bayview Yacht Club, Detroit, the defending champion who had been undefeated in three years of competition, and *Spry*, sailing for the Buffalo Canoe Club. The defeat of the former champion at the hands of the Chicago entry came as a great surprise, and even more surprising was the manner in which it was accomplished, as the account of the third race of the series will show.

Atalanta, formerly *Gypsy*, was designed by Frank Paine and built by Lawley in 1923. She has a wonderful history at Marblehead and won the championship there last year. This spring she was bought by William H. Colvin, of Chicago and renamed *Atalanta*. She was sailed in the series by William Faurot, Jr., and a crew consisting of L. Hendrickson, Fred Spencer and Malcolm Vail.

Gossoon is owned by Thomas P. Archer, of Detroit. She was originally built by Lawley for Charles Francis Adams, and won the Richardson Cup two years ago. She was skippered by E. L. Kurtzwarth, and the members of the crew were Joe Snay, Fred Merz and William Petz.

Spry is owned by Clarence B. Ferris, of Buffalo, New York, and was built in 1925, by Anker, of Norway. She is an exceedingly heavy weather boat and is the largest of the three. She was winner of this year's Division A in the R Class at the L. Y. R. A. Regatta held at Hamilton, and of the Lipton Cup for 1930. Her crew consisted of C. B. Ferris, skipper, Mrs. Ferris, Emerson Coatworth and Herbert M. Hill, Jr.

"Atalanta," ex-"Gypsy," now owned on Lake Michigan, won the Yacht Racing Union Cup, defeating "Gossoon" and "Spry." She is owned by William H. Colvin and was sailed by William Faurot, Jr.

"Gossoon," owned by Thomas P. Archer, and representing Lake Erie, lost her chances of winning when one of her crew went overboard in the last race and was picked up by "Atalanta"

The first race of the series was over a triangular course of approximately 14 miles. The wind was easterly with a slight chop to the sea. "Bill" Faurot took *Atalanta* over the line in front, but to leeward, at the crack of the gun, and headed out in the lake on the starboard tack. Both *Gossoon* and *Spry* held the port tack well inshore. Faurot's judgment in standing out in the lake instead of following the champion proved sound, and this one move earned him the race.

Three-fourths of the way to the southeast mark *Gossoon*, on starboard tack, met *Atalanta*, who gave all indications of going under *Gossoon's* stern. Kurtzwarth put his helm down to cover too quickly, and *Atalanta*, in spite of wearing off, spun like a top, missing *Gossoon* by about two feet, and came about on starboard tack, with her wind clear. In another quarter-mile the same process was repeated, only this time *Atalanta* made a bluff of coming about, taking *Gossoon's* skipper unawares and slipping under her stern and out in the clear. *Gossoon* tried to cover but neglected to ease her sheets. *Atalanta* worked up from under her lee and started to fan her, and on the third maneuver back-winded her so badly that she dropped behind and *Atalanta* rounded the first mark four lengths in the lead.

The next leg was a broad reach. *Atalanta* got her light canvas working considerably faster and increased her lead by a couple of lengths more. The third leg was again a broad reach. *Atalanta* got her light canvas on and increased her lead. The second time around *Gossoon* set an overlapping jib and cut down *Atalanta's* lead by a length or so. In the meantime the wind had backed to northeast, making the next leg a reach. *Atalanta's* overlapping jib was not cut correctly, so she had to use her working canvas. As a result, *Gossoon* cut her lead in half. The last leg was a run, and with a distance of only four lengths between the two boats, *Gossoon* bothered

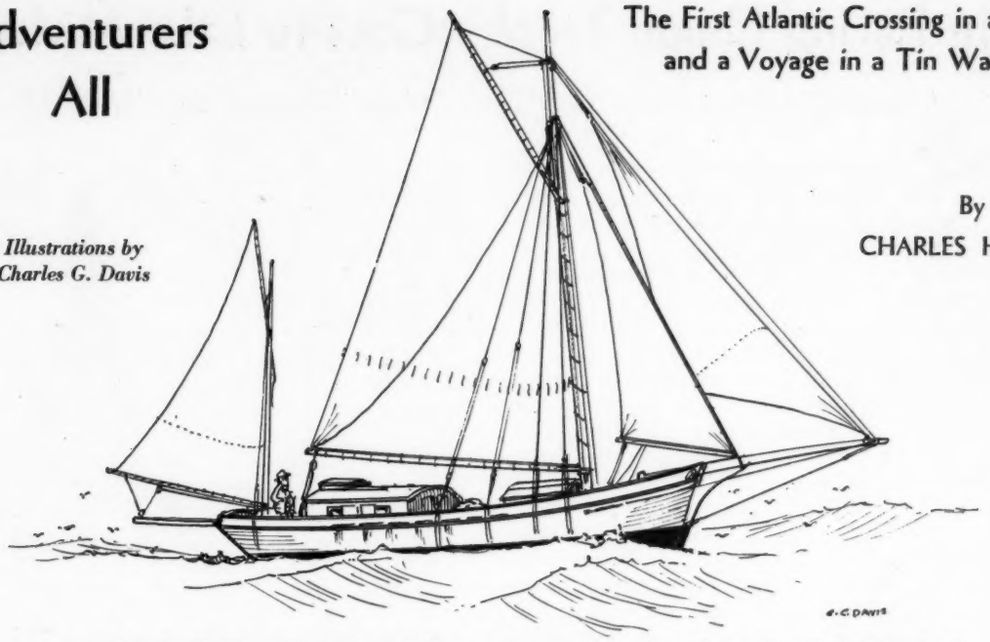
(*Continued on page 96*)

Adventurers All

The First Atlantic Crossing in a Motor Boat and a Voyage in a Tin Walnut Shell

Illustrations by Charles G. Davis

By CHARLES H. HALL



After crossing the Pacific and rounding the Horn on her way from Australia to New York, "Pandora" was never heard from after she started for London

UNTIL 1902, the Atlantic crossings in small boats were all made under sail except for the *Richard K. Fox* which two iron men rowed from New York to England. But in the early days of the present century the internal combustion engine was beginning to come into its own, especially for small craft. Except for sail, steam was the great motive power, though the legal — and practical — requirements of licensed pilot and licensed engineer on every steam vessel made that form of power plant exceedingly expensive. Many inventors were working at the problem of propelling machinery for small boats and a number were attaining success. The naphtha launch was a favorite for pleasure craft, but was manufactured only in rather low powered units. Gasoline and kerosene, as well as alcohol, were being used as fuel in different systems and for a while it was doubtful which would be adopted as the popular favorite.

And to demonstrate reliability, and to do it in more or less spectacular fashion, was the ambition of every engine manufacturer and designer. Long distance racing was being "talked up," and a little later the same urge sent the gasoline cruisers to Bermuda and Havana, to say nothing of shorter stretches alongshore. How many of you old-timers remember the Marblehead races, outside of Long Island from New York, won by a little 34-footer?

In 1902 the New York Kerosene Engine Company had developed a kerosene oil engine that had showed up well in shop tests and in trials alongshore. The president of the concern was one of the famous Low family that had made its fortune in shipping before and during the era of the clippers. He was a brother of Seth Low, mayor of Brooklyn before the consolidation and in 1902 mayor of the greater city. To him, as to his ancestors, the sea was not a barrier but a pathway to China and the East, while a voyage across the Atlantic was little more than a coastwise run. The Western Ocean would make a good trial ground for his new motor.

Accordingly, he decided to build a seagoing craft fitted with the company's new 10 h.p. motor, and send her abroad. He put in charge Captain William C. Newman, an old shellback who had long been in the Low service.

The boat, which was named *Abiel Abbott Low*, was built at the company's plant in College Point, Long Island, and was an able looking craft. She had a plumb stem and a full-bodied canoe stern, with a good sheer. Amidships was a trunk cabin with a couple of airports in each side and the conventional slide aft. Abaft this was the cockpit with the exhaust pipe of the engine standing up like a steamship's funnel. She was rigged as a ketch, with no bowsprit, and only three little rags of sail, not enough to drive her but just enough to steady her in a beam sea. She was 38 feet long over all, 33 feet 6 inches on the water line, 9 feet beam and drew 3 feet 8 inches. Her freeboard forward was 4 feet 2 inches, aft, 3 feet, and amidships 2 feet 3 inches. Her depth was 4 feet 8 inches. The rudder was of metal, with a skinny metal stock, and her propeller was well submerged.

She was put overboard on June 30th, 1902, and soon thereafter made a run around Long Island, meeting a terrific thunderstorm on the way which delayed her a while. The trip of 242 miles was made in 42½ hours and the engine functioned well. So Captain Newman prepared for sea.

He was at that time forty years old and had been a sailorman most of his life, and had been through wrecks and hard chances so that he knew the risks he was taking in making an Atlantic passage in a 38-foot launch, as the papers all described the *Low*. His son Edward, who was crew for the voyage, was sixteen. Newman was criticized for not taking another navigator. It was pointed out that if anything happened to the skipper, the boy might have a hard time getting the ship to land. Again, if the engine were to break down the boat did not have sail enough to go anywhere in particular. It was doubtful if she could even be sailed up into the steamship lanes. However, her skipper decided to go ahead as he had planned.

The fuel tanks held 800 gallons of kerosene and 200

gallons of water were also carried. Food for sixty days was put aboard, though the passage was expected to take but 28 days with good weather, or 40 with bad. The result proved that Newman figured well. Duplicate parts were taken so that necessary engine repairs could be made at sea.

Carrying the Low house flag, which had been flown by such famous clippers as the *Houqua*, *Oriental*, and *N. B. Palmer*, the little *Abiel Abbott Low* left New York about ten o'clock on the morning of July 9th, 1902, and headed for England. Captain Newman took the southern course, well below the steamship lanes, so that he need not worry about having some liner walk over his boat in fog, or at night. Though he naturally looked for favorable weather on the Atlantic in July, he met a series of gales that tried boat and crew to the utmost. The boat proved herself to be, as her skipper expressed it, "a noble craft,"and the engine did not once indulge in a breakdown, but man and boy suffered from exposure and strain. No doubt, too, they learned how tiring the constant brisk motion of a lively boat can be. They nearly lost their sea anchor several times, the cable chafing almost through. To add to their troubles, in one heavy gale, one of the fuel tanks began to leak and filled the bilge with kerosene. She must have been a sweet mess below that day!

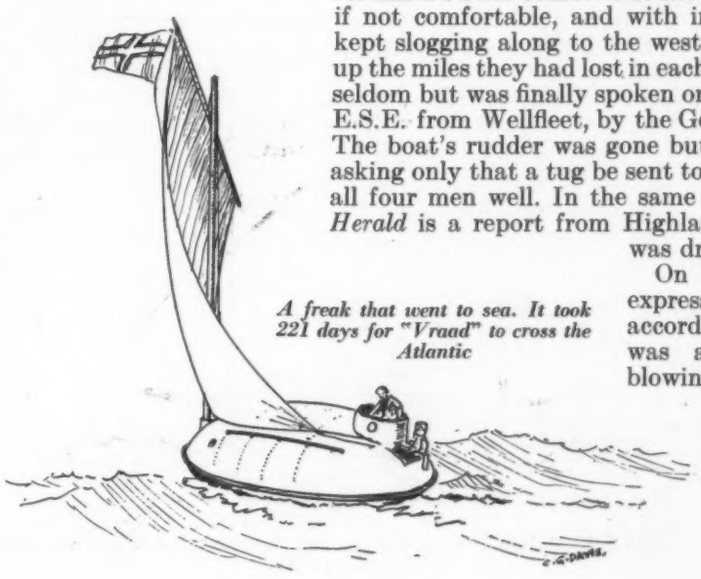
But they held on and kept plugging away until, on August 14th, the *Low* rolled into Falmouth and the anchor was let go after a voyage of 3,103 miles, during which she had been spoken only twice. Newman had been ill part of the time but had stood most of his watches notwithstanding. He had lost thirty pounds and looked like an old man. In spite of the leaking tank, the fuel supply held out well, as did the food. There was no shortage of water, a curse that had plagued some of the single-handers on previous voyages.

The first gasoline engined vessel did not make the Atlantic passage until 1905 when the *Gregory*, Lewis Nixon's 90-footer, made a winter crossing. The first little gas packet to do it was the *Detroit*, in 1911.

One of the queerest freaks that ever went to sea was the brain child of Captain Ole Brude, a seafaring man hailing from Aalesund, Norway. He worked over the problem of an unsinkable lifeboat that would give her crew and passengers protection from the weather. A trip in a small boat is no picnic when she is crowded, even in good weather. In winter, exposure soon claims its victims. There is usually spray enough flying to keep all hands thoroughly wet, to say nothing of a lot of water slopping around in the bilge. Canvas does not give much shelter and deck and deckhouse reduce the available space in the boat. As a steamship is hard put to it to find stowage space for all her boats, naturally each boat should have a good passenger capacity. If shelter can be provided on the usual dimensions, so much the better, but few steamships have room for more boats than they are carrying, and reducing the capacity of each would mean more boats.

So Brude developed a lifeboat that looked like a walnut shell with, perhaps, less shape than nature has given to that fruit. She was built of galvanized iron plates and was practically circular in section. Her plan seems to have been oval, though she may have had a square stern; the pictures I have unearthed do not help as to this. Just above the water line a stout rubbing strake was carried all the way around the hull, like the ribbed joint of a walnut, and her sides were carried up and over so that she was completely enclosed. Forward was a circular manhole that could be closed watertight, and nearly amidships was a tiny low conning tower with a couple of port lights with extra heavy glass in its sides. She had a low pipe rail around the midships part of her and spread a few feet of canvas. There was a small centerboard, though she wasn't much to windward. She must have waddled along, pushing the whole ocean before her and she could not have made more than a couple of miles an hour under the most favorable conditions. She proved that she would stay on top of the water, but also suggested that her people would be in danger of starving to death before she got anywhere.

Nevertheless, her inventor was thoroughly "sold" on her capabilities and shipped a crew of three hardy Norsemen like himself, Ivor Thorson, mate, and seamen Carl Johnson and Lars Madsen. They stocked up with grub and water and sailed from Aalesund on June 24th, 1904, heading across the Atlantic for New York. For two or three months the weather was fairly good and the *Vraad* (*Vrad* or *Uradd*, as she is sometimes called) crept gradually to the westward. It was well along into September before she got across the ocean and reached the neighborhood of the Banks of Newfoundland. Even with her centerboard down, she could not go to windward much with her little lug sail. It must have been a tedious voyage, with four men cooped up in that little tin shell. But the worst lay ahead. By the time the boat reached the western side of the Atlantic, the good weather had given out and she faced a succession of gales that tried her severely. Every sailorman who has written about the American coast has something to say about the nor'westers that we breed on the prairies out west and hurl at the shipping at sea. Whether a "dry blow" under a big round moon, or snow laden, the nor'wester commands the respect of seagoers. Before the onslaught of such gales the tiny peanut of a boat was helpless, and she was more than once blown back for miles on her course. But she kept her crew dry, even if not comfortable, and with iron determination they kept slogging along to the westward, painfully making up the miles they had lost in each blow. She was reported seldom but was finally spoken on January 7th, ten miles E.S.E. from Wellfleet, by the German steamship *Baker*. The boat's rudder was gone but Brude declined a tow, asking only that a tug be sent to meet him. He reported all four men well. In the same issue of the *New York Herald* is a report from Highland Light that the boat was drifting offshore.



A freak that went to sea. It took 221 days for "Vraad" to cross the Atlantic

On the eighth fears were expressed for her safety as, according to the *Herald*, there was a 60-mile southeaster blowing and the weather off the Cape was thick, with a tremendous sea running. But luck was still with them and they had managed to repair the rudder and were

clear of the Cape. They had meant to go into Provincetown but had been blown offshore once more. Before making the land a sea had broken over the boat and bent her hollow steel mast to an angle of 30 degrees. This made it hard — one would think well nigh impossible — to handle her little sail. Nevertheless, she kept right side up and "rode like a bird."

They tried for Boston, but could not make it and finally headed for Gloucester. Thorson, the mate, had sailed out of Gloucester in fishing schooners and thought he knew the way in. But the lights confused him, and when they thought they were heading on a safe course into the harbor, they were shocked to hear her steel bottom grate on the beach. This was on the night of January 7th. As soon as she struck, all hands jumped over the side into icy water, waist deep, and tried their best to get her afloat again but without success and there she stayed until the tug *Nellie* came out and pulled her off. The life saving crew from Gloucester was also on the scene without delay.

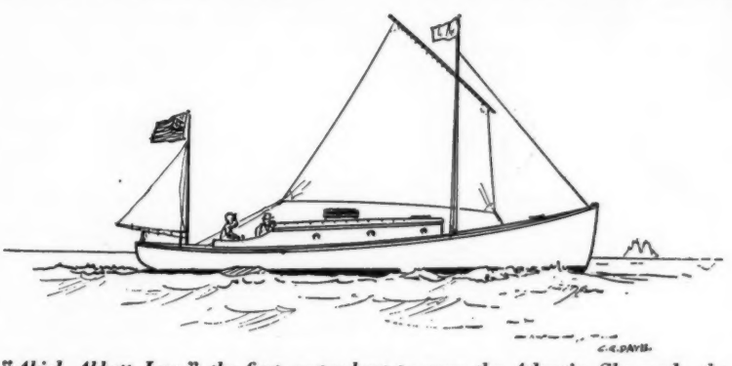
Brude must have stocked up well, for it was reported that the boat still had a fair supply of food aboard though the oil was running low. He was, naturally, disappointed at not making New York, for which he had started, but after 221 days on the Atlantic, all hands were well pleased to get ashore. At any rate, Brude had demonstrated that his type of lifeboat was safe, even if she was slow.

Digging through old newspaper files brought to light the following item: "Gilbraltar, November 21, 1903. The *Columbia*, the sailing boat 19 feet long and 6 feet beam in which Captain Eisenbraun left Boston on August 11th alone for Marseilles has reached here." And that's all that I have unearthed as yet about this voyage. Apparently, it came from the Associated Press, for both *Herald* and *Times* carry it. Another irritating item was that in the *Herald* of June 22nd, 1896: "Two Wise Men from Gotham, They Put to Sea in a Boat Twenty Feet Long to Get to Liverpool. Frank Charlsen, a sailor formerly in the employ of John Jacob Astor, sailed yesterday from the Battery for Liverpool in a boat 20 feet long. His brother, also a seafaring man, accompanied him. The boat is of cedar, with a 6 foot 8 inch beam and draws 26 inches of water. She is decked over fore and aft, but is open amidships. The men expect to get to Liverpool in 60 days. A mainsail, jib and flying jib are fashioned to the boat. The 2,000 persons who saw the little vessel depart manifested no enthusiasm." And that is all. There is no further trace of her and she seems to have sailed for the port of missing ships.

Another little fellow that finally went to Davy Jones' locker was the *Pandora*, an Australian yawl that visited New York in 1911. From her pictures and descriptions she seems to have been something of a tub, even though she was said to "somewhat resemble Captain Slocum's *Spray*." She was owned by George C. Blythe, originally from Coventry, England, and a Greek named Peter Arapakis. She was built from the plans supplied by her owners and under their supervision, in 1909 and 1910. Her length is variously given as 36 feet 9 inches, 37 feet, 37 feet 9 inches, and 39 feet 9 inches. Her beam was 14 feet 1 or 2 inches, and her draft is reported as 5 feet 3 inches, or 6 feet, with a depth of 4 feet 1 inch. She was a full-bodied craft, with a wide, square stern and a bow like that of a Bridgeport clammer. She was rigged as a yawl, with her mizzen well aft and the mizzen sheet leading to a bumpkin through the taffrail. Her mainmast was stumpy, with no topmast, and her bowsprit short. The mainsail was gaff-headed, as was the mizzen. There were two square, high crowned houses on deck, one just abaft the mainmast and one further aft. She carried a double head rig, and her total sail area was rather small.

Her first voyage after being launched was from Perth, West Australia, to Melbourne. She left on May 3rd, 1910, and arrived on the 29th. The Great Australian Bight did not give them the usual dusting but served up a variety of weather, as it was late in the season. Quite a while was spent in Melbourne and it was not until July 10th that *Pandora* set sail for Sydney which was reached on August 16th, rather a leisurely passage though the weather was bad much of the time. Only one day was spent in port and she shoved off for Auckland. Then followed the worst stretch of weather experienced during the entire voyage. Remember that it was midwinter and that New Zealand extends to 47 South. Ten days out from Sydney, the *Pandora* met a living gale with a tremendous sea, for down in those latitudes the seas have a clear sweep all the way around the globe. By the 28th of August, it was blowing a hurricane and, according to the log, the little boat, under bare poles, was shipping a good deal of water. Her decks were being swept and a lot of water had found its way below. Apparently she had run too long, with the usual result. While Blythe was below, she was hove down on her beam ends and lost several feet of her port bulwarks and also a cask of meat that was lashed on deck. They succeeded in heaving her to with a sea anchor, but it did not hold her head up to the sea and she lost some more of her gear. Then chafe, that bane of the ocean cruiser, took her sea anchor and she lost a lot of her starboard bulwarks. At last the voyagers set a close reefed trysail and the yawl made better weather of it.

On August 30th, Cape Maria Van Diemen was sighted and they were becalmed in sight of land for three days. On September 4th Auckland was reached and repairs were made. More than a month was spent in port before starting on the 2,750-mile run for Pitcairn Island. Sail was made on October 2nd for that mysterious island where the survivors of the ill-fated *Bounty* established their settlement. A variety of weather was met on the way and the best day's run of the entire voyage, 170 miles, was logged.



"Abiel Abbott Low," the first motor boat to cross the Atlantic. She made the passage in 36 days

Pitcairn was left on November 21st and the course shaped for Easter Island which was reached on December 12th. The distance is about 1,100 miles. A week was passed at this curious island, and then the *Pandora* sailed on her midsummer trip around the Horn. But,

(*Continued on page 100*)

The Chanteyman

Leave Her, Johnny, Leave Her

(Frequently sung during a spell at the pumps)

A dollar a day is a sailor's pay;
  Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
To pump all night and work all day,
  It's time for us to leave her.

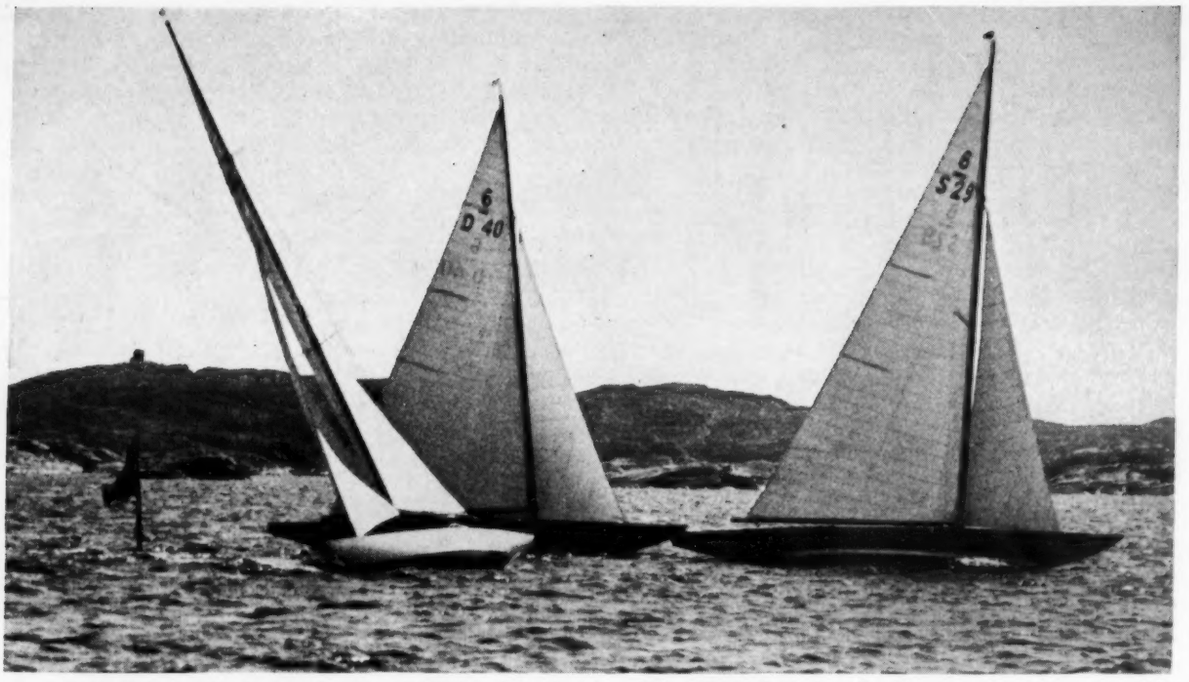
The times are hard and the ship is old;
  Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
And there's six feet of water in her hold,
  It's time for us to leave her.

The bo'sun shouts, "The pumps stand by";
  Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
But we can never suck her dry,
  It's time for us to leave her.

Oh, heave around the pump-bowls bright;
  Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
There'll be no sleep for us this night,
  It's time for us to leave her.

Heave around, or we shall drown;
  Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
Don't you feel her settling down?
  It's time for us to leave her.

The rats have gone, and we the crew;
  Leave her, Johnny, leave her;
It's time, by God, that we went too,
  It's time for us to leave her.



Start of the final race for the Scandinavian Gold Cup. The American "Six," "Ripples," forced to jibe around mark at start while the Danish and Swedish yachts are on their way

With "Ripples" in Sweden

Six-Metres from Seven Nations Compete for Scandinavian Gold Cup

By CARL KONOW

FOR the fourth time in the history of the Scandinavian Gold Cup an American Six-Metre took part in the races for the trophy, this year held by the Aeolus Yacht Club, of Gothenburg. The American challenge was sent by the American Yacht Club of Rye, N.Y., whose vice-commodore, Mr. J. B. Shethar, sent his Six-Metre *Ripples*. She was practically a brand new boat when she left New York, having been launched early in May. *Ripples* is from designs by Frank C. Paine, who last year turned out the very successful Eight-Metre, *Gypsy*, and *Ripples* naturally betrays a family resemblance to her bigger sister. Unfortunately, Jack Shethar was unable to go abroad, but at the last moment Mr. Ralph P. Manny, a well-known Interclub skipper, took his place. In the crew were Ted Gosling, of Bermuda, Bud and Geer Wilcox, and the writer. In the races for the Gold Cup an amateur crew is required.

Ripples and her crew arrived in Gothenburg on the evening of June 15th, the first challenger on the scene. Challenges had been sent by eight nations but, unfortunately, the Italian challenger, *Twins II*, was unable to take part in the competition. *Reg*, the British challenger, in whose performance the American yachtsmen were particularly interested, arrived the day before the races with an amateur helmsman, Mr. Norman C. Neill, just out of bed after a couple of weeks' illness, and only one more amateur as crew, so she did not actually take part in the contest. *K. D. Y. 1930* from Denmark, was a new boat from designs of Baron E. Wedell-Wedellsborg, his first Six-Metre. One of the best looking boats of the lot, although she had rather too much sheer, she was excellent in light weather and very hard to beat to windward, and the result of the series might have looked different if she had not fouled the Swedish defender *Ian* in the final race. The challenger from Finland, *Pohjan-Täthi*, was a very good looking boat designed by Westin in 1929. She was a very good all around boat, at her best in a medium breeze. The French challenger, *Petit Aile*, was owned by Mme. Heriot, who sailed on her as crew. She was a new boat, designed by Cammatte, and had done very well during the early spring racing in the Mediterranean under the name of *Ponent*. She was supposed to be a heavy weather boat, but she was very erratically sailed and only occasionally, for a short time, did she show any burst of speed. The contestant from Holland, *Kitty* (ex-*Kemphahn*), took part in the Gold Cup races in Sandhamn in 1928 when she was new, but it seemed that most of the later boats were more than a match for her. Another 1928 boat was the *Norna*, belonging to the Norwegian Crown Prince. Sailed by her designer, Johan Anker, she won the Gold Medal at the Olympics in 1928. Crown Prince Olav was unable to sail her but she was in the hands of one of Norway's best Six-Metre skippers, C. Frimann Dahl, who won the Gold Cup in 1928. She was, without doubt, the fastest running yacht in the race, but outside of that she never looked dangerous. *Ian*, the successful defender of the Gold Cup, was an Estlander boat of 1929, a good all around yacht and very ably handled by her helmsman, Arvid Schulz, and his crew. She was a very powerful looking boat and a good deal deeper than any of the challengers, a fact which seemed to help her considerably in heavy weather.

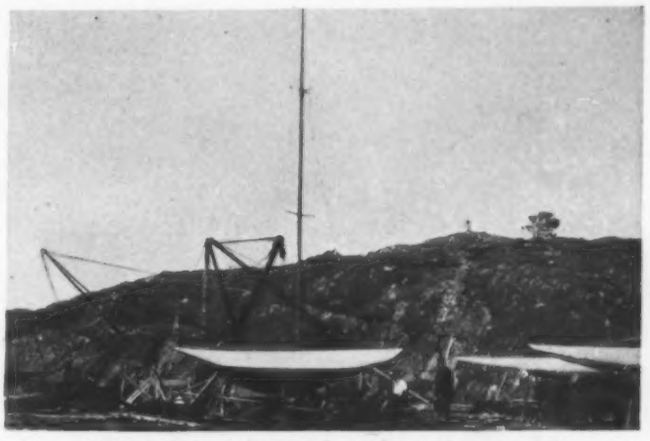
On the morning of June 16th *Ripples* was unloaded and towed to Långedrag, the center of yachting activities at Gothenburg, and that afternoon she was out sailing.

The first race of the series or, rather, the first attempt to race, took place on June 24th, Midsummer Day, which is a great holiday in Sweden. The weather was more favorable to the holiday cruisers that crowded the course than to the eight Six-Metres that assembled near the committee boat at 12:40, waiting for the course signals. It was a beautiful summer day, but there was hardly a breath of air, and the races were postponed for thirty minutes. Finally, some faint puffs from the West were felt, and the committee signaled a course twice around which started the yachts with a beat dead to windward. The first leg was a great wind hunting event, and none of the boats were able to finish within the time limit.

The second race, June 25th, was quite a contrast to that of the day before. The wind blew about twenty miles in the morning, so we all started out with a reef, and the Danish boat, which was rather tender, had two reefs. One of the marks had gone adrift during the night and the start was postponed in order to give time to replace it. During this interval there was a short lightening of the wind and the Fin and the Dutchman shook out their reefs. The course was triangular, giving a beat to windward and two reaches.

The start was very good, and well bunched on one end. *Ripples* would have had an excellent start if the Dutch *Kitty* had not barged down on us at the weather end of the line and got his backstay caught in our bow chock. It looked as if she actually towed us across the line. However, after a few seconds her backstay tore off on her deck fitting and we got clear. But even with this delay, we got across twelve seconds after the gun. The order at the start was France, Finland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Sweden and the U. S. A. We were soon doing quite well, however, until a heavy rain and wind squall hit us. It laid us flat and the rain was so heavy that we could not see a boat's length. When the rain stopped and the wind eased a little we were fourth.

Sweden, in the lead, was having quite a scrap with France, and Finland was third. Holland was fifth and Denmark sixth, but whether Norway was first or last could not be determined as she had gone off on the port tack when the squall struck. After a while the wind softened a bit more and with the sails completely soaked *Ripples* seemed somewhat underpowered and



"Ripples," hauled out at Langedrag to be measured

we had quite a fight with the Dutchman, who carried full sail. However, we managed to keep ahead. *Ian* rounded at 1:54, leading France by 30 seconds, followed by Finland and the U. S. A.

During the next leg the wind again freshened. Just before the second mark the Dutchman established an overlap on *Ripples* and nosed her out in rounding, forcing her back to fifth place.

During the two reaches the weather had cleared, and by the end of the first round the sun was shining, but it was still a wet beat to windward. Everybody stood off on the starboard tack for a while. *Ripples* then took a short tack to set up on the main halliard and when we again went on the starboard tack *Ripples* was going fine. We passed to weather of the Fin and went through the lee of the Frenchman and when we rounded the weather mark we had also gained somewhat on *Ian*, at that point leading *Ripples* by 1 minute, 43 seconds. During the following reach the Swede pulled away somewhat from the rest of the fleet but otherwise the order and the time intervals were nearly the same. During the last leg the wind hauled around enough to let the boats carry spinnakers and the freshening breeze brought some of the boats up. Norway passed France, and *Ripples* had to luff the Dutch boat just before reaching the line and then jibe. This put Finland third, ahead of Holland.

The order and elapsed times are shown below:

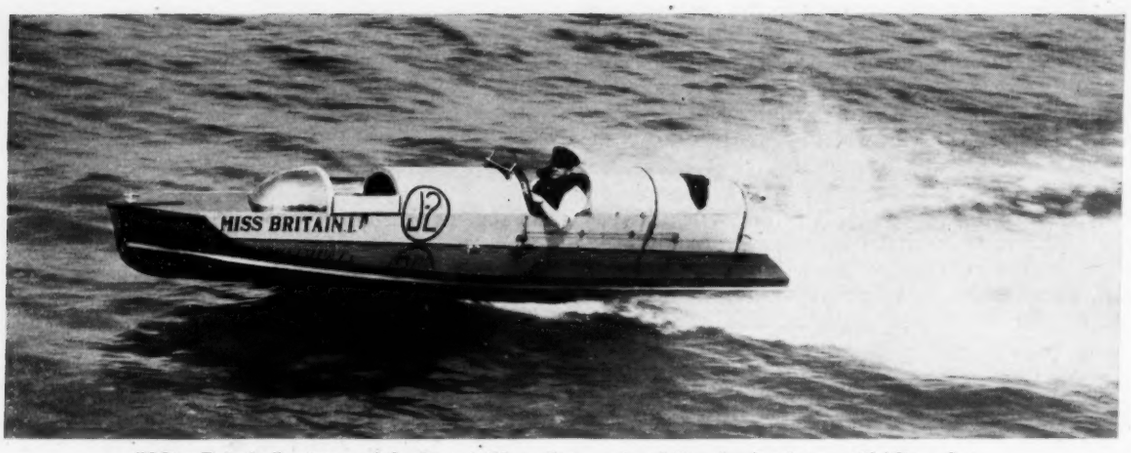
Sweden (winner)	2.16.25
U.S.A.	2.19.35
Finland	2.19.37
Holland	2.19.38
Norway	2.19.55
France	2.20.24
Denmark	2.22.19

The third race was sailed the following day. The wind was still W.S.W., but blowing only about 12 to 14 miles, so we all started out under full mainsail and working jib. The same course as the previous day was signaled from the committee boat.

The *Pohjan Täthi* had the best start, almost on the gun on the starboard tack at the

(*Continued on page 106*)

Start of first race for Gold Cup. (Left to right) "Ripples" (U.S.A.), "Pohjan-Tathi" (Finland), "Norna" (Norway), "Reg" (British), "K.D.Y." (Danish), "Petit Aile" (French), "Ian" (Swedish)



"Miss Britain," winner of the Detroit News International Trophy for the new 5½-litre class

"Miss Britain," a Radical Development in Speed Boat Design

Many Novel Features Prove Their Practicability When She Wins Detroit News International Trophy

A CHANCE meeting of several racing enthusiasts in Florida early in 1929 was responsible for the establishment of the 5½-litre international class for motor boats. The late Major Sir Henry Segrave, of England, Mr. Harry Greening, of Canada, and several other American enthusiasts were among those assembled. At this it was suggested that a great deal of stimulus would be given to international competition if a class could be defined wherein hulls and motors were restricted to such a degree that a man of average means could participate. Such restrictions were drafted and at the recent Detroit Regatta the interest in the racing of this new class was second only to that of the Harmsworth Trophy race.

As finally drawn, the rules for the 5½-litre class placed practically no restrictions upon the hull construction or design, the hull dimension to be in excess of twenty feet on the water line. But to prevent the development of excessively costly power plants, and to provide an incentive for the higher development of stock motors, it was decided to limit the motor not only to a maximum displacement of 335 cubic inches, but to further specify that eligible motors were to be entirely stock in every particular.

This provision narrowed the choice of power plants, at the time, to four American makes, viz.: the Gray Eight, Chrysler Imperial, Lycoming Eight, and the Scripps Model 124. It was understood that this approved list of motors was in no sense final, and that other makes and models, both American and foreign, might be added thereto as such additiona motors were placed on the market.

The first international competition in this class was witnessed at the Detroit Regatta; and although the entries were confined to three boats — two American and one British — the results of this initial contest clearly indicated that this class would develop into all that its sponsors had expected of it.

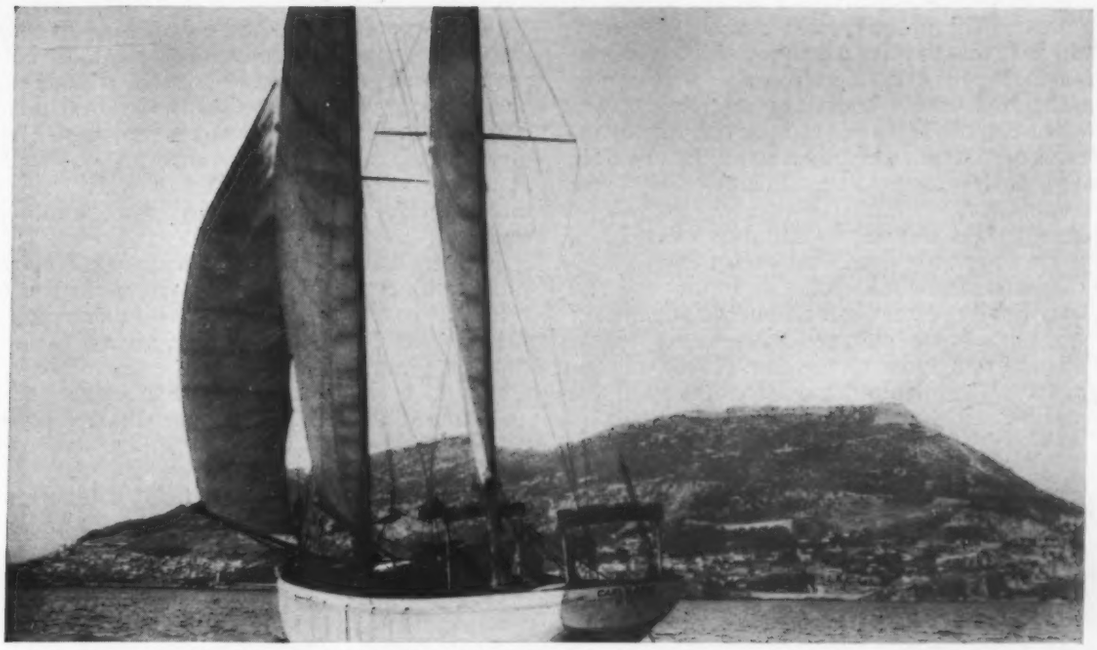
Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, designer, driver and builder of "Miss Britain"

Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, who entered and drove *Miss Britain I* in the recent regatta, visited America last winter at the time of the New York Motor Boat Show, and announced his intention of entering his now famous trophy-winning craft. During his stay, he brought forward the suggestion that a minimum weight restriction be placed upon the hull; his thought being that such a restriction would foster the development of more substantial craft which could be used for purposes other than racing. However, this restriction was not adopted and Mr. Scott-Paine designed *Miss Britain I*, an entirely different boat than he had first planned in order to meet weight restrictions.

An outstanding feature of this craft is the exceptionally strong hull combined with a superstructure which forms a light, but deep and rigid center girder designed on accepted aeroplane fuselage construction practice. The six-cylinder Scripps engine is installed well aft, but no longer does the drive pass forward, returning with a long shaft line. Mr. Scott-Paine's opinion is that the short shaft line adopted, at a more obtuse angle, is more efficient and a definite improvement on previous practice. The hull proper has no freeboard, and is awash aft when at rest. Head resistance is thus reduced to a minimum.

Those who saw the Detroit races were amazed at the ability of *Miss Britain I* to turn the stakes. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that she was able to turn on the proverbial dime. Whereas one of the other boats in the race proved somewhat

(*Continued on page 96*)



"Carlsark" approaching Gibraltar after battling a Levanter in the Straits, with an old ballooner substituting for our gale-shattered jib

The Cruise of the "Carlsark"

By CARL L. WEAGANT

THE last account of the *Carlsark*, written by Henry Devereux and published in YACHTING last December and January, took the little 46-foot ketch from Ithaca, N. Y., down the St. Lawrence River to Nova Scotia; across the Atlantic to the Azores, and then stopped five hundred miles west of Lisbon, where Devereux, in mid-Atlantic, embarked for New York the 13th of August, 1929.

We should have been in Gibraltar that day, but a week of cursing at head winds still found us an impossible distance from the nearest port. New York could not wait for Henry. It waits for no man. There was but one thing left to do — put him aboard a steamer at sea. So the *Carlsark* went steamer hunting, with sextant and compass. Our charts indicated the lane of the full-powered steamers between Gibraltar and New York, and I laid the course to intersect and run it down toward Cape Trafalgar.

The next night a myriad of lights rose out of the Atlantic, dead ahead. Thinking this might be the only opportunity, Henry was roused out. As he came blinking on deck, he remarked that being the goat of such a venture in daylight was bad enough, but to board a steamer in mid-Atlantic in the middle of the night was beyond even his wildest notions of transoceanic yacht cruising. However, he stood ready, suitcase lashed on his back. The steamer, seeing no signs of distress, only paused and then sped on to keep her appointment in New York. Although no business was transacted, we were at least assured we had navigated correctly into the ocean highway, and probably more "sea-going hacks" would come along.

The following afternoon, came the cry of "Steamer, Ho!" Joe Rummler, on watch, had sighted smoke on the eastern horizon. A single funnel sprouted out of the sea, and gradually grew into a trim, fast Diesel freighter, the *Javanese Prince*, of London. Soon Henry and I were alongside in our dinghy, shouting his urgent case through a megaphone to the cautious English master, peering down from the bridge, wondering what manner of "hi-jackers" he had encountered. Naïvely, we assumed Henry would be welcomed aboard in short order, but to Captain Smith he might have been anything from a Bolshevik to a leper. A rope was thrown over the side by the grinning Chinese crew, and in monkey fashion I started to climb it with the *Carlsark's* papers in my hip pocket. I was quickly requested to remain in my own boat, while a bucket on the end of a line came down after the documents. In Horta, we complained because five dollars had to be spent on a bill of health from the British Consul, but now it served as passport for Henry to the Prince liner. Down came the pilot's ladder, and up went Henry on his way to New York. The most perilous leg of his homeward voyage was over when he reached the deck.

It was unusual to shake hands farewell in a rowboat in mid-ocean. It was a harder task we had to face, with longer watches, silent concertina, fewer jokes, and dish-washing duty rotating oftener; but, more than all this, we were losing a fine seaman and comrade. A hearty "Cheerio!" from that true gentleman of the sea, Captain Smith, the rumble of two mighty Diesel engines, and the *Carlsark* was alone on the silent sea.

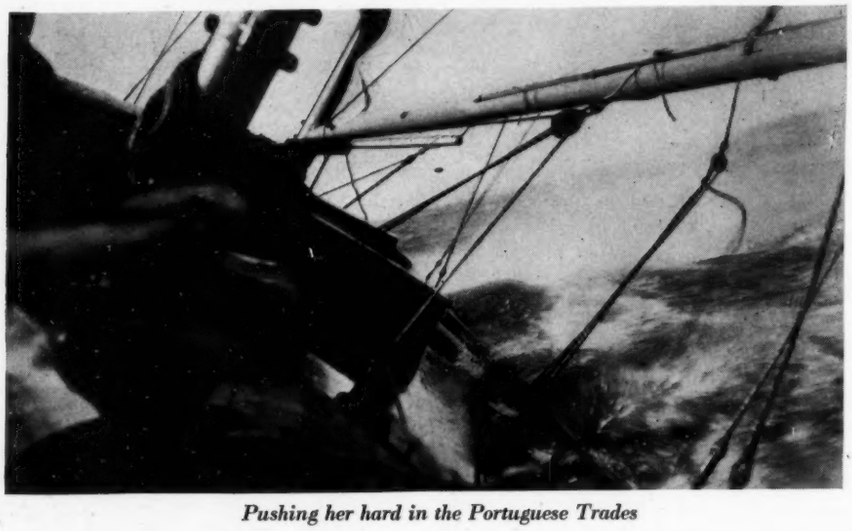
On toward Gibraltar we pressed, following the steamer lanes, in order to send home reports of our progress. And soon we found that along these highways of the sea there is plenty of company. The unusual sight of so small a craft on the high seas, which might have been a lifeboat adrift, brought all steamers close alongside to investigate.

August 14th. After a night of black squalls and drizzling rain, the sun blazed over the horizon, veiled in

mist. With it came the motor vessel *Vulcania*, of Genoa, the very ship that was to have taken me on its cushions from Naples to New York. That passage, and one to England on the *Mauretania*, booked by my parents, was cancelled when the *Carlsark* sailed into the Azores instead of New York. As she sped by, the officers, peering at us through their glasses, little dreamed they were passing a competitor.

A magnificent sight she was as she drove swiftly on through the gray morning light, but even there in mid-ocean the *Carlsark* seemed much better to us.

The easterly finally petered out and under the urge of Azorean "gazolina," we chugged along over glassy ground swells the remainder of the day. Never was the swimming better; we took our usual daily dips by diving from the bow and catching a rope at the stern, even with the porpoises that gambolled alongside in unison.



Pushing her hard in the Portuguese Trades

Joe assumed Henry's duties in the galley, and a lucky ship we were to have had two good sea-cooks. After supper of scrambled eggs, baked squash, mashed potatoes, and rice pudding smothered with Azorean bananas, topped off with an hour or more of "cockpit philosophy," we fell into the routine of our single-handed watches for the night.

August 15th. At 3.00 A.M. steamer lights appeared, and with the searchlight I heliographed to report us to New York, adding that there was no need to waste any steam by stopping for us. However, the *President Harrison* hove to, and we drew alongside for verbal transmission. "Sparks" wanted to know if there wasn't more than a mere report to New York. It occurred to me that in two hours my roommate, with whom I had engaged passage on the *Mauretania* and whom I had agreed to meet in London on arrival of the Cunarder, would be departing from New York. A second message was shouted through the megaphone to Ed, on board the *Mauretania* — "Snug as bugs in a rug. Tell captain to stay north of forty, or you will be swamped in our wake." "Sparks" asked for nothing further and they steamed away into the night.

While it was midnight in New York and the *Mauretania* was casting off from pier 54, Dud came on deck to relieve me at the usual hour of 5.00 A.M., bringing with him a can of apricots, which we opened to celebrate Ed's departure. From that time on, it was a race to the Continent with Mr. Cunard's fast barge to keep the promise to Ed.

Letters were written and placed in a tin can for aerial delivery to the next convenient steamer. Nothing appeared until sunset, when a large white steam yacht passed about two miles away. She ignored us completely, unlike our commercial brothers who were always going out of their way to make sure all was well. Perhaps her crew were letting "Metal Mike" do the work on the bridge while they played craps in the owner's quarters.

August 16th. During the morning I spied a small brown object floating on the surface of the sea. "Ambergris," was the cry as we hove to close to it. Joe was just coming up the main hatch attired for his morning dip and promptly went over the side after it. At closer range he became suspicious, and called for a bucket. Dud tossed his oilskin hat, and soon our "bonanza" was on the deck. It was only a bit of cork, infested with sea worms, sea clams, and several tiny fiddler crabs, a long way from home. We made an aquarrium out of an empty gasoline can for the castaway crabs and resolved to return them to their shore haunts.

"Cheerio," our kitten mascot presented to us by the Azoreans, was last seen this morning scampering under the dinghy, lashed on the forward deck, and then disappeared. A swinging backstay block must have knocked her into the sea, or else some flying fish called her down to "Davy's locker." We missed the noisy little devil and were reminded of her "katzenjammers" by the squeaking blocks and creaking rigging during the long night watches. Not long after her departure the long awaited breeze came out of the west and in sailor fashion we blamed poor pussy and vowed the next would be as black as a Gulf Stream squall.

August 17th. In the light of the setting moon, a tremendous double-funneled passenger vessel appeared astern. Responding to our signals, she steered directly for us, passing within a hundred yards. We made out her name in the light of the dawn that was just streaking the east, as the *Conte Grande*, of Genoa. To our amazement, she circled and came up astern again — so close, that we couldn't determine which side she would pass. It was like facing a charging rhinoceros, and guessing which way to jump. Dud put the tiller hard to starboard, and her bow wave just gave us a boost clear of the towering sides. The message I was shouting was cut short with a grunt, when the same wave sent the main boom flying across the deck, to catch me amidships and send me sprawling into the life lines. Then she went on her way to Gibraltar, apparently satisfied.

August 18th. A good noon sight put us 60 miles east of Cape St. Vincent, the southwestern point of Portugal. It found us in the midst of a mighty armada of Portuguese men-o-war. In all directions were countless hundreds of these opalescent jelly fish, with their semi-circular fin sails squared to the breeze and poisonous, yard-long tentacles trailing along in search of food. I have seen people go home from the beach in an ambulance after encountering one of these colorful dandies, so it was with the utmost respect that we netted several for our gas can aquarium.

The prevailing westerlies died and with the last of our "gazolina" we reached the "Portuguese Trades"

which developed into a glorious 20-knot northwester. Confident that we would reach Gibraltar in two days, a radio message was added to the mail can, to Ed on the *Mauretania*, — "Wager Captain our topsails, we reach Continent first." That was an outcropping of my Scotch ancestry, considering the *Carlsark's* Marconi rig. Steamers were numerous, but now, so near land, we were no longer a curiosity. The tin can had to wait.

Full of anticipation of our arrival in Gibraltar, Joe cleaned the galley woodwork, Dud sewed a Bayside Yacht Club burgee out of an unused code flag, while I sopped up the oil in the engine room.

August 19th. All during the early morning watches we were baffled by a massive black outline dead ahead, which might have been Cape St. Vincent, if we were off in our navigation. It ceased to puzzle us when the sun rose and dispersed one of those fantastic low-lying clouds that can look so like a headland and were the torture of the early navigators.

Our afternoon sight put us 30 miles south of the Iberian Peninsula and 40 miles within the bight, after many calculations. Joe said it was Sunday, the log Monday, and my calendar Tuesday. After working out the twelve different combinations of noon and afternoon sights for the three days, with a lunar observation to boot, the day was declared Tuesday. Sunday put us in the Pyrenees; Monday, the Sierra Madres, and Tuesday 30 miles south of Spain. Shortly after, came the cry of "Land Ho!" when the lofty Sierra Madres threw off their cloak of mist to give us our first glorious sight of the Old World.

With the northwester, that had now increased to 30 knots, came the fragrance of balsam from the mountains. And then with Spain 30 miles to port and Morocco the same distance to starboard, we charged along, as the moon rose an African red, with the wind on the quarter, between eight and nine knots — the best speed on our entire voyage. Tomorrow Gibraltar would be ours.

August 20th. Down went the barometer, and with it our breeze, to leave us becalmed within 50 miles of Trafalgar Light. Along came the freighter *Rathlin Head*, and from our dinghy the mail can was tossed aboard. There was an important letter to be delivered to a sailor maid on the Riviera, but no more suitable tin cans. The ship's football, a relic of gridiron days at Cornell, was the saving solution. The letter, along with another message to the *Mauretania* advising the Chief Engineer to operate "non-condensing" if he expected to win the race, was lashed to the pigskin with adhesive tape. We anticipated hurling it aboard a giant liner as a real thriller for the passengers, but the best we could find was the freighter *Bulgarian*. As the can torpedo spiralled into her well deck, the crew madly dispersed. There was no hero in that outfit to return the bomb to enemy lines.

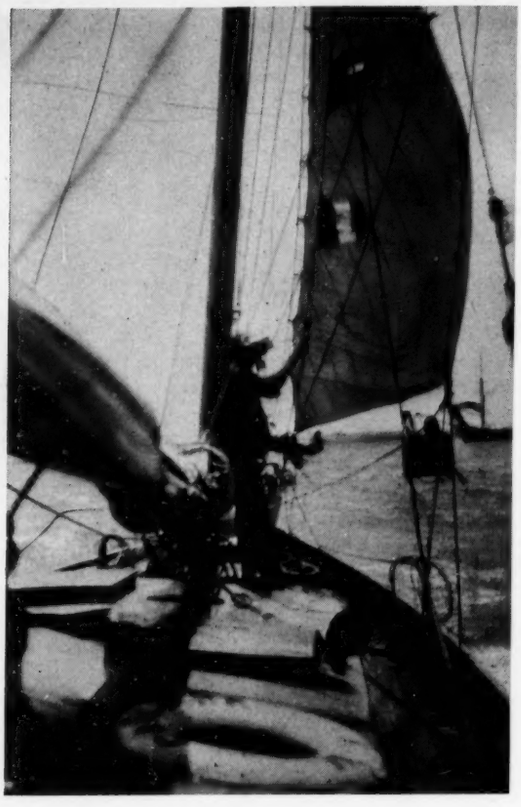
August 21st. The barometer continued downward and it was apparent that our insolence to the *Mauretania* was soon to be rewarded. Everything on board became clammy. The wash of the sea was dull and hollow sounding. And we knew from these signs we would have to face the Levanter, so dreaded by Spanish mariners and well known as the "Tyrant of Spain." Originating in the Balearic Islands, it sweeps down the Spanish coast, around Cape de Gata, and thence eastward toward the Straits of Gibraltar, gaining strength as it goes, finally funnelling through the Straits in mad blasts that often last two weeks. This was a lot longer than we wanted to wait, so *Carlsark* was handled with all the finesse of a Long Island Sound racing yacht as we beat to windward in the rising easterly. By afternoon it was blowing half a gale, but despite it we managed to make our way up to the tall shaft of Trafalgar Light, dominating the Spanish hills so picturesquely dotted with white villages. Dimly in the distance was the gateway to our goal — the Mediterranean. To starboard, the gnarled cliffs of Morocco rose to form Apes Hill, the African Pillar of Hercules; to port, the European Pillar, Gibraltar. And between, Aeolus was venting his wrath.

With our goal in sight, we determined to continue, though vessels ten times our tonnage were running for shelter, or hove to. Our battle of Trafalgar was second only to that waged by Lord Nelson in the same waters. Facing into the open Straits, our mainsail blew out before we could lower. Half-way across the roaring pass, on a hitch toward Morocco, the mizzen blew out. On went the storm trysail. By midnight we reached the quieter waters of Tangier Bay and resewed the mizzen in the light of a wild, full moon. There we should have stayed; but instead, started another hitch out into the savage fury of "Fretum Herculeum," partly because we wanted another "whack at it," and partly because the Christian shores seemed more inviting after reading the pilot book warnings about being fired upon, and hearing the seas storming the iron-bound cliffs of Morocco. A jibe headed us toward Spain. Coming about would have slatted our canvas into chaff.

Morocco's iron-bound shores make mincemeat of erring navigators

August 22nd. By this time the seas were tremendous and every yard gained to windward was lost when bursting combers drove us sideways in a smother of foam. Like a fighting bulldog, *Carlsark* always remained on top. It was a magnificent sight to see her master that broadside gale, although we had no business to put her through such a pace.

The patched mizzen was soon in ribbons and the trysail in its place. Half-way across the Straits a "grandfather" comber burst over the bow, smashing our plucky jib to smithereens. The thunder of the crashing wave, plus the machine gun roar of the slatting remains of the jib, brought Dud and Joe, who were catnapping below in their oilskins, to the deck in one jump. Dud faced the



(At left) Signaling the Cadiz pilot

(At right) Taking on stores at Gibraltar for the Mediterranean cruise

lashing canvas that beat his face like stinging whips. Joe, oilskins off, and pajamas flying in the gale, scaled the mast to clear the mess aloft. Easing *Carlsark* through the onrushing seas as best I could, I watched Joe being thrashed about like a fly on a cow's tail. He returned to the deck rather battered, but with the job done.

The storm trysail carried us back to Trafalgar, and there, quite certain that discretion was the better part of valor, and that Hercules did not allow young fools to pass into his Mediterranean while he was airing it out with a Levanter, we turned toward Cadiz, in the lee of the Spanish coast. In the gales that followed we always hove to promptly.

Like milestones, all along the coast that rose to the table lands and mountains in the interior, we passed the towers of Castibolo, Puerco, Bermeja and many others, once the lookout posts of mighty Spain where the caravels of Columbus were seen to fade into the unknown. And then came Cadiz, a pure white city rising from a narrow sand spit that reached out into the sea to form her ancient harbor, marked by ruins — once a part of Caesar's empire. Into it we turned, 15 days out of Horta — into a port of Spain that once harbored the mightiest navy of the world, when the Indians were paddling the smooth waters of Cayuga Lake, which we had left 4000 miles in our wake.

We were greeted by a pilot who fairly licked his chops at the sight of an American yacht. Here, he thought, were American millions, and fine fodder for the ancient graft of pilotage. He was no more acquainted with the usual financial state of American college students than we were with the money grabbing ways of foreign commercial ports.

In order to hasten our arrival he took us in tow in the face of the strong head wind. Just as we finished unbending our sails for repairs we discovered he was towing us beyond Cadiz. Despite our shouting, "A Cadiz! A Cadiz!" and gesticulating with real Latin gusto in its direction, he continued, landing us at the docks of his own private company on the island of Monte Gorda. With sails unbent and no gasoline, we could only follow, thinking he was conducting us to quarantine. We were met at the docks by officials, smiling like vultures, and soliciting orders for drydocking and repairing the *Carlsark*. "Manana" was our reply. We wanted to eat, see Cadiz, and communicate with America. Papers were signed for the pilotage, and then we had to pay fare on their boat, which ferried the three miles over to Cadiz.

"Carlsark's" entire crew, Joe Rummler, Dud Schoales, and Carl Weagant, reach Gibraltar

Cadiz was clean, neat and full of the charms of a Spanish port — from soft brown eyes to excitement over the coming bull fight.

August 26th. On the third day in Cadiz, while returning from a gory but gaudy bull massacre, we were presented with an unfair and outrageous bill of forty-five dollars for pilotage. We could not appeal to the American Consul — he had left when prohibition ended the coming of American ships for Spanish wines; so we held our own council of war,

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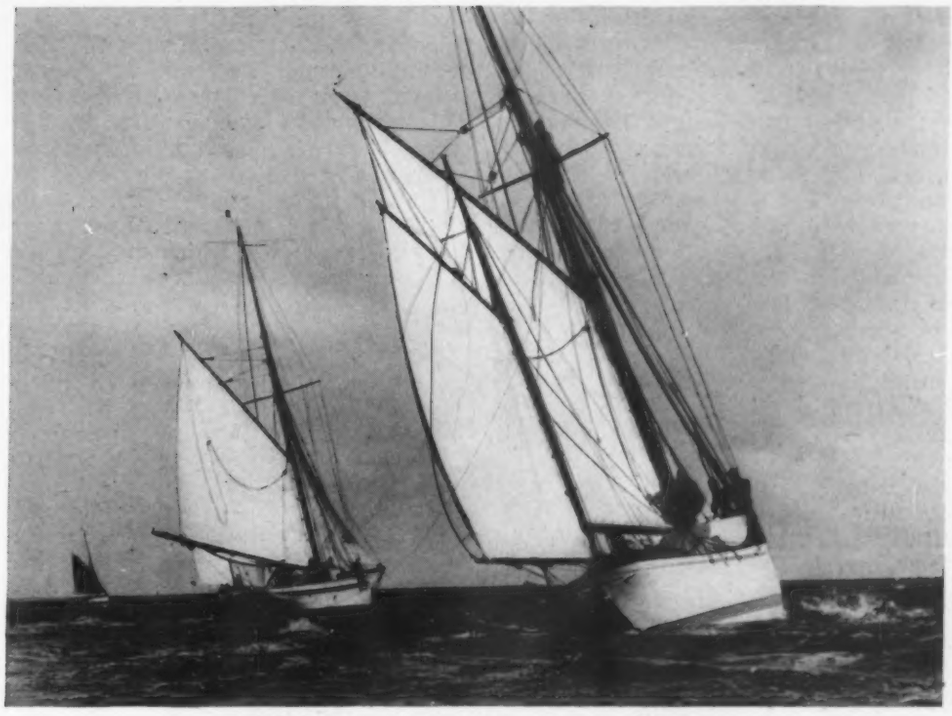

"Nellie" and "Ilex" heading out into the North Sea

A Race Across the North Sea

A Fleet of Ten Small Yachts Finish Rough Passage in Race Sponsored by the Little Ship Club

By WESTON MARTYR

ONE of these days I hope I shall acquire enough wisdom to keep myself out of trouble; but it seems clear that day has not come yet. This year, I suggested that the Little Ship Club organize a race across the North Sea for little ships. This appeared to be a fairly innocent proposal, but not a bit of it! It was something new, and in this country a proposal to do something never done before immediately arouses angry passions. The newspapers called me a presumptive murderer. Then the Committee of the L. S. C., which in a weak moment had approved of the idea, were thrown out neck and crop and an anti-race committee was immediately elected. That was all very nice. It was fine publicity, and the next thing we knew we had 20 entries and more coming.

The East Coast men said: "We want an 'ocean' race; but we can't afford the time, the money or the clothes to go to Cowes for it. And we won't be bothered with a lot of complicated measurements and rules. Start the boats from an East Coast port and make it all straightforward and no nonsense, and we'll go."

Which is the reason the race started from Brightlingsea the Saturday preceding our August Bank holiday. The handicaps were based on an allowance of ten seconds per mile per foot of length measured between perpendiculars, with an additional allowance for boats towing dinghies. This dinghy allowance was worked on a curve so that the smaller the yacht the greater her allowance. This was a complication; but it was made necessary by the fact that some of the yachts were so small they towed dinghies nearly as big as themselves. The course was to Ostende and measured ninety miles in a straight line; but it was infested with shoals in the middle and at both ends, which, if you possessed deep draft or a weak heart, increased the distance considerably. The start was a standing one. You anchored on the line, and when the gun went you hove up, made sail, and got on with it.

Saturday dawned with a young and growing gale. Personally, I did not like the look of the weather at all. For one thing, I had rashly agreed to race in a centerboard yawl, thirty years old, 26 feet long, with an enormous and, by no means, self-bailing cockpit. For another thing, I was a member of the race committee responsible for allowing a score of similar tiny craft to start. The wind increased and the committee held a gloomy meeting. Said one: "If we call the race off they'll murder us and then start anyway. And when they do start, about ten of the smallest ones are going to get swamped."

We solved the difficulty in the end by getting to work diplomatically on the owners of the tiniest craft. We hinted that they would be wise to withdraw, not for their own sakes, but for ours. And, thank Heaven, they took pity on us, and did withdraw. Eleven boats eventually anchored on the starting line. *Ilex*, the Sappers' famous 45-foot yawl, was there, being scratch boat and a whale amongst minnows. She was away out of her class and knew it, but I think the soldiers wanted to tune up before racing round the Fastnet. The other starters were: *Nellie*, a 32-foot East Coast fishing smack type, built in 1888, a grand little craft and a competitor in former Fastnet and Channel races; *Ariel*, a 24-foot square-sterned cutter designed by Albert Strange, a boat which proved her worth last year by sailing across

the Bay of Biscay to Santander and back again; *Coronilla*, a 30-foot cutter of Itchen Ferry type; *Marine*, a 35-foot "fifty-fifty" motor schooner, surprisingly fast under her staysail rig; *Fairlight*, a 27-foot Falmouth Quay type cutter; *Betsy*, a tiny 27-foot Bermudian yawl, with her mizzen raked well forward, Brixham style; *Mignonette*, a 25-foot cutter; *Saltair*, a 22-foot cutter and the smallest boat in the fleet; and *Jean II*, 23 feet 6 inches, a typical straight-stemmed old-English cutter in miniature. *Kestrel*, I have already described; she was the yawl in which I sailed the 90-mile course.

All the boats got underway quickly and in a most seamanlike manner. I did not see the start at all, being engaged in hauling up by hand what seemed to me to be about one hundred fathoms of chain cable. Which is a pity, because I missed the entertainment provided by *Ilex's* soldiers. It seems they were all drilled to perfection for a quick start. *Ilex* carried a big crew, and each man, when the gun went, laid hold of his appointed rope and pulled hard. As a matter of fact, the man on the kedge rope seems to have pulled altogether too hard. He broke the rope — a catastrophe which would have knocked any ordinary crew out of the contest, because, by the rules of the race, the anchor had to be got aboard or the boat disqualified. In this emergency the soldiers proved that they were real sailors. In a strong tide and wind they maneuvered *Ilex* over her lost gear, dived overboard, retrieved the broken warp, got their anchor and stood away full speed across the starting line — all within two and a half minutes of the gun.

"Fairlight," a Falmouth Quay cutter

The beat out of the mouth of the River Colne into the Thames Estuary was a wet business aboard the smallest boats. *Ilex* and *Nellie* found all the wind they wanted with two reefs down; and anyone who knows the crews of these two boats will also know that two reefs in their mainsails during a race means a breeze. *Ilex*, thanks to her size and draft, worked to windward of the rest at great speed, and she appeared to be weathering the buoy which marks the channel over the Colne bar about an hour before the rest of us. But the rest of us (thanks also to our size and draft!) were not worrying much about *that* channel. We put our helms up as soon as it was safe, or maybe sooner, and reached away on the course to Ostende over places that dry right out at low water. This soon put us level with *Ilex* again, and the soldiers' curses could be heard distinctly three miles away to windward.

The wind was strong — S.S.W. and the course S.E. Dead ahead of us, and right athwart the course, stretched the Gunfleet Sands, which dry out four feet in places. But there are other places which do not dry out so much, and being East Coasters we knew those holes and bolted through them like so many rabbits, while *Ilex* had to navigate deviously through the deeper Swatchway. It was great fun — for us.

To seaward of the Gunfleet and also right across our course stretched the Long Sand, which bank, though thirteen miles from the land, dries out two or three feet in spots. After crossing the Gunfleet we were all in a bunch, including *Ilex*, and I think a good many of us thought of giving the scratch boat another fright by cutting across the Long Sand. But we all seemed to have thought better of it. It was now night, with a strong wind, a lively sea, and a falling tide; and the Long Sand is no place to strand on under these conditions. So we followed *Ilex* around the Sand Head buoy and the big yacht soon vanished in the darkness ahead of us. Before the light died I saw *Jean* alongside of us; *Nellie* and *Fairlight* fighting a duel half a mile to windward; and *Marine* ahead and sailing very fast under her staysail rig.

At about this time *Saltair*, the smallest boat to start, gave up and returned to Brightlingsea. Her crew of two had spent the previous two nights in her, making a passage from Flushing, and the prospects of a third sleepless night in a rising gale did not look good enough. They showed spirit, I think, in starting at all, and I take this opportunity of thanking them for a bottle of Hollands Gin which they said tasted like old flannel blankets. But that same bottle of Dutch Courage certainly

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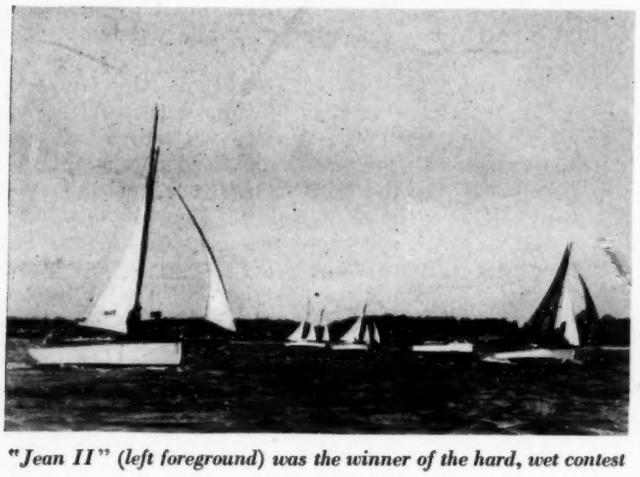
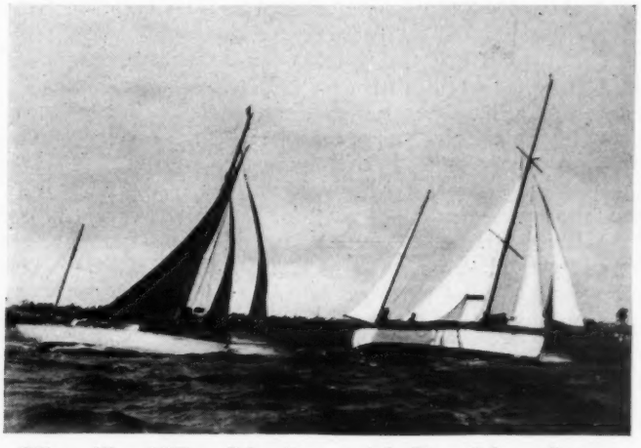
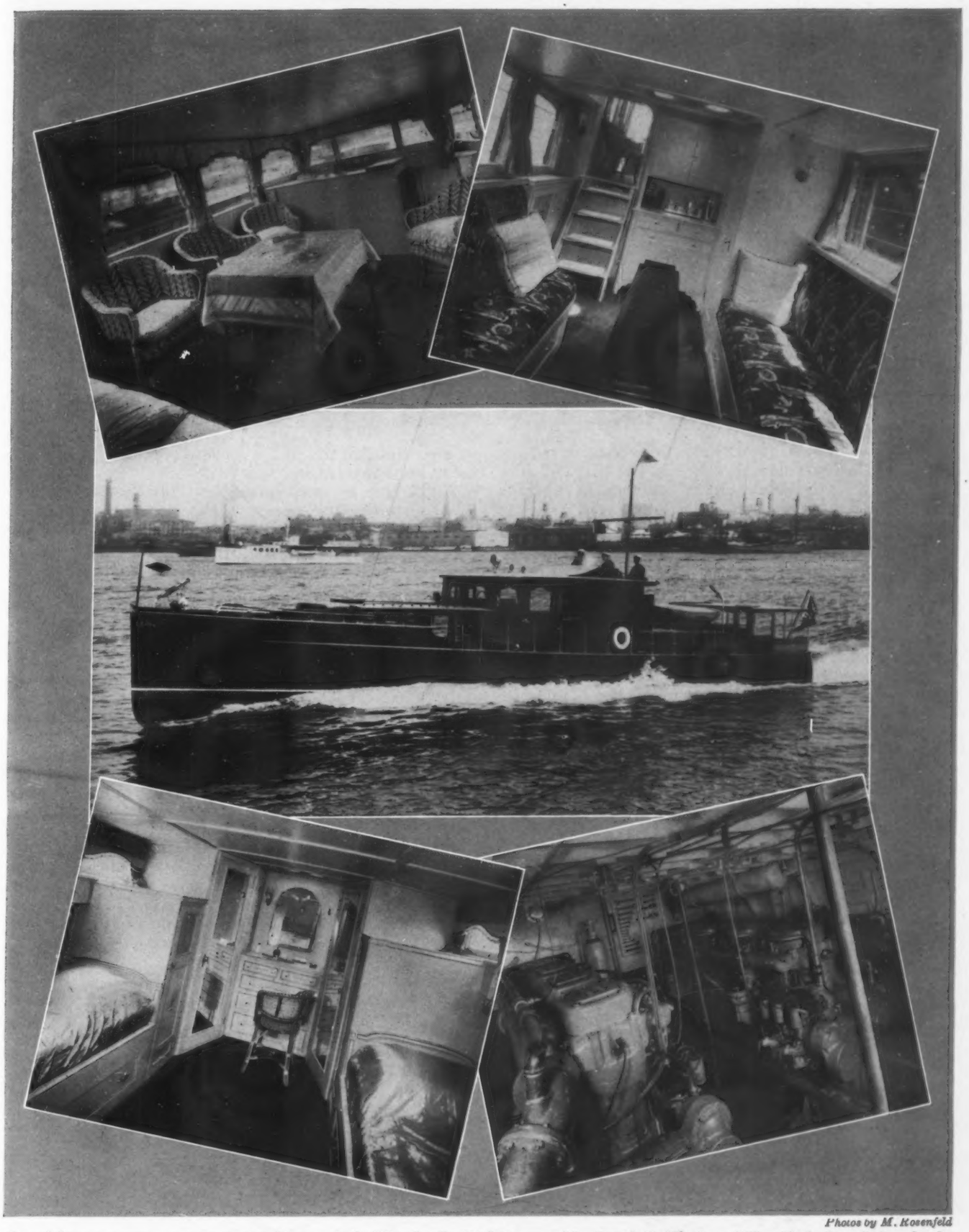


"Jean II" (left foreground) was the winner of the hard, wet contest



"Kestrel" and "Betsy" beating out of the River Colne at the start

A Handsome 72-Foot Fast Commuter



Photos by M. Rosenfeld

One of the new commuters to see service this year is the "Geredna," a 72-footer owned by Joseph E. Higgins, of New York, from designs by the Luders Marine Construction Company, who also built her. One a length of 72 feet, the accommodations are ample and exceedingly pleasing in finish and appointment. The deckhouse living room (top, left) is roomy, with a view through wide plate glass windows on three sides. The forward cabin (top, right) and the sleeping cabin aft, are also shown, as is the engine room where the two 8-cylinder Sterling gasoline motors are installed

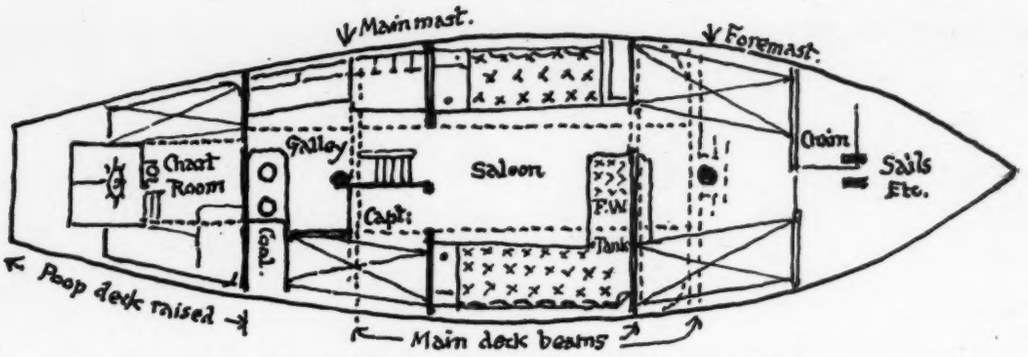


Fig. 1. Layout of "Saoirse," 42 feet over all, with a beam of 12 feet

The Crew on Long Cruises

Some Major Considerations in Planning the Cabin Layout

By CONOR O'BRIEN

STARTED some time back to tell the world, and especially the U. S. A., how to make ocean passages in a small yacht, but somehow I did not get beyond the elementary business of rigging the ship and handling her at sea. I seem to have thought the more difficult problem of keeping the men who were to handle her alive and in a good temper less essential to the success of a voyage. I am reminded of my omission by chancing on a letter, written by an American yachtsman, in a back number of an English contemporary.

The occasion of it was that Commander Martin, Mr. Weston Martyr, and myself, had been asked to answer a questionnaire on our ideal yacht for an ocean voyage. That none of the questions directly involved the cabin layout was no excuse for all of us to neglect it. Mr. W. D. Lee it was who pointed out the importance of the subject.

The questionnaire did not suggest any price limit, so it is interesting to record that we all voted for a vessel between 56 and 60 feet over all. I presume that we felt this would comfortably accommodate five or six men, a mixed crew of amateurs and professionals, without being too big for the captain to bring home with two paid hands if the others should leave the ship. Personally, I should start a voyage with only two companions in a boat of this size, if I were sure I would not have to bring her home single-handed.

Right here we must settle the probable composition of the crew — and therefore the size of the boat — before we start spoiling good drawing paper. Are they to be joint owners, the owner's guests — paying or otherwise, but not responsible for damage to ship or gear — or paid hands? In the first case, it may be safe to plan the cabins for one class only; in the second, one must provide for the probability of shipping, sooner or later, a crew of different classes and colors. The man who builds a ship without a proper forecastle is just asking for trouble; I got it in my *Saoirse*, whose layout I have sketched here (Fig. 1). You see that it would have been an easy matter to throw the berth marked "Capt." into the galley, to accommodate one seaman; but down South I wanted more than one, if I was ever to get out of the Roaring Forties; and while I could fit myself into the chartroom bunk, a bigger man would shy at it; besides, the galley is too small to make a proper messroom. The British seaman doesn't like this irregular sort of lash-up; he wants what he's accustomed to — a place where he can escape from the eye of the captain when he wants to cuss him. *Saoirse* was designed for three amateurs cruising 'round the coast, and I think the plan is as good as could be devised on the length; but she is just a bit too short to arrange advantageously.

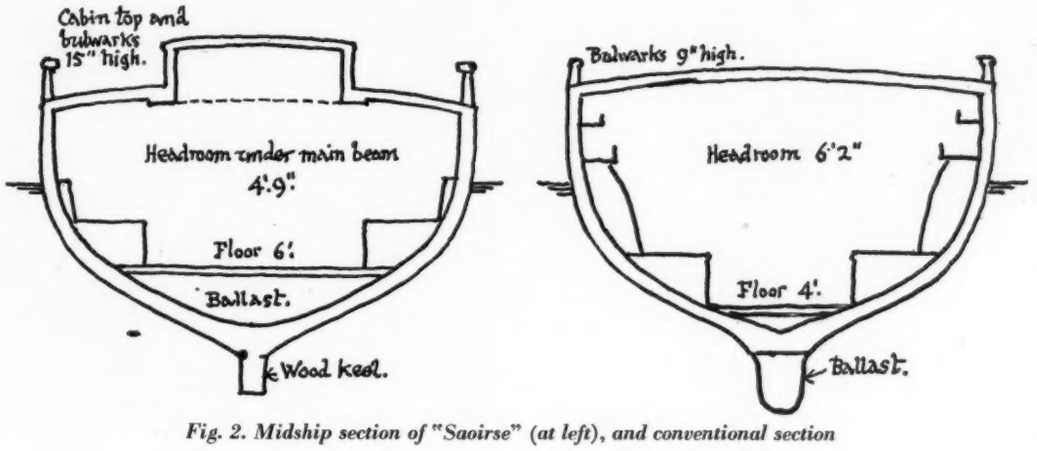


Fig. 2. Midship section of "Saoirse" (at left), and conventional section

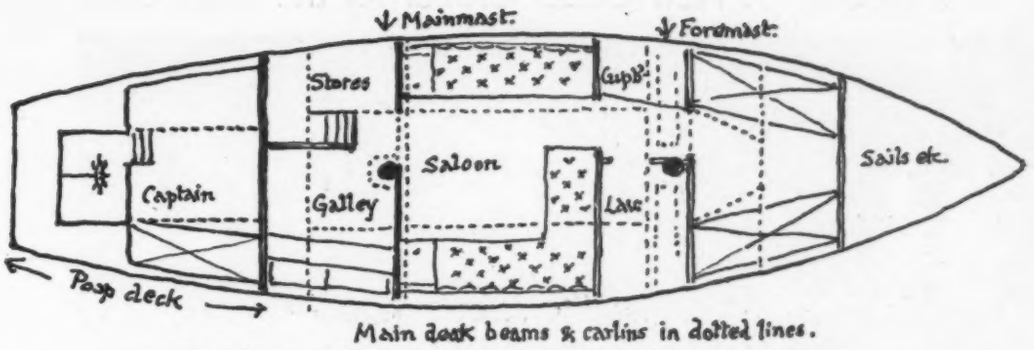


Fig. 3. Proposed layout of a yacht 45 feet long and 12 feet 6 inches beam

You may ask, why shouldn't the three amateurs sail her 'round the world? Well, somehow they never do. It took seventeen men to get her 'round it, and nearly as many to get *Amaryllis* home. On the statistics available, the only sure way of completing a round voyage is to do it alone. I suppose the fact is that the type of amateur who will see the thing through will go only as captain. But I could find two or three men who would go 'round the world in my little boat for sixty dollars a month, and make me supremely comfortable all the time.

I believe in America it is otherwise, but here the younger generation are no earthly use for a deep-water voyage. They haven't learned their trade in seagoing yachts; they don't club together to buy a vessel big enough to cross the Atlantic, but each one owns a toy sail boat, bought ready-rigged, so he gets his seamanship by the wrong end, and doesn't know how the mechanism of sails which he is using really works. He has never handled full-sized gear, so he cannot pull his weight on a rope, or make it fast properly. And, what is worse, since his sail boat is not fit to go to sea, he potters about harbors on a kind of picnic, the object of which is to get as much trouble and discomfort as he can. No doubt, a reaction from the routine of his office and the respectability of his home; but he cannot understand that tidiness and routine are the cardinal virtues of the deep-water man.

I do not think a long round voyage will ever be made by an amateur crew unless all hands are exceptionally competent. If they are not, their space is more valuable than their company. I have taken on young men in the hope that they will pick up the trade of a seaman. They complain that I expect them to find a job of work for themselves, and do not tell them what to do. (You don't see the paid hand "setting around waiting for orders" in the words of the immortal Mr. Bixby.) I do not think I'm making the captain's job appear too onerous when I say that it ought not to include the giving of orders. And if I have a mate to give them, it's more economical, in a small boat, for him to stand watch and watch with me on deck, and relegate the third hand to cook and steward — and perhaps the afternoon watch in fine weather.

So if there is to be a crew of amateurs they will be middle-aged or elderly men, men whose limbs have not been atrophied by the automobile, men with a sense of responsibility, who will not have the captain wondering all his watch below what they're doing with the ship. And they will not be very rich, or they would have yachts of their own. But they will have settled habits, and want all the comfort that is to be had in a small vessel. I will be — for rhetorical purposes — an optimist, and suppose three such men start on a long voyage. What size of yacht will they take?

If they are partners, and can afford it, of course the 60-footer. (I only put in *Saoirse* as being what a man could bring home if he were left single-handed.) There is a good deal of misconception about the relative sizes of ship and crew for ocean cruising. I dislike the phrase, but I want to distinguish our method of travel from passage-making, which is practically racing. I think it is unfortunate that Commander Martin called his recent book "Deep Water Cruising," for no one would take a cutter across the Atlantic except to race on the other side. The ways of making such a passage fall roughly under three heads; the automatic passage, in which one man — or two, if they want to take things easy — lashes up the wheel and lets the ship make what use she can of the winds; the racing passage, in which there are never less than two men on deck at a time, and if there is a breeze they drive her at a speed which no helmsman could stand for more than two hours; and the cruising passage, in which one man takes entire charge for the four hours' watch, and normally does not shift sails or otherwise demand help except at the changing of the watches. One can work a 60-footer perfectly well on these lines, because, to be safe in any waters I have ever sailed in, she must be snugly rigged. Not so much to

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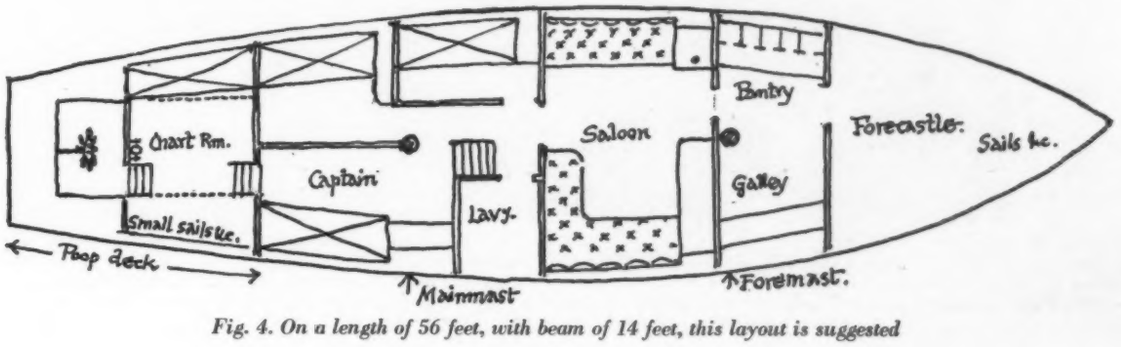
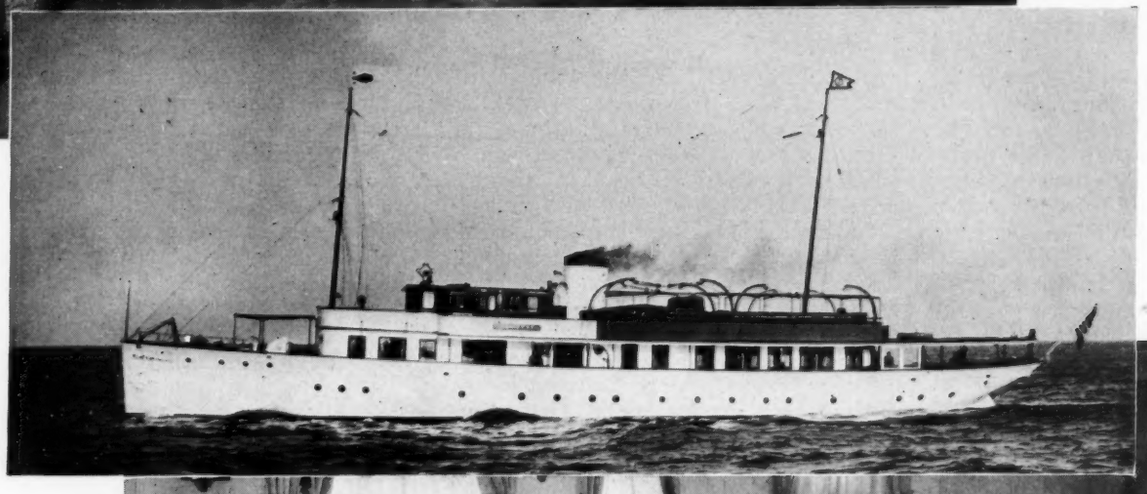


Fig. 4. On a length of 56 feet, with beam of 14 feet, this layout is suggested

"Janidore," A New Diesel Cruiser for the West Coast



In "Janidore," designed by J. H. Wells, Inc., for Mr. I. Zellerbach, of San Francisco, we have a fine example of a moderate sized Diesel yacht for coastwise and ocean cruising. Over all, she is 142 feet in length, with generous beam of 24½ feet, and 9½ feet draft. The living and dining rooms are unusually large and there are seven staterooms for the owner and his guests. She is constructed entirely of steel, even to the deckhouse, the Defoe Boat and Motor Works being the builders. Power is supplied by two Winton solid injection Diesel motors. The entire equipment bespeaks the most modern practice

An efficient fire extinguishing system, properly installed, could have saved this yacht

Protecting Your Boat from Fire

Proper Planning and Equipment Will Reduce the Hazard of Fire to a Minimum

By GEORGE P. HODGES

CENTURIES ago, while the North American continent was still an unexplored wilderness, a Dutch vessel lay at anchor in what, years later, was to be New York Harbor. Suddenly fire was detected and, after futile attempts to extinguish it had failed, the crew took to the small boats and in due course of time landed on barren, wind-swept Manhattan Island. This is said to have been the first fire on shipboard in waters of the New World. Unfortunately, it was not the last.

Fire has always been one of the most serious problems with which mariners have had to contend, and today it is still a major problem, one which no boat owner dares ignore, despite the progress which has been made by naval architects and builders. It is impossible to lay too much stress on the importance of fire prevention. On the other hand, no matter how careful a boat owner may be or what precautions he may take to *prevent* fire, there is no certainty that fire will not some time occur. Fire prevention reduces the probability of fire, *but it does not preclude its possibility*. That is why it is the responsibility of every yachtsman, from the owner of the smallest outboard to the largest ocean-going cruiser, not only to do everything in his power to *prevent* fire, but to make every possible provision for extinguishing it in case it does occur.

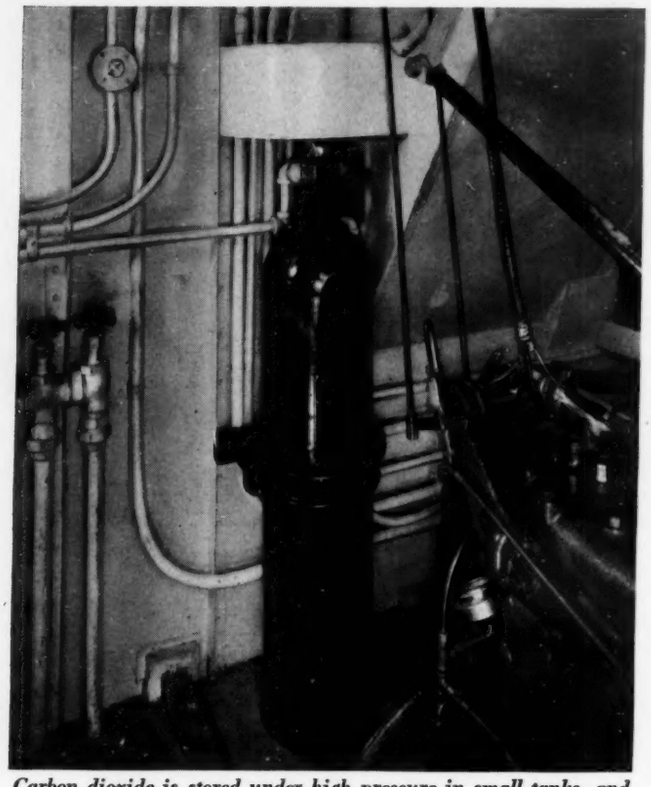
First, we shall consider how the practice of fire prevention reduces the possibility of fire. Preventive measures start with the design and construction of a boat. However, it does not necessarily follow that one must build a new boat to be on the safe side. Of course, there are many old boats in which it would be practically impossible to incorporate all of the modern safety procedures or devices. However, the majority of boats, if they are not already so constructed, will readily lend themselves to the incorporation of fire preventive measures.

Obviously, the use of gasoline as motor fuel, either for main engines or auxiliaries, presents a fire hazard. There are, however, practically no cases on record which show that the mere *use* of gasoline has caused fires. It is invariably the *misuse* of gasoline, either through downright carelessness or through ignorance, that is responsible for the damage.

"I smell gasoline!" Every owner of a gasoline propelled boat, we venture to say, has, at some time, made some similar remark. Of course, the faint smell of gasoline around a motor is inevitable. However, when the entire boat is permeated by the smell, that is another matter — one you can't "laugh off." There is something wrong — radically wrong — and you should immediately seek the reason, which may be due to any of several causes. Perhaps your gasoline tank has developed a leak (even a tiny leak will account for much gasoline in time); pipe-line connections may have become sprung; your gasoline filling pipe may be improperly installed, the air vent from your tank may be discharging gasoline vapors *into* your boat instead of outside; bilges may have become neglected and their timbers become impregnated with gasoline and oil drippings; automatic fuel pumps out of repair, and sticking carburetor floats may be other causes of an excessive gasoline odor.

All these hazards may be quickly eliminated. In fact, if a boat is properly maintained and reasonable care has been exercised in its construction, such conditions seldom exist.

Let us consider how the hazards of gasoline may be eliminated. First, we'll start with the gasoline tank. We may safely pass over the construction of the tank itself. Sufficient to say that all tanks should be strongly made and provided with a sufficient number of baffle plates. When you buy any kind of a boat, old or new, irrespective of size or type, give particular attention to the installation of the gasoline tank. It must be remembered that gasoline tanks on practically all types of boats are subjected to an unmerciful pounding even in mildly



Carbon dioxide is stored under high pressure in small tanks, and piped to all parts of the hull

rough weather. Accordingly, if they are not securely fastened, they are bound to weave and change position with the motion of the boat. This continued shifting puts a severe strain on the entire piping system. If this condition is allowed to exist, there is, in addition, a strong possibility that in time seams of the tank will give way. Accordingly, gasoline tanks should be frequently inspected to make sure that they are firmly in place and, at the same time, all piping leading from the tank should be carefully checked over.

Much has been said and written about the proper venting of gasoline tanks. However, we still find gasoline tanks whose vents are not carried to the outside of the boat. It should be an "iron-clad" rule that all vent pipes be carried through the hull to the open air. A vent opening within the hull acts in much the same way as a carburetor when the tank is partly full and may readily flood the bilges with gasoline or oil, as the case may be. In addition, when a gasoline tank is vented *inside* the hull, highly volatile and explosive vapors are continually being discharged. Undoubtedly, many serious explosions on yachts whose exact cause is never fixed are due either directly or indirectly to incorrectly installed vents.

Of equal importance is the proper installation of gasoline tank filling pipes. The pipe itself may be of any type desired, provided it is strong and securely installed. However, it should *always* be connected *directly* to a deck plate or some other outside fitting, located in such a position that any overflow when filling the tank will run directly overboard. If such an installation is not provided for, any overflow during the refilling operation invariably finds its way into the bilge.

Although it is preferable that the gasoline tanks be located at some distance from the motor, this alone does not solve the problem of keeping gasoline in large quantities away from that section. In case of a feed gravity system to the carburetor a break in the pipe line may empty the entire supply into the engine room bilge, or any other part of the boat where the break occurs. This possibility makes necessary conveniently placed shut-off valves at gasoline tanks so that in case of a break the supply may be immediately shut off at its source.

Even when fuel pumps are used, shut-off valves should be provided at the tanks so that the supply may be cut off when it is necessary to make repairs on the pipe line.

It is a well-known fact that, no matter how well constructed or free from leaks a boat may be, there is bound to be some amount of water in the bilges. Many yachtsmen depend on automatic bilge pumps to remove this water. However, oil and gasoline drippings from the engine invariably find their way into the bilge and gradually, if the bilge timbers are not thoroughly scrubbed with a special cleaning compound made for the purpose, they will become impregnated with gasoline and oil. Bilges which are not frequently cleaned are fire hazards and a spark may be enough to ignite them.

Ventilation is of great importance on all types of cabin boats and provision should be made for changing air regularly in all parts of the boat. Simply placing a ventilator over an opening on deck, or even connecting it to a duct leading down into the interior of the boat is not enough, for it does not thoroughly ventilate the engine room or the spaces in the bottom of the boat.

Electric motor-driven suction blowers are now being manufactured which are reasonably priced and economical to operate. Such devices take up but little room and are neat in appearance. Every cabin boat should be equipped with at least one of these automatic blowers, connected to ducts. It is necessary that such ducts reach into the bottom of the boat, for volatile vapors, being heavier than air, invariably collect there and are only reached by ducts installed in their midst.

While inspecting our boat for fire hazards we should also give particular attention to its power plant. If our engines are not already equipped with flame arresters on the carburetors they should be. These devices virtually preclude the possibility of back-fire — a common cause of many marine fires. Down-draft carburetors, a late development in gasoline motors, are also worthy of consideration as fire preventive devices, for it is almost impossible for a back-fire to reach the bilge with down-draft carburetors in use.

Before passing from this discussion of some of the most prevalent fire hazards of the boat, it seems well to make some mention of that "bugaboo," carelessness. Let's consider smoking. Some owners of boats pride themselves on their nonchalance. They will contend that they have "played around" with gasoline for years and never had a mishap. There is always the "first time," however, and the man who "lights up" in an engine compartment, perhaps even scratching his match on the motor itself, is bound, sooner or later, to have "it" happen to him.

While on the subject of smoking, it is a mighty good safety practice to throw away your cigarette and have your guests do likewise before stepping aboard your boat and entering cabins which have been closed up tightly for several days in hot summer weather. "Familiarity breeds contempt" is a mighty apt saying in this connection. Because you have handled gasoline and been around it for years, don't come to think of it as a harmless liquid which may be trifled with. Experts have computed that fumes from one gallon of gasoline,

mixed with air in the right proportions, has an explosive force equivalent to ten pounds of dynamite.

We have been talking almost exclusively about gasoline. However, before the owner of a Diesel powered boat concludes that this article is not for him, we hasten to point out that there are few Diesel powered boats which do not have gasoline on board for operating auxiliary gasoline engines, etc. Nor are owners of sailing craft exempt, for most boats that depend on sail are equipped with an auxiliary motor, even if it be only an outboard power unit.

Let's turn now to a discussion of fire *protection* for the boat. Fire *protection* is as necessary as fire *prevention* for, unfortunately, no matter how carefully the naval architect, the boat builder, and the owner may practice fire prevention, the hazard of fire still exists. Once a fire occurs, the most elaborate *preventive* practices are of little use.

To practice fire protection the boat owner must have on board his craft approved fire extinguishing devices and enough of them. Such devices come under two listings. The first includes all portable devices, while the second includes those which are permanently installed and connected through a system of fixed pipe lines to the space or spaces to be protected.

First, we shall consider the portable extinguishing devices suitable for marine use. They are the foam (non-splash) type, carbon dioxide, and carbon tetrachloride extinguishers. All three of these types are effective for fighting fires in highly inflammable and volatile liquids, and also in free burning materials, such as woodwork, cabin furnishings and the like. Likewise, all three types extinguish fire by the smothering principle.

Foam type extinguishers discharge a frothy, lather-like substance which coats the burning material under an airtight blanket, excluding the oxygen necessary for combustion and thus extinguishing the fire. This foam is tough, durable, heat resistive, is not dissipated by drafts from the fire or other sources, and has considerable heat insulating and cooling effect. It is one of the most effective types known for extinguishing fires in gasoline and oil.

Carbon dioxide extinguishers use carbon dioxide gas as their extinguishing medium. This gas, in a liquefied form, is contained in steel cylinders under pressure. When, in time of fire, it is released, it rushes through flexible hose which is fitted with a special nozzle. When the liquid carbon dioxide is released it immediately becomes a gas which envelopes the fire area and dilutes the oxygen content of the air. The fire is instantly deprived of sufficient oxygen to support combustion and is, therefore, snuffed out in seconds. Carbon dioxide, being a gas, is three-dimensional in its properties and, therefore, instantly penetrates every crack and crevice where fire exists. Because of the fact that drafts will dissipate the carbon dioxide gas, it is most effective when used in confined spaces where the full concentration of gas may be maintained until the fire has been extinguished and the burning material cooled below its reflash point. Carbon dioxide gas does no damage to anything but fire. It is quickly removed by ordinary ventilation and is not injurious to human life.

Carbon tetrachloride extinguishers are manufactured in sizes from one quart to one gallon. The liquid carbon tetrachloride, when introduced on a fire, is vaporized by the heat and forms an inert gas which, like carbon dioxide gas, smothers the fire by excluding the oxygen necessary for combustion. Because of their limited capacity, carbon tetrachloride extinguishers come exclusively under the classification of first-aid extinguishing devices. Because of the fact that soda-acid extinguishers are not effective in fighting fires in highly inflammable or volatile liquids, their use in yachts is not recommended. However, in large ocean-going yachts, they might be used in protecting cabins or other places where there is no possibility that fire will involve gasoline or oil.

Every boat, from the 12-foot racing outboard craft to the largest cruiser, should be equipped with portable extinguishing devices, such as the types described. Obviously, in the small open boat room does not permit large extinguishers. However, no boat is too small to carry at least a one-quart carbon tetrachloride extinguisher.

Larger runabouts and day cruisers should also be supplied with at least two carbon tetrachloride extinguishers, in addition to one or two 2½-gallon foam type extinguishers of the non-splash type. Motor compartments on these runabouts and day boats should also be protected by a fixed carbon dioxide system, such as has been mentioned and which will be described in detail later.

All cruisers and sail boats having auxiliary power should be equipped with a fixed carbon dioxide system and sufficient foam, carbon dioxide and carbon tetrachloride portable extinguishers for installation in galleys, engine compartments and on deck.

As has already been stated, all cruisers from 26 feet up, as well as sail boats with auxiliary power and the larger runabouts, should be fitted with a carbon dioxide fire extinguishing system. Such systems consist of one or more steel cylinders containing carbon dioxide (their number and gas capacity predicated on the size of the area to be protected) which may be located in practically any position on the boat. A series of pipe lines lead from these cylinders to bilges, motor compartments, or

(*Continued on page 118*)

Deck control of carbon dioxide permits safe and rapid application

"Mettamar," a 93-Foot Diesel Cruiser

Here is the latest cruiser to be built for Mr. R. E. Olds, of Lansing, Mich., several of whose former yachts have appeared in YACHTING *in the past. "Mettamar" is 93 feet in length and has the appointments of a power houseboat, although she follows distinctively cruising lines. Comfort and spaciousness have been attained in the living quarters, as the reproductions of the deck saloon and the owner's double stateroom indicate. The New York Yacht, Launch and Engine Company were the designers and builders, and for power she is equipped with a pair of 6-cylinder Hill-Diesels*

Photos by M. Rosenfeld

The Federal Motor Boat Laws

Part III—Navigation

By CHARLES F. McKIVERGAN

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, the chief characteristic of the federal regulations which control the actual navigation of motor boats is the almost complete freedom of action which they leave to the operators of such vessels. There is but one requirement which must be met by the operator of a motor-driven craft found on navigable waters, and any failure to observe the obligation in entirety results in the imposition of a penalty just as in the case of a violation of the other federal motor boat laws. He must have on board two copies of the Pilot Rules. These are published by the government in both placard and pamphlet form, the latter form being referred to commonly as "blue books" because of their color. Both placards and pamphlets are furnished to owners of motor boats, without cost, by all collectors of customs and at all local offices of the U. S. Steamboat Inspection Service. The form that must be carried on individual motor boats is prescribed by law.

Motor boats of over one hundred (100) gross tons are required to carry two copies of the placard form of the Pilot Rules. One must be kept posted in the pilot house and the second in some other conspicuous place.

Motor boats of over twenty-five (25) gross tons and not over one hundred (100) gross tons likewise are required to carry two copies of the placard form of the rules. But, on such vessels, only one copy must be kept posted, and this must be located in the pilot house. The other copy may or may not be posted.

Motor boats of twenty-five (25) gross tons and under, but of more than ten (10) gross tons, are also required to carry two copies of the placard form of the rules, and on these vessels requirement is made that one of the copies be posted when such procedure is practicable.

Finally, all motor boats of not more than ten (10) gross tons are required to carry two copies of the pamphlet form of the rules. On these craft, one of the copies must be kept posted in some conspicuous place when such procedure is practical. Obviously, the great majority of pleasure motor boats are of such tonnage as to be required to carry the pamphlet form of the rules.

When the above requirement was enacted into law, there were infinitely fewer motor boats employed for pleasure purposes, and there existed, apparently, no reason for requiring some sort of examination which would ensure a familiarity with the pilot rules. But the country's fleet of motor-driven vessels has increased enormously. Where once hundreds of craft were to be found, thousands now cavort. The story of this growth during the past five years is too well known to boating enthusiasts to warrant repeating here. It is still too early, furthermore, to predict just where and when the present tumultuous rush to the water will begin to lose momentum, and once again give way to the relatively slow and regular rate of growth which was formerly recorded. But this need make no difference in regard to future federal legislation.

The fact is, that, regardless of any changes in the present rate of growth, we can hold with confidence to two important points. Each is supported by more than sufficient evidence to warrant its being regarded as tenable, and is of importance in any attempt to decide upon the necessity of placing further restrictions upon the actual navigation of motor boats.

The first is that a great number of years separates the present from the time when the navigable waters of the country will be overcrowded with motor boats.

The second is that the present requirement that the copies of the Pilot Rules be carried on every motor boat can continue to solve the navigation problem in a satisfactory manner. The enforcement authorities report that they are rarely confronted with instances in which the Pilot Rules are violated so flagrantly as to endanger life or property. It is thus clear that boat owners are going to prove by their conduct whether it will be necessary to control the navigation of vessels more strictly than is now the case. Unquestionably, the authorities are disinclined to add to the present requirements. Examination of the Pilot Rules discloses that they are not difficult to understand and that they are invaluable in view of the daily service which they can render the operator of a motor boat. The larger portion of the contents of the rule books or placards may be largely ignored by motor boat operators, since they affect only the navigation of steam or sailing vessels or prescribe rules of conduct for conditions in which the average motor boat will never be placed. It is necessary, therefore, for a motor boat operator to familiarize himself only with that portion of the rules which pertains to the navigation of motor-driven vessels.

Motor boat owners are urged to study those sections of the rules which prescribe the proper navigation of their craft in accordance with established custom and common practice. Only with the practical help of the rules is the operator of any motor boat enabled to acquit himself as a person to be entrusted with lives and property on water. The motor boat owner who puts the Pilot Rules to the use for which they are intended incidentally will be more than amply rewarded by the assurance that his knowledge of elementary navigation is sufficient to meet the demands created by any situation in which his vessel may find herself.

CARRYING PASSENGERS FOR HIRE

There are only two special requirements that must be observed in order legally to employ a motor boat in the carrying of passengers for hire on navigable waters. In addition to the two obligations imposed in every case, there are two further requirements which affect the documentation of certain motor boats so used. The first requirement is that such boats must be in charge of a person who holds a federal license permitting him to operate a motor boat under such conditions. This individual may or may not be the owner of the craft, but he must be on board the vessel whenever it is actively engaged in the carrying of paying-passengers. It is well to note that motor boats hired at launch liveries and operated by the liveryman or any of his employees are construed by the law as carrying passengers for hire. If the vessel is operated by the person who hires it, however, it is not regarded as a carrier of passengers for hire, even though the hirer may take other persons on board. In this case, of course, the hirer of the motor boat

must not receive compensation for carrying these other persons. Likewise, the owner of any motor boat is free to rent his boat temporarily to any other person and, if the hirer operates the craft himself, the vessel is not regarded as carrying passengers for hire.

The applicant for this license is not submitted to a technical examination designed to test his ability to handle a motor boat, nor is he required to pay any fee for it. Once the license has been obtained, it is renewable at the completion of each succeeding five-year period. Application for such a license must be made, in all cases, to the local Board of United States Steamboat Inspectors. The applicant is not bound by any maximum age limit nor is he required to have attained the age of 19 years, as in the case of applicants for other federal marine licenses. Nor is the applicant required to be a native or naturalized citizen of the United States. But he must fill out a formal questionnaire furnished at the time he makes his application. This calls for specific answers as to his nativity and citizenship. It also requires that he state just what service he has seen on vessels and the amount of experience he has had in connection with motor engines. But the applicant will find that he is not required to submit documentary evidence of such marine service, though this is necessary for other kinds of marine licenses. The average motor boat owner will not find it a difficult task to procure the license. Its possession qualifies him to operate both his own craft or one owned by another. The license must be carried as evidence of his right to operate a motor boat under such circumstances.

The license, however, may be revoked or suspended by any local Board of United States Steamboat Inspectors for any of a number of reasons. Sufficient causes for revocation or suspension are gross negligence, intemperance, misconduct, recklessness in navigation, or violation of law on the part of the holder. Once a license has been revoked, the person so deprived is incapable of obtaining another for one year from the date of the revocation.

The second general requirement has to do with life-saving equipment. There must be carried for each passenger on board one life preserver of the sort prescribed by the regulations of the Board of Supervising Inspectors.

It will be remembered that, on motor boats which are not engaged in carrying passengers for hire, the life-saving equipment is required only to consist of types approved by the Board of Supervising Inspectors. Such a ruling permits the motor boat owner who does not carry passengers for hire to fit his vessel out with life preservers, life belts, buoyant cushions, ring buoys, etc. He must be careful merely to choose devices that are approved as life-saving equipment by the Board of Supervising Inspectors. On paying-passenger motor boats, however, the owner is required to provide life preservers of the sort prescribed by the Board of Supervising Inspectors.

If a motor boat owner is unable to assure himself from the stamp on such life preservers as he may own or purchase that they are of the prescribed kind he can satisfy himself upon this point by consulting officials at his local customhouse or at the local office of the United States Steamboat Inspectors. Or, he can communicate with the Supervising Inspector General, United States Steamboat Inspection Service, Washington, D. C.

In addition to these general requirements, the following should be kept in mind by the owners of such craft as are likely, because of their tonnage measurements, to be affected by them.

The first is that all motor boats engaged in carrying passengers for hire and which are five (5) net tons or over are regarded by the law as engaging in trade and hence are required to be documented. The owners of such craft must not confuse the document with the license that must be carried by all operators of motor boats engaged in carrying passengers. On these larger motor boats it is simply a case of being required both to be documented and to be in charge of a person who has the right to operate the craft in the carrying of passengers for hire.

The other requirement is that documented motor boats which carry passengers for hire are subject to inspection by the United States Steamboat Inspection Service if they are of above fifteen (15) gross tons. Such inspection must be undergone before the document can be issued and the granting of the document is conditional upon the passing of the inspection. Furthermore, motor boats in this group must never engage in the carrying of passengers for hire without having on board an unexpired certificate of inspection.

ENFORCEMENT OF THE FEDERAL MOTOR BOAT LAWS

The detailed explanation of the federal motor boat laws affecting the operation and equipment of motor boats that must be understood and obeyed by all motor boat owners who operate their craft on navigable waters now has been concluded. The points that have been brought out thus far are things that the owners and operators of motor boats must be informed upon and keep in mind, if they are to avoid running afoul of the laws. Most motor boat owners, however, are desirous of rounding out their knowledge of the specific requirements with some authentic idea as to the government's method of enforcing the laws, and the procedure that must be gone through in the case of a violation of one or more of the laws. Hence the following facts should be of general interest.

The active enforcement of the motor boat laws is entrusted to five separate agencies of the federal government. To two of these agencies, the enforcement of the motor boat laws is their primary task. The remaining three are charged with enforcing the motor boat laws along with the carrying out of a number of other assignments. But all five agencies are obligated to make official report of all violations which are detected by them.

The most important cog, perhaps, in the wheel of the enforcement machinery is the fleet of five inspection vessels maintained and directed by the Bureau of Navigation of the Department of Commerce. The vessels are *Siwash*, *Taragon*, *Kilkenny*, *Dixie* and *Psyche*. They patrol the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and the enforcement of the motor boat laws is their chief duty. In addition to these vessels the Bureau of Navigation maintains a small army of navigation inspectors who are assigned permanently to various ports throughout the country for inspection purposes. As in the case of the inspection vessels, the primary task of these inspectors is to discover and report upon violations of the federal motor boat laws.

In addition, all customs officers and all inspectors of the United States Steamboat Inspection Service are required to report all violations of the motor boat laws that come under their observation. Finally, the vast fleet of the United States Coast Guard takes its place as the fifth separate government agency that is commissioned to enforce the motor boat regulations. It is evident, therefore, that the five agencies serve to patrol

(*Continued on page 120*)

A start in Class A, Inland Lake Regatta, 1930

Large Fleet Sails in Inland Lake Regatta

By ERNST C. SCHMIDT

THE twenty-third annual regatta of the Inland Lake Yachting Association, sailed last August during the week of the 18th to the 22nd, at Neenah, Wisconsin, brought together an exceptionally large and closely matched fleet of boats, there being no less than 64 racing craft moored in the Neenah River and sailing in the various classes. There were 17 of the larger Class A sloops, 27 of the Class E scows, a very popular class, and 20 Class C catboats participating, representing the thirteen clubs in the Association.

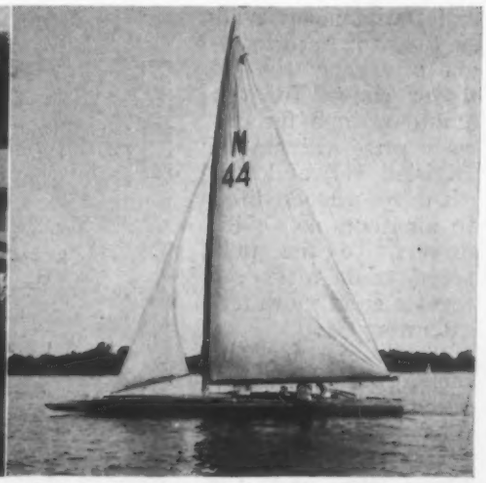
The town of Neenah is situated at the north end of Lake Winnebago, which is 30 miles long by 12 miles wide. This large body of water offers an ideal location for the sailing of such a large fleet of yachts, especially as the regatta was favored by good breezes on most of the racing days, which is rather exceptional for August. Two triangular courses were laid out on the lake.

The Class E yachts started their first race on the north triangle, in a light northeast wind, at 9:30 on Monday morning. The start was marred by a bad jam, some yachts trying to cross on the starboard and others on the port tack. *Rokniben*, owned by the Porter Brothers, of Lake Geneva, and skippered by Robert Porter, took the lead early in the race and finished the course in 2 hours, 6 minutes, 45 seconds. *Wee II*, of Pine Lake, sailed by Joseph V. Quarles, Jr., was second, and *Spumanti*, also of Pine Lake, third. The next day, over a windward and leeward course, *Rokniben* was again the winner, but in the third race, sailed in a 15-mile breeze, Porter lost the lead established in the preceding races, *Wee II* taking the honors. The last race in the class went to *Lady Luck*, of White Bear, sailed by Jule Hannaford, with *Spumanti* in second place.

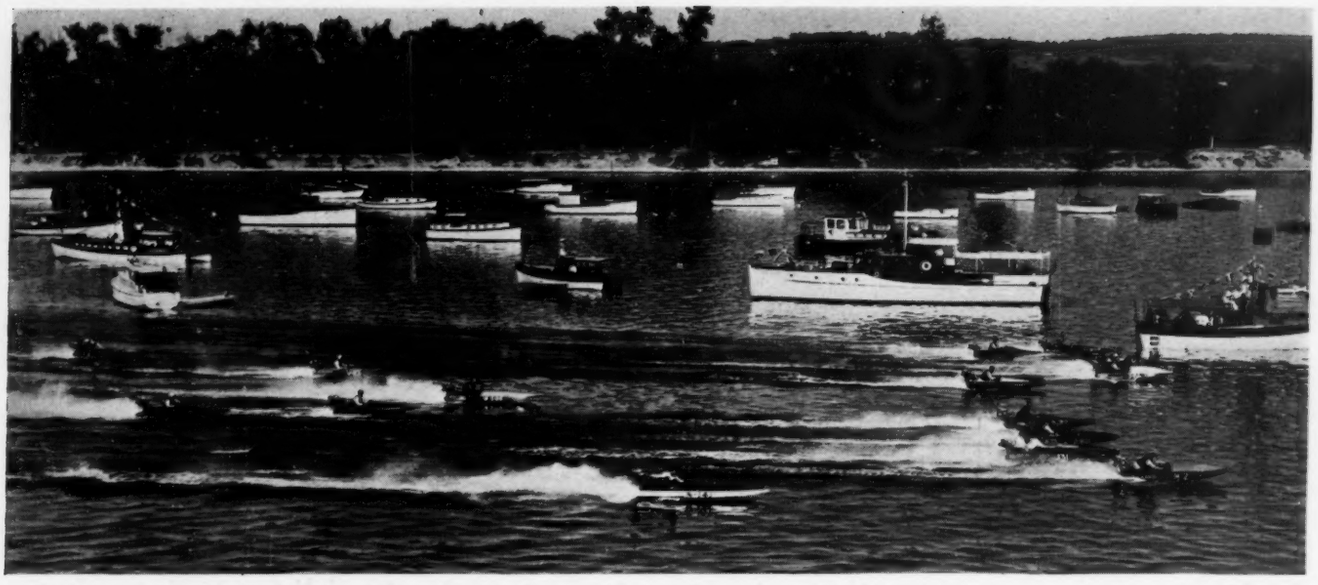
In Monday's race the Class C boats sailed the south triangular course, Harry Nye, Jr., of Delavan, with his *Gale II* leading the fleet without difficulty. Two Lake Geneva boats, *Sis III*, and *Ome Omi III*, finished second and third, respectively. In the stronger breeze of the second day, however, *Sis* and *Gale* reversed their positions, and on Wednesday *Gale* again finished second, *Squall*, of Minnetonka, taking first place. Another victory for *Gale II*, in the next race, sailed in a strong northeast breeze, practically assured her of the championship. *Nuisance*, sailed by Bruce Adams, of Lake Geneva, with two thirds already to her credit, finished second, with *Sis* third. On Friday the fleet practically drifted across the starting line. Ellwood, in *Sis III*, picked up a puff from the north and sailed away from the rest of the fleet. On the second leg the wind shifted to the south, however, and the fleet of twenty yachts

(*Continued on page 90*)

Inland Lake scows hauled out on the railway, between races, at the Lake Geneva Yacht Club



"Yellow Jacket," sailed by Allen Hill, won the Class A championship this year



A flying start at the National Outboard Championship Regatta that brought nearly two hundred entries to race on the Connecticut River, at Middletown

Records Fall at National Outboard Championships

Red Hot Racing Marks Three-Day Regatta on the Connecticut

By THURBER CUSHING

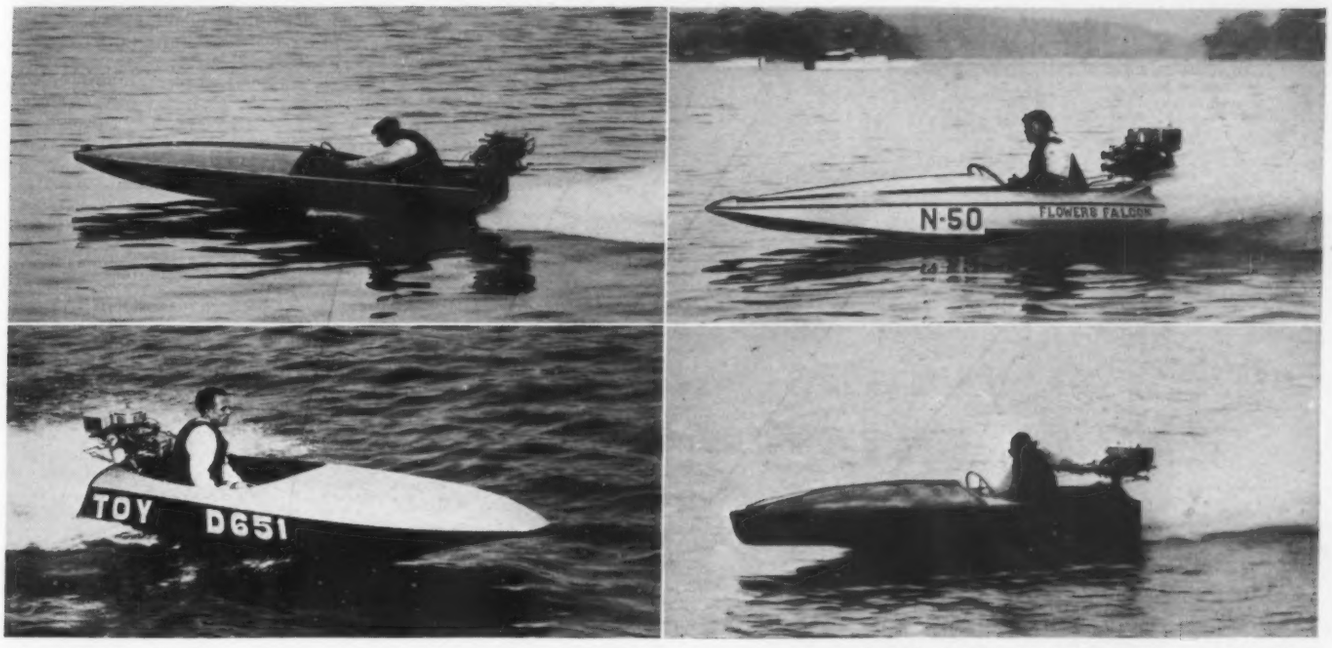
A RIP-ROARING regatta that ruined all the race records that stood in its way brought the 1930 outboard racing season to a smashing climax at Middletown, Conn., October 11th to 13th. Champions of the American Power Boat Association, champions of the eastern third of the country, and champions of the whole nation were selected at a wild carnival of speed such as had never before been approached. Every speed record for five miles (the length of all the heats) was broken, and most of them were smashed two or three times. Forty-eight heats were run and records were raised in more than half of them. Four times there were two records made in a single heat as drivers of different divisions rocketed around the course at nerve-racking speeds, and in one heat three records were set up. Thirty-one times new speed marks were established, and fourteen survived as 1930 top records — one in each of the six motor classes for the amateurs, one for the cash prize drivers of Division III, and two extra records credited to amateurs as novice drivers. In the mile speed trials after the regatta eight more records were set.

Conditions for the racing were perfect — weather, water, arrangements by the Connecticut River Regatta Association and the Middletown Yacht Club, and handling by officials of the National Outboard Association and the A. P. B. A. To this setting came nearly 200 of the fastest drivers of the country, their motors tuned to the last possible r.p.m. after a long season of racing, their hulls polished to microscopic smoothness and their hearts set on the highest honors in the outboard world.

Everything roared wide open from the first starting gun. There was no holding back or playing safe, and the thousands of spectators saw more fast and furious racing than had ever been witnessed at a power boat regatta. Some of the enthusiasts declared that the number and distribution of the entries (they came from 93 cities in 22 states), and the speeds they attained, made it the greatest racing meet ever held with any sort of mechanical power anywhere in the world.

The "pit" that harbored the finest array of outboards ever assembled

The spirit of the racers was just as important as their speed. The course was a dog-leg, two and one-half miles around, with a a sharp turn at each end and a bend in the middle. It was sensible to slow down for the end turns and minimize the risk of flopping over on a skid, but it wasn't that kind of regatta. The competitive spirit was ruling those throttles, and only occasionally could a driver be seen reducing his breakneck speed for



Top, left, Ray Pregenzer, winner, Class F, Division III, driving his "Century Hurricane." Right, Walter Widegren in his record-breaking "Flowers Falcon," winner Class D, Division I and II. Bottom, left, Elliot Spencer drove his "Toy" to win the championship in Class B, Divisions I and II. Right, Travis Chestnut in "Fidget," winning in Class C, Division III

the comparative safety of a slightly slower turn. In one final heat, two drivers turned into the home stretch far ahead of the field and with first and second places assured. But second wasn't good enough for either as they raced nose and nose, and neither would be the first to slow down. As if pulled by a single rope, both flipped over simultaneously when they tried to straighten out for the last few hundred yards, and someone from far behind won the race.

The fighting zest of the contestants was a big factor in the amazing number of records shattered. Fifteen were broken during the eighteen heats of the first day, and everyone began to wonder whether the carefully surveyed course was really the stated length. So after that day's events the official surveyors went out and ran a thread-like wire around the whole two and one-half miles, checked everything religiously and found the length just 105 feet more than was required.

When it was all over it was discovered that two of the national championships of all the amateurs had been won by Fay Irey and Elliott Spencer, who still rated as novices, that an 18-year-old lad, Walter Widegren, had driven an outboard faster than one had ever been driven in any race and had won the Class D amateur championship, and that the national professional champion of Class A was a young girl, Hilda Mueller.

The only hitch in an otherwise perfect program was when the fifteen fastest Class C amateur drivers of the country started the first of their two heats for the national championship. So tense was the competition as they roared down to the starting line that the entire fifteen beat the gun, and only two of them saw the wildly waving red flags that told of a false start and came back to start over again. The heat was declared void and another run, Mulford Scull, of New Jersey, finally beating out the California ace, H. G. Ferguson, for the "C" championship.

On the first day of the meet the annual regatta of the A. P. B. A. was held simultaneously with the Eastern divisional championships. The second day, those who were not sectional champions — Eastern, Central or Western — raced in elimination heats to cut down the field in the national finals. In the finals the divisional champions and the survivors of the elimination heats fought it out in every heat. The summary follows:

NATIONAL AMATEUR OUTBOARD CHAMPIONS

Class	*Driver*	*Boat*	*Motor*
A	Fay R. Irey, Detroit, Mich.	Indian Lake	Caille
B	Elliott A. Spencer, Westbrook, Conn.	Harrison-Way	Johnson
C	C. Mulford Scull, Ventnor City, N. J.	Homemade	Johnson
D	Walter Widegren, Glen Cove, N. Y.	Flowers	Johnson
E	Fred Mikkelson, Milwaukee, Wis.	Century	Elto
F	James R. Ardiel, Toronto, Can.	Century	Evinrude

NATIONAL DIVISION III OUTBOARD CHAMPIONS

A	Hilda Mueller, Bay City, Mich.	Century	Caille
B	Bronson E. Lamb, Jacksonville, Fla.	Indian Lake	Johnson
C	Travis Chestnut, Jacksonville, Fla.	Herbst	Johnson
D	Willis Overton, Norwalk, Conn.	Homemade	Johnson
E	Kenneth MacKenzie, New Haven, Conn.	Century	Elto
F	Ray Pregenzer, Jr., Antioch, Ill.	Century	Elto

AMERICAN POWER BOAT ASSOCIATION OUTBOARD CHAMPIONS

Class	*Amateur*	*Division III*
A	Gordon H. Knapp, Bay Shore, N. Y.	Frank C. Sheehy, Detroit, Mich.
B	Elliott A. Spencer, Westbrook, Conn.	George Cost, Birmingham, Ala.
C	Donald Graham, Yonkers, N. Y.	Carl Mason, Bristol, Conn.
D	Robert Snadecki, Westover, Va.	Stewart Reed, Fishers Landing, N. Y.
F	Royal Hanson, Milwaukee, Wis.	Ray Pregenzer, Jr., Antioch, Ill.

EASTERN DIVISIONAL OUTBOARD CHAMPIONS

A	Gordon H. Knapp, Bay Shore, N. Y.	(None)
B	Elliott A. Spencer, Westbrook, Conn.	George A. Becker, Atlantic City
C	Donald Graham, Yonkers, N. Y.	Carl Mason, Bristol, Conn.
D	Robert Snadecki, Westover, Va.	Stewart Reed, Fishers Landing, N. Y.
F	John D. Masterton, Paterson, N. J.	Kenneth MacKenzie, New Haven, Conn.

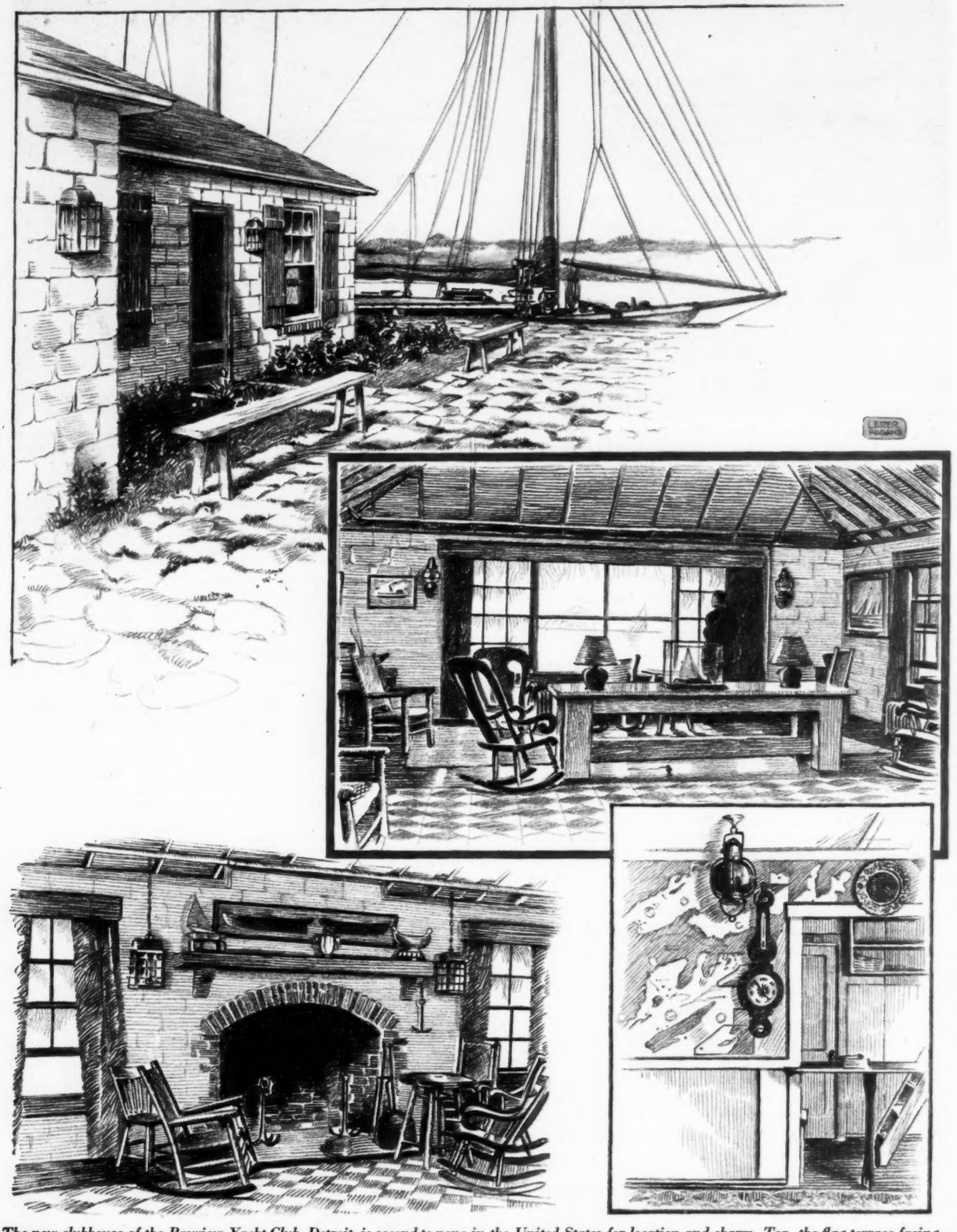
FINAL FIVE-MILE RECORDS

Class	*Division*	*Driver*	*Speed*
A	1	Fay R. Irey, Detroit, Mich.	31.91
A	2	Bertram Steacie, Framingham, Mass.	32.75
A	3	Hilda Mueller, Bay City, Mich.	32.31
B	1	Elliott A. Spencer, Westbrook, Conn.	41.02
B	2	Walter Jankowski, Locust Valley, N. Y.	40.44
B	3	H. L. Myers, Rosedale, Kan.	41.47
C	2	Donald Graham, Yonkers, N. Y.	44.77
C	3	George Cost, Birmingham, Ala.	43.37
D	2	Walter Widegren, Glen Cove, N. Y.	46.15
D	3	Willis Overton, Norwalk, Conn.	45.45
E	2	Julius Petriak, Cary, Ill.	41.66
E	3	Ray Pregenzer, Jr., Antioch, Ill.	42.05
F	2	James R. Ardiel, Toronto, Can.	45.80
F	3	Ray Pregenzer, Jr., Antioch, Ill.	46.03

ONE-MILE SPEED TRIAL RECORDS

A	2	Mrs. Mildred Hickey, Shrewsbury, Mass.	31.91
A	3	Hilda Mueller, Bay City, Mich.	32.29
B	2	Walter Jankowski, Locust Valley, N. Y.	42.15
C	1	Walter Kopke, Essex, Conn.	45.10
C	3	Frank C. Sheehy, Detroit, Mich.	45.84
D	1	G. P. Ellsworth, Big Moose, N. Y.	46.89
E	2	Julius Petriak, Cary, Ill.	44.48
E	3	Ray Pregenzer, Jr., Antioch, Ill.	44.77

The Attractive New Home of the Bayview Yacht Club



The new clubhouse of the Bayview Yacht Club, Detroit, is second to none in the United States for location and charm. Top, the flag terrace facing the water. The general meeting room with its wide window looking towards the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair. The tables are of hand-hewn beams with oak tops. Below is the hospitable fireplace, and, at right, a corner of the hall with its ancient barometer and chart-covered walls

Copyright Detroit News

Bayview Yacht Club, Detroit, from the air, showing new clubhouse, basin and locker house

THE MONTH IN YACHTING

Bayview Yacht Club in a New Home

THE Bayview Yacht Club, organized by Floyd S. Nixon some twenty-four years ago, started with the old Seawanhaka 18-footer *Wrinkle* as its entire fleet, and a small cottage near Water Works Park, on the Detroit River, as a clubhouse. Today, the old spirit of a sailing club devoted exclusively to the needs of a sailor and to the advancement of sail remains, but instead of the old cottage a new, unique and ideally situated clubhouse has been built at the foot of Lake St. Claire.

The clubhouse is on a point extending into the river, with a wide lagoon on either side. Boat docks and lockers are arranged so that the yachts moor directly in front of large locker rooms, seven by nine feet in size. One short leg takes a boat into the lake, while downtown Detroit is only twenty minutes away.

There is an electric yacht elevator capable of lifting the largest yachts in the club; a yard for winter storage of members' yachts; a workshop; gin pole for spar handling; and all necessary fueling facilities.

The clubhouse is on a terrace close to the river. It is a low building of white block, surrounded by a terraced lawn and flagged court. Its interior is simple, and the massive, roughhewn tables, the ship paintings, colonial furniture, old ship models, and trophies, appropriately express Bayview's ideals.

Star Class Championship on Great Lakes Won by "Majella II"

MAJELLA II, of the Illinois River Fleet, the only modern-rigged Star of the four contenders for the championship of the Great Lakes and the Commodore Archer Trophy, won an easy victory in the second annual series, sailed off Belmont Harbor, Chicago, September 11th to 13th. Sailed by Ralph Bradley, and with C. C. Howland as crew, *Majella* was never headed except in the second race when she finished second, first place going to *Bee*, defending for the Lake Michigan Fleet.

In the first race *Bee* finished fourth, coming out poorly in a luffing match with *Scrapper*, of the Detroit River. This first day's scrap undoubtedly cost *Bee* her chance to win the series as her victory in the second race did not give her enough points to start even with *Majella* in the third race.

The light, variable winds of the first two days gave place to a stronger breeze on the third day, but *Majella* persisted in staying out in the lead and got the winning gun.

The standing of the four yachts was as follows:

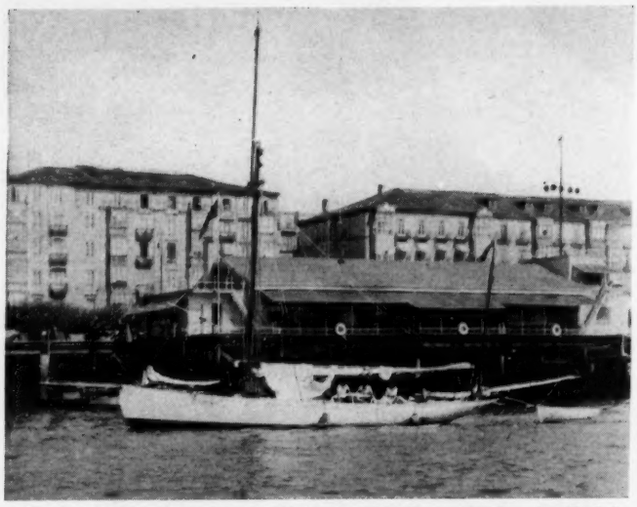
Majella II	11 points
Bee	8 "
Rigel	7 "
Scrapper	4 "

Outboard Betters Fifty-Miles-an-Hour at Fox Lake

ELEVEN world records, including the coveted 50 miles an hour mark, were established in the hot pace set at the Central States Divisional championship regatta at Fox Lake, Ill., September 20th–22nd. The new high speed mark was set in the Class F, Division III, time trials by Ray Pregenzer, Antioch, Ill. His time was 50.93 miles an hour, made in a 190-pound Century boat with a 4-60 Elto motor.

Individual honors and the Middle West championship went to Horace Tennes, 17-year-old schoolboy. Young Tennes won the McDonald Trophy, symbolic of the championship among the Middle West drivers. Driving *Palm Beach Baby*, with a Johnson motor, his time was 40.935 for the course.

One hundred and seventy-one drivers, the largest field that ever competed in the Middle West, were on hand for the championships which were held preliminary to the national championships at Middletown, Conn., October 12th and 13th. The first three to place in each class and division qualified for the national championships, and fast time was in order during



"Ilex," winner of the Plymouth-Santander Race, anchored off clubhouse, Santander. She was sailed, as usual, by the Royal Engineers

Our old friend, "Jolie Brise" (left), finished second. "Lelanta," R. St. L. Peverley's schooner, was the only American entry

the first day when the water of the Illinois lake remained smooth. Rough water on the second day, however, slowed up the boats and increased the number of spills.

George Cost, Birmingham, Ala., speedster, won first place in the professional division of Classes B and C. He drove his Johnson-powered boat to a new record in the former. His time was 37.79 miles an hour. He also took a second place in the free-for-all for Division 3 and 4 drivers. His feat was duplicated by Pregenzer, who won first in the professional division of Classes E, F and G. The winners in the various classes follow:

Class	Name of Owner	Boat	Motor	Best Time
A-I-II	Fay R. Ivey	*Winne*	Caille	28:015
A-III	Hilda Mueller	*Midget*	Caille	28:178
B-I-II	H. C. Chamberlain	*White Mule*	Johnson	35:544
B-III	George Cost	.....	Johnson	37:791
C-I-II	R. A. Guttman	*Miss Manitowoc*	Johnson	40:577
C-III	George Cost	.....	Johnson	41:181
D-I-II	E. P. Lott	*Pokus*	Johnson	42:836
D-III	Richard Neal	.....	Johnson	42:253
E-I-II	Wade Woodworth	*Miss Northwestern*	Elto	35:198
E-III	Ray Pregenzer	*Oh My VI*	Elto	40:250
F-I-II	Royal Hanson	*Hans & Fritz*	Evinrude	43:092
McDonald Trophy	Horace Tennes	*Palm Beach Baby*	Johnson	40:935
G Class Free-for-All	Ray Pregenzer	.....	Elto	

"Ilex" Wins the Plymouth-Santander Race

THE start of the second 435-mile ocean race from Plymouth to Santander was postponed from the 22nd to the 23rd of August, not because it was blowing a gale on the former date — an ocean race in British waters would have been considered out of order this year had the storm cone not been hoisted — but because those who finished the Fastnet Race needed more time to refit and rest their crews. Of the thirteen yachts that started, nine were British, two French, one American, and one Bermudian, making the race an international contest.

Sails were reefed at the start as *Jolie Brise*, followed by *Karin* and *Ilex*, led the fleet out toward the Eddystone. Off Ushant *Jolie Brise* and *Ilex* caught a fair tide to establish a considerable lead. Thereafter the wind was light and uncertain across the Bay of Biscay. *Neptune* stood off to the west and found an air that brought her to the finish line first at 2:13 p. m. on the 27th. *Jolie Brise* crossed at 3:00 p. m., and *Ilex*, sailed as usual by the crew of Royal Engineers, at 4:00 p. m., saving her time on "Bobby" Somerset's cutter by four minutes, to take first place. Calms delayed the remainder of the fleet until next morning, when they trailed in as shown in the summary.

The festivities organized by His Majesty, the King of Spain, brought the race to a pleasant end and will prove a lasting incentive for future races to Santander.

Name of Yacht	Owner	Finishing Time	Corrected Time
Ilex, Brit.	R. E. Y. C.	16:00:50—27th	5:30:05—27th
Jolie Brise, Brit.	R. Somerset	15:00:06—27th	5:34:36—27th
Neptune, Brit.	Col. Chambers	14:13:02—27th	8:54:02—27th
Karin, Brit.	Miss D. Smith	11:25:05—28th	15:38:05—27th
Maitenes, Brit.	Lt. W. B. Luard	9:49:00—28th	18:21:00—27th
Uraba, Ber.	R. de Ribon	13:13:50—28th	0:18:05—28th
Lelanta, Amer.	R. Peverley	9:31:16—28th	3:21:31—28th
Inconnue, Fr.	H. Guiberteau	13:13:50—28th	7:13:05—28th
Avocet, Brit.	E. D. Guiness	10:30:24—28th	10:30:24—28th
Amaryllis, Brit.	R. N. College	8:14:44—29th	2:55:44—29th
Hope, Brit.	J. David	11:03:33—30th	15:36:18—29th
Ariel, Fr.	G. Baldenweck	—31st	
Rona, Brit.	W. D. Clarke	Did Not Finish	

B. R. WAITE

Ralph Ellis

IT WAS with profound regret that yachtsmen generally, and particularly those of the older generation, learned of the death, early in September, of Ralph Ellis, at his winter home on the Pacific Coast. For many years a prominent figure in racing circles, he retained his interest in yachting up to last year, when he built and sailed the eight-metre yacht *Marin* although he was then over seventy years of age. While he had lived on the West Coast a good part of the time during recent years, it was on Long Island Sound and the Atlantic Coast that most of his racing had been done.

For nearly fifty years Ralph Ellis had been a member of the New York Yacht Club, having joined the organization in 1882, and was at one time its rear-commodore. He sailed as a member of the afterguard on several of the defenders of the America's Cup, and he was with Royal Phelps Carroll on the cutter *Navahoe* when that yacht raced in British waters during the 'nineties of the last century. Also, he was for many years a member of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, and for several years he headed this active organization of small boat racing yachtsmen.

For forty-five years yachting was his favorite pastime. So long had he been sailing yachts and racing them successfully that it is difficult to remember when his name did not appear on the racing records of any yachting season on Long Island Sound. In his long career he owned and sailed large yachts and small ones and, as in the case of every real sailor, he seemed to get as much, or more, enjoyment out of the little fellows as he did from the larger craft.

Early in his yachting career he sailed the Cary Smith schooner *Iroquois*, one of the finest yachts that came from the board of this master-designer of schooners. When the famous Newport 30-footers came out in 1896, furnishing the best of racing off Newport, he owned the *Hera* in that class, and when the New York Yacht Club "Thirties" were going strong in 1908, he purchased the *Neola II* and named her *Hera II*. Later he owned the *Caprice* and sailed her in that class. When the "Fifties" came out, he owned the *Iroquois II* and was at her helm for many years. More recently he owned and sailed one of the

Seawanhaka One-Design S Class, the *Ellen*, and the eight-metre *Marin*, his last yacht. In 1928 he sailed the six-metre *Priscilla* with his usual skill in the Eastern invasion of the West Coast during the winter series off Los Angeles.

Not only was he a clever helmsman and racing skipper, but he was a fair-minded sportsman and gentleman, always interested in the good of the sport and a ready supporter of any movement tending to that end. His other great interest was fox hunting, and he was master of hounds of the Meadowbrook Hunt Club on Long Island. Always well mounted, he could take a stiff fence as unconcernedly as he would take his boat to windward in a hard head sea, and in his younger days he played polo with the best of them.

His attitude towards the sport he loved might well serve as an example for the coming generation of yacht sailors to emulate.

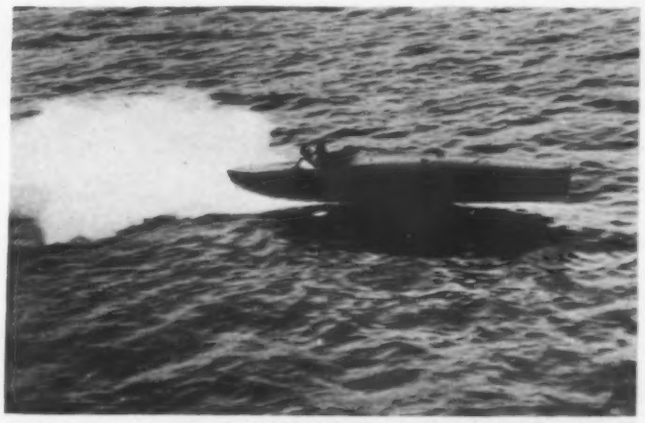
"Hotsy Totsy" Wins Twice at President's Cup Regatta

HOTSY TOTSY, the surprising veteran that won both the Gold Cup and the National Sweepstakes at the Red Bank Regatta four weeks previously, went down to the President's Cup regatta at Annapolis, September 12th–13th, and did it again, taking both the President's Cup race and the Chesapeake Free-for-all. Built for the Gold Cup race as a non-hydroplane, *Hotsy Totsy* raced unsuccessfully both in 1926 and the following year. Altered for this year's Gold Cup race by five tiny steps added to her bottom, she proved herself the greatest limited-class speed boat of the year, and probably the most consistent ever built.

Dick Loynes's *Californian*, 16-cylinder 16-carburetor phenomenon from Long Beach, Cal., which raised by ten miles an hour the lap record for Gold Cup races this year, but had trouble with her underwater driving mechanism in both the Gold Cup and the National Sweepstakes races at Red Bank, won the first heat of the President's Cup event but suffered hull damage and had to quit.

Victor W. Kliesrath drove *Hotsy Totsy* in the President's Cup race, beating out her other owner, Richard F. Hoyt, defending the cup with *Imp*. Hoyt took the wheel of *Hotsy Totsy* to win the free-for-all. Both the Gold Cup and the President's Cup are limited to motor boats of 625 cubic inches of cylinder displacement. *Hotsy Totsy* and *Imp* both have Wright motors; *Californian's* motor was built by Loynes himself in his Long Beach garage.

The Secretary of the Navy Trophy was won by *Carenaught*, driven by C. R. Keyes, with *Miss Philadelphia* second, and *Why Not* third. THURBER CUSHING



"Hotsy-Totsy" annexed the President's Cup and the Free-for-all race at the Annapolis regatta in September

Close Finishes Mark Jeffrey's Ledge Auxiliary Race

THE Annual Jeffrey's Ledge Auxiliary Race, run this year September 6th and 7th under the auspices of the Cruising Club of America, was won by Ralph B. Williams' schooner *Fearless* in Class A, and by Earle Smith's schooner *Pennesseewassee* in Class B. The race, over the same course as that used in previous years, was finished in record time, and was marked by the bunching of boats at Jeffrey's Ledge and by close finishes.

At six o'clock Saturday morning, the first boat, *Lulu Belle*, a 25-foot gaff-rigged sloop, got under way. In this race the yachts start on their handicaps, the first boat home being the winner. The start is made from anchor, sails furled and in stops, and all hands below decks.

The first leg, to Peaked Hill Bar Whistler, was run in light southwest breezes, almost all boats conserving gasoline and sailing with sheets slightly started. There was little change in the order as Peaked Hill was rounded, *Lulu Belle* rounding first at 2:00 P.M. *Sunbeam* suffered from faulty helmsmanship on this leg and after fetching up several miles to the north of the whistler she was faced with a dead beat against a strong ebb tide. Arriving at the whistler about 9:00 P.M., she dropped out and beat into Provincetown.

The second leg, 54 miles N.E. ¾ E. to the Jeffrey's Ledge Whistler, provides the most interesting part of the race. The Gloucester fishing schooner *Thomaston* was anchored close to the whistler, carrying a bright riding light visible six or seven miles away. The run down the wind was notable for the light sails carried through westerly squalls, and the gradual closing up of the larger boats which had started last. At nine

Photo by M. Rosenfeld

A close start in the Class F outboards at Annapolis

The Dodge 16-footers made a close race of it in the President's Cup regatta

o'clock Ted Graves, sailing the little *Lulu Belle*, decided to withdraw, hauling on the wind and reaching in for Thacher's Island Lights. The little sloop was staggering under a two-reefed mainsail as her larger competitors raced by with spinnakers and balloon jibs set. Graves' judgment in withdrawing at this time justified the committee's action in allowing so small a boat to start in this offshore race. On this leg *Pennesseewassee* found a railroad tie lodged athwartship across her stem. *Prattler* ran far off to the west and got a bearing on Thacher's Island Lights. *Folly* and *Tamar II* both missed the stake boat and ran on to get bearings on Boone Island Light. *Mesoma* was far to the westward when she found the leading boats headed home on the last leg from the whistler. As the boats approached Jeffrey's Ledge, the largest and smallest entries had withdrawn, four boats were well off to the west, and the remaining eighteen found the whistler with no difficulty.

At Jeffrey's Ledge, 93 miles from the start, the fleet was closely bunched. *Lode Star* was first around at 1:37 Sunday morning. Between 2:07 and 2:37 fifteen boats rounded. Two of the three Eastward schooners, *Mahdee* and *Evanthia II*, were only one minute apart, having started together from Manchester. By 3:02 eighteen boats were headed back for the finish.

About midnight the wind had hauled into the northwest, making the last leg a close reach. Most of the boats had plenty of gasoline and the start of the last leg was very close. As the fleet approached Cape Ann the breeze stiffened and at daybreak most were rail down. *Fearless* was leading and to windward; *Pennesseewassee* was abeam to leeward, and *Vagrant* a little astern of both. The rest of the fleet was fairly well bunched, all were flattened down, and most were running their engines.

At the finish there was a half-mile beat to windward from House Island to the line. Many gained in this beat by lowering sails and using the last of their gasoline. The finish was remarkably close, twelve boats finishing within one hour.

Owing to the shift of wind at midnight there was no thrash to windward this year and the course was sailed in record time. *Fearless*, the last boat to start (if we except *Sunbeam*, which withdrew), sailed through the entire fleet, to win with an average speed of close to seven knots.

The prizes for the first three boats to finish in each class were very generously donated this year by the Marine Committee of the Massachusetts Bay Colony Tercentenary Commission. Bearing the seal of the Tercentenary Committee as well as the enameled replica of the Cruising Club Burgee, they were greatly appreciated by those lucky enough to win them.

Following is the summary:

CLASS A

Yacht	Rig	Owner	Finish
Fearless	Schr.	R. B. Williams	8:11:00
Vagrant	Cutter	W. H. Coolidge, Jr.	8:27:00
Mahdee	Schr.	A. W. Moffat	8:31:30
Evanthia II	"	F. M. Gardiner	8:42:00
Black Goose	"	Everett Morss, Jr.	8:54:00
Amos Judd	Ketch	L. W. Turner	9:04:00
Eastward VI	Schr.	A. E. Eldredge	9:31:00
Mesoma	Ketch	Merrill Hunt	9:46:00
Folly	Schr.	S. W. Wolcott	11:50:00

CLASS B

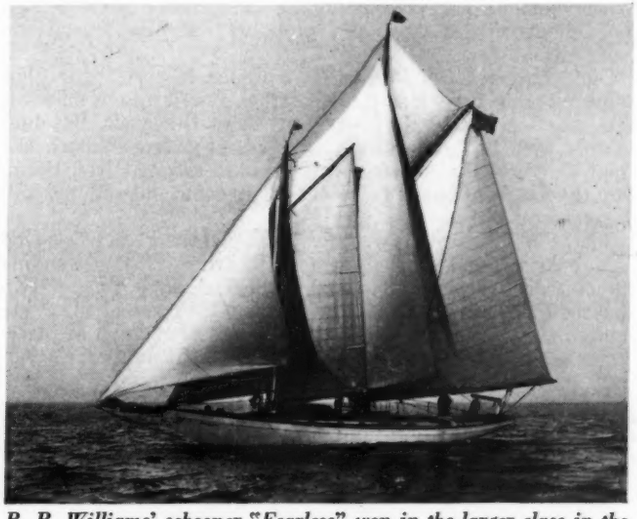
Pennesseewassee	Schr.	Earle Smith	8:25:00
Kestrel	Sloop	D. F. Wolfe	8:31:00
Tortuga	Schr.	Schuyler Dillon	8:45:00
Frida	Yawl	R. C. Cushman	8:51:00
Gringo	"	Harold Amory	9:08:00
Wanderer	Schr.	D. D. Henwood	9:10:00
Cypamar	Yawl	H. L. Kirkpatrick	9:15:00
Vagabond	Schr.	H. A. Morss	9:21:00
Harbinger	Sloop	Gordon Munroe	9:27:00
Retriever	Yawl	Arthur Rotch	9:41:00
Lode Star	Ketch	James J. Storrow, Jr.	9:46:00
Prattler	Sloop	L. T. Hill	10:13:00
Tamar II	Yawl	F. E. Cleveland	19:36:00

Barnegat Bay Closes Remarkable Season

THE best season in the history of Barnegat Bay came to a close September 7th with the annual cruise of the various clubs of the Barnegat Bay Yacht Racing Association to the Little Egg Harbor Yacht Club, at Beach Haven.

As the racing season had been a remarkable success, so was the cruise. The record fleet for the cruise was on hand; and more than that, the fleet remained as a fleet, and went in formation on the run to Beach Haven. There were forty sailing boats, and fifteen cruisers, a wonderful turnout for the three-day cruise.

The Barnegat Bay sloop skippers added to the joys of the 1930 campaign by winning the International Sloop sailing series, and the Commodore D. A. Storer Trophy, from the Canadian skippers of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, of Montreal. It was the first American victory since the series of 1926.



R. B. Williams' schooner "Fearless" won in the larger class in the Cruising Club's Jeffrey's Ledge Race

Season point champions have just been announced by Commodore Benjamin Adams, of the B. B. Y. R. A. Regatta Committee, along with the total points scored and winning percentages. The first regatta was held June 28th, and events were held weekly thereafter, in addition to holiday events.

Ferdinand P. Schoettle, of the Island Heights Yacht Club, with *Sally*, won the much coveted championship in the Class E sloops, in a hard struggle with the leading sailing skippers of the Bay. He defeated on points both of the Yankee skippers of the Canadian series, Ed Schoettle, Jr., and F. Slade Dale.

Incidentally, Fred Schoettle turned in the best percentage for any skipper on Barnegat Bay in any of the six sailing classes, for the entire season. Schoettle scored a total of 119 points out of a possible 123, for a percentage of 96.7%.

The only feminine skipper to figure in the first three places in any class was Miss Nancy Morse, who was winner in the Class B cat boats, with Commodore Morse's *Scat II*. She won with a percentage of 59.1%. A tie for second place in that class was another feature.

Enormous classes competed in the two junior divisions, the 15-foot sneakbox classes. Class A is for boys and girls between the ages of 16 and 18 years, inclusive; Class B is for boys and girls under the age of 16 years.

It blew hard at Gosport during most of the international model races this year. "Yankee Doodle II," with her heavy weather rig, in the foreground, and "Argo," the French entry

"Albion," the British defender, on one of the running legs, with spinnaker set. She is the same boat that defended in 1929. She won this year by 145 1/2 points to 90 1/2 for "Yankee Doodle"

Great Britain Wins International Race for Model Yachts

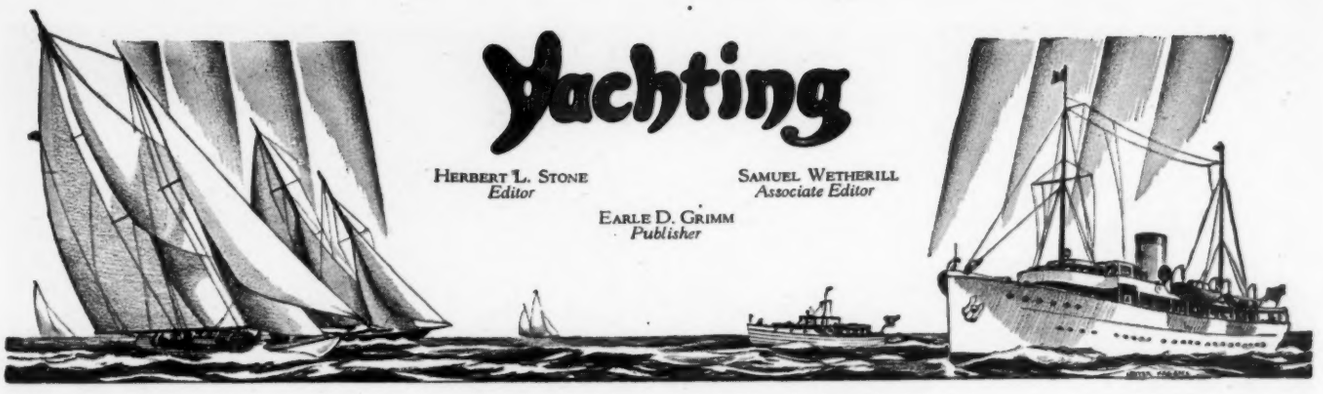
THE 1930 International Model Yacht Races were held at Gosport, England, August 1st, 3rd and 4th. The United States again had to be satisfied with second place, the position she has consistently taken since first entering this competition in 1925. The challengers were: France, with *Argo II*, the same boat that carried her colors last year but since improved by changes in trim and in lateral plane; Belgium, with a new boat *Hortensia III;* the United States, with *Yankee Doodle II*, designed and owned by S. Houghton Cox, of Cleveland, Ohio, built by E. A. Bull of Brooklyn and skippered by "Joe" Weaver of Flushing, L. I. — a veteran of two previous attempts to lift the International Model Yacht Racing Association's trophy — assisted by the owner acting as mate. The British defender was the same *Albion* that as a new boat took first honors for Great Britain a year ago. She was skippered by her veteran designer, W. J. Daniels, who handled her so successfully last year, and whose skill and experience in sailing model yachts from the bank as practiced in England is probably unequalled anywhere in the world. The boats were raced in pairs on the tournament system, each boat meeting each of her competitors four times each day. Every such meeting consisted of two "boards" — one to windward, for winning which three points were scored, and one to leeward for a score of two points. Thus each boat sailed 12 races, or 24 boards, every day.

Preliminary trials of the American challenger had convinced her sponsors that their best chance lay in light to moderate winds and it was hoped that these conditions might prevail for at least two days out of the three of racing. But the fates willed otherwise, and the regatta opened Saturday morning in a half-gale from W. to S.W., with frequent flurries of rain. The direction of the wind was ideal, almost straight down the pond, making a broad reach for one board and a beat with a short and long leg for the other; but full sail was out of the question and all contestants were reduced to their second or third suits. Under these conditions the American challenger showed herself fast and able, but sensitive to trim and with a certain critical angle of heel close-hauled at which she failed to hold up to the wind properly. *Albion*, on the other hand, found these things exactly to her liking and lost but few windward boards — only one out of the four sailed with *Yankee Doodle*. *Argo* showed herself very fast off the wind and about divided honors with *Yankee Doodle* on this point of sailing, each boat taking several boards from *Albion*. The end of the first day's racing found *Albion* well in the lead, *Yankee Doodle* second, *Argo* third, and *Hortensia* in fourth place. *Hortensia* looked, and was in fact, an extremely good boat, but she was new and almost untried, and it was late in the afternoon before her crew was able to get the hang of her.

On Sunday there was no racing, but the weather moderated to a nice whole sail breeze and the American contingent hoped it held the promise of conditions more to their liking. Monday, however, was an exaggeration of Saturday. The wind blew from the same quarter and there was more of it — so much, in fact, that all racing at Cowes (some fifteen miles away) was called off for the day, not even *Britannia* and her sister 90-footers caring to risk their gear in the face of such conditions. As on Saturday, *Yankee Doodle* came to the line with her number two rig. Having experienced one day of this kind of weather, the Americans realized that something must be done to improve their boat or all hope of victory would have to be abandoned. They tried several experiments with rig and gear, shifting the position of the mast and altering its rake, but without noticeable improvement. One windward board which seemed snug in their locker was lost by the parting of their jib sheet when the course was two-thirds sailed. *Albion*, on the other hand, under Mr. Daniels' able handling, continued to pile up points. It was a day to test both men and gear; old-timers at Gosport agreed that it was the hardest blow ever experienced at an international series. The one source of satisfaction to the Americans was the fact that their boat on this day logged the fastest time downwind that was made during the regatta — 2 minutes 10 seconds for the course of approximately 800 feet, a second faster than the best time made by *Argo*. The day ended with the position of the contestants unchanged, although *Albion* and *Hortensia* had slightly increased the relative number of points to their credit.

On Tuesday weather conditions seemed to favor the American challenger. A moderate whole sail breeze was blowing from the west and possibilities still existed of making up for lost honors. The wind, however, soon turned tricky and fickle, blowing from every possible point of the compass, and it became a guessing contest between skippers rather than a test of the merits of the boats. The scoring also ceased to be a true index of performance, as repeatedly throughout the day three points were scored for leeward boards and two for windward — the wind being too uncertain to warrant a reversal of the scoring. This was true of the last race of the day when *Yankee Doodle* and *Albion* were the last pair to start, with *Argo* and *Hortensia* a good hundred feet out in front. It was a light, drifting air and a dead beat to windward, though scoring only as a run. It just suited *Yankee Doodle*, and, inclining slightly to the gentle air, she slipped through the fleet, beating the next boat to the finish line by a quarter of the length of the course. But good drifting will not win regattas at Gosport, where drifting airs are almost never seen and where they have no continuity of direction. On this day *Yankee Doodle* safely intrenched herself in second place, but Mr. Daniels so far outguessed his competitors as to more than

(*Continued on page 108*)



EDITORIAL

What of the Future?

SINCE the fourteenth match for the America's Cup passed into history rumblings have been heard as to the possible effect of this contest on future challenges for the famous trophy. It has been stated rather freely that the handicaps facing a challenger are insurmountable, as proved by the races between *Enterprise* and *Shamrock V*, and that it will be a long time before anyone is likely again to try to "lift" the Cup. This attitude is entirely too pessimistic. Those who know the true facts are convinced that this year's race has not demonstrated that it is any harder to win the America's Cup now than it has been in the past. As a matter of fact, the conditions for this year's match were more favorable to the challenger than any heretofore imposed, and there is every likelihood that equally liberal terms will be offered to anyone who may desire to sail for the Cup in the future.

The chief obstacle these critics see to a future challenge is the cost involved, the sum being so great that no individual can well bear the expense of building and campaigning a yacht of America's Cup size, which will have to meet a boat the cost of which is borne by a syndicate or group of wealthy men who can go to any limit in building and equipping the defender. It is stated, and it is probably true, that *Enterprise* had cost something over $750,000 by the time she crossed the starting line in the first race, and that nearly an equal amount was spent on each of the three other potential defenders, bringing the total cost of the successful defense this year close to $3,000,000 — truly a stupendous sum and one which may well cause any individual to pause before building a yacht to compete against one backed by such a lavish outlay. *Shamrock V* cost far less than this. Probably $150,000 would cover the cost of hull and rig, and possibly as much more was spent on her campaign, including her Atlantic crossing. At these figures it looked as if *Shamrock* had been skimped in both rig and outfit. By comparison with any of our four boats she certainly suffered in rig and in equipment of sails and gear. And under present conditions no one can hope to win in this contest who has to count the cost.

But need the cost be borne by an individual? We see no reason why the expense of financing a challenger should not be borne by a group of wealthy men, as is the case here, and if this were done much of the handicap now imposed by the cost would be eliminated.

Probably the greatest handicap faced by a challenger is the fact that he must stake his chance on one yacht alone, while here we usually build several potential defenders and pick the best of the lot after a season of hard racing, during which a boat may be tuned to top form so that when the selection is finally made the defender goes to the line in the pink of condition. It is, undoubtedly, an advantage to be able to pick the best of a number of competitors, but whether we could, or should, limit the number of defense aspirants is a debatable question. Rather, we think it would serve the purpose better if the challenger could build two yachts and send over the one which proved the faster after a series of hard races.

With both challenger and defender built to Lloyd's scantlings, we do not believe that the Atlantic crossing is any great handicap, other than the loss of time involved and the attendant difficulty of getting back to top form after arrival. And in this connection it may be stated that *Shamrock V* did not make the best use of either her time or her opportunities after her arrival here.

At a recent meeting held in New York between American and British yachtsmen, after the America's Cup match, regarding certain changes in the Universal Rule to make it mutually acceptable to both countries, suggestions were made, which, if adopted, would have a bearing on future contests for the Cup. One of these, we understand, would require all winches and mechanical gear to be on deck and not below. Also, each open-class yacht should have living quarters below to house owner and crew properly. A minimum weight restriction on masts and rigging was also advocated. It is to be hoped that such sane and desirable restrictions will be put into effect, and that in the future America's Cup yachts will be real ships and not mere shells filled with machinery as was the case this year. Such restrictions would go far to reduce the cost of competing for this oldest of yachting trophies, and, we believe, would insure more frequent and more equal competition.

A New Hand

A NEW hand has recently signed on and stowed his sea bag aboard the old ship, who will, we believe, prove a welcome addition to the crew and a fine shipmate.

Carl Weagant is already well known to many of the readers of YACHTING, either personally or through the voyage he made recently across the Atlantic and back in the little ketch *Carlsark*. He has been following the call of the sea ever since he was old enough to paddle a skiff around the shores of the bay where he lived. He has already wrung much salt water out of his socks, and because he started at it so early he has acquired experience in cruising, racing, rigging and building boats beyond his years. It may be remembered that when he planned the voyage in *Carlsark* from Ithaca, New York, where his Alma Mater is situated, to Ithaca, Greece, fearing parental objection, he resorted to the time-honored method of shanghaiing his crew, who did not know where they were bound until many days at sea. While we did not have to shanghai the youthful skipper of the *Carlsark* to get him to join this ship, we would have been prepared to resort to high-handed methods if necessary.

IN THE WORLD OF YACHTING

W. BUTLER DUNCAN

THE man on whose shoulders rested most of the responsibility for seeing that we put up a proper defence of the America's Cup this year was W. Butler Duncan, Chairman of the America's Cup Committee of the New York Yacht Club. Not only did this committee have the task of arranging with the Royal Ulster Yacht Club the terms and conditions of this year's match, and seeing to it that the four boats built for the defence were thoroughly tried out under conditions most likely to prove which was the best suited to represent this country against the challenger, but it also had the thankless job of picking the defender after a season in which two of the boats proved to be very evenly matched.

One of the oldest members in point of service in the club he represented so ably (he is number 36 on the roster), Mr. Duncan has long been active in America's Cup affairs. In many previous matches he has either sailed on the defender or on one of the defence candidates, and has served on several Cup committees. He was rear commodore of the New York Yacht Club in 1891 and 1892, and served one term as vice commodore in 1893. At the present time he is also a member of the club's Committee on Racing Appeals.

Mr. Duncan's racing career has been a long one, dating back to his early days of membership. For many years he owned and sailed the large cutter "Huron," when the controversy was still keen between the keel and the centerboard adherents in this country. When the famous New York Yacht Club 30-foot one-design class was organized in 1905 he was one of the original members of the class, building "Dahinda" that year, and racing her in the class for three years thereafter. In 1915 he was in charge of the Cup defence candidate "Vanitie" in her races against "Resolute."

Mr. Duncan has owned and sailed many yachts in his long and active career, his latest, due to the exigencies of his duties as chairman of the America's Cup Selection Committee, being the power cruiser "Javelin," in which he watched many of the long series of races which resulted finally in the selection of "Enterprise" to meet "Shamrock V."

"Tidal Wave"

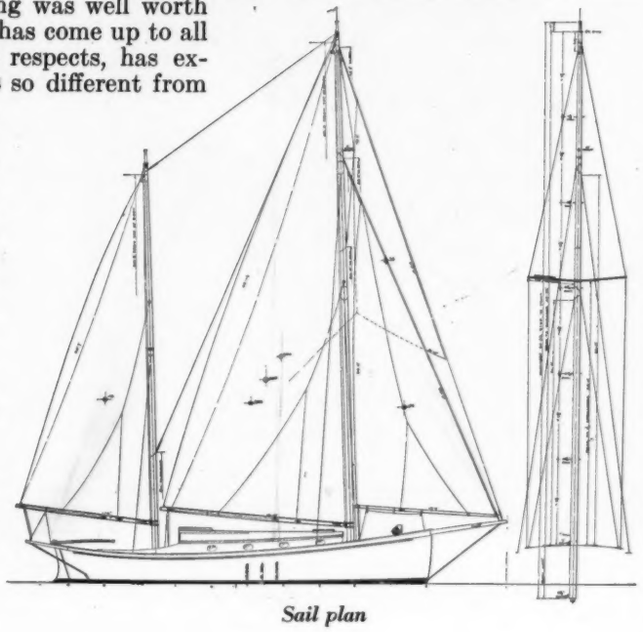
Part I—A Short Discussion of the Plans of a Double-Ender Which Has Proved to be a Successful Cruising Craft

By SAMUEL WETHERILL

MANY of YACHTING's readers will remember that back in July, 1927, we published the lines of a double-ended ketch called *Tidal Wave*, which was designed by Philip L. Rhodes as a modification of the old centerboard double-ender *West Island*, successively owned by the writer, "Hank" Meneely and Bill Dyer. *Tidal Wave* was a dream ship. Now, after three years of waiting, she is a reality. And the waiting was well worth while, for the finished craft has come up to all expectations, and, in some respects, has exceeded our hopes. As she is so different from the average run of cruising craft, and is considered a successful cruiser by many yachtsmen besides the owner, it may not be amiss to let cruising men know all about the good ship which has vindicated the beliefs of owner and designer and more or less confounded the critics who predicted, more or less openly, that she would be a lubberly tub.

The plans are re-published in this issue for several reasons. Readers who were interested three years ago have undoubtedly forgotten many of the details. Other readers did not see them, or paid little attention to them. Last, but not least, the plans have been changed enough to make their re-publication more or less essential to a proper understanding of the craft.

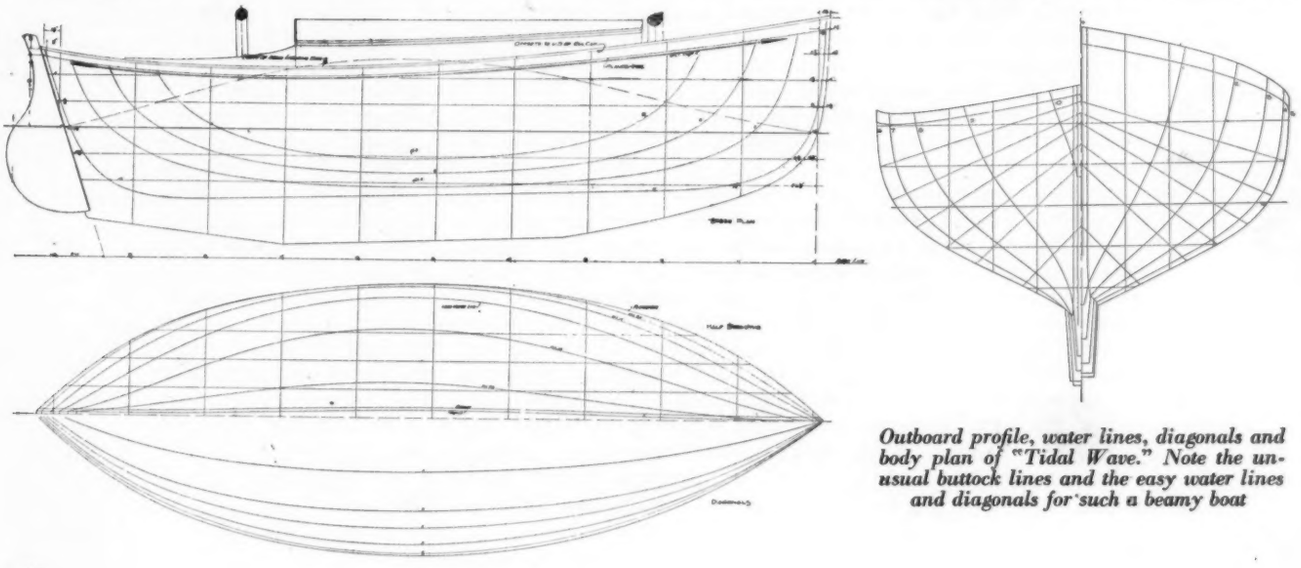
The old *West Island* — which, by the way, is still going strong after some forty years of going — was a centerboard double-ender, a cousin of the famous Block Islanders famed for their seaworthiness and weatherliness. She was shoaler bodied, and had a bow like a Cape Cod catboat. She had so many good qualities that Meneely, Dyer and I decided we should have her lines taken off — she was built from a whittled-out model, long since lost, by Ben Briggs, at Westport, Massachusetts. John Alden was appealed to, with the result that W. J. McNary, of that designer's office, journeyed down to Bristol and did the job.



Sail plan

After a study of these lines, I appealed to Phil Rhodes, telling him I should like to see them used as a basis for a keel cruising craft. I gave Rhodes my ideas, and he got to work. Some of the ideas worked out; others didn't. Then Rhodes introduced some of his own, with the final result that *Tidal Wave* was built in the winter of 1929–30 from the plans as here reproduced.

Here are the principal dimensions, etc.: l.o.a. 32′4″; l.w.l. 31′; beam at deck, 11′; beam at water line, 10′; draft, 5′; displacement, 21,000 pounds; sail area, three lowers, 650 square feet. The iron keel weighs 6000 pounds, there is 1500 pounds of inside lead ballast, six-footers can walk around in the cabin with their hats on, and three feet of floor space between the transoms gives a free passageway



Outboard profile, water lines, diagonals and body plan of "Tidal Wave." Note the unusual buttock lines and the easy water lines and diagonals for such a beamy boat

through the cabin even when people are sitting on both transoms.

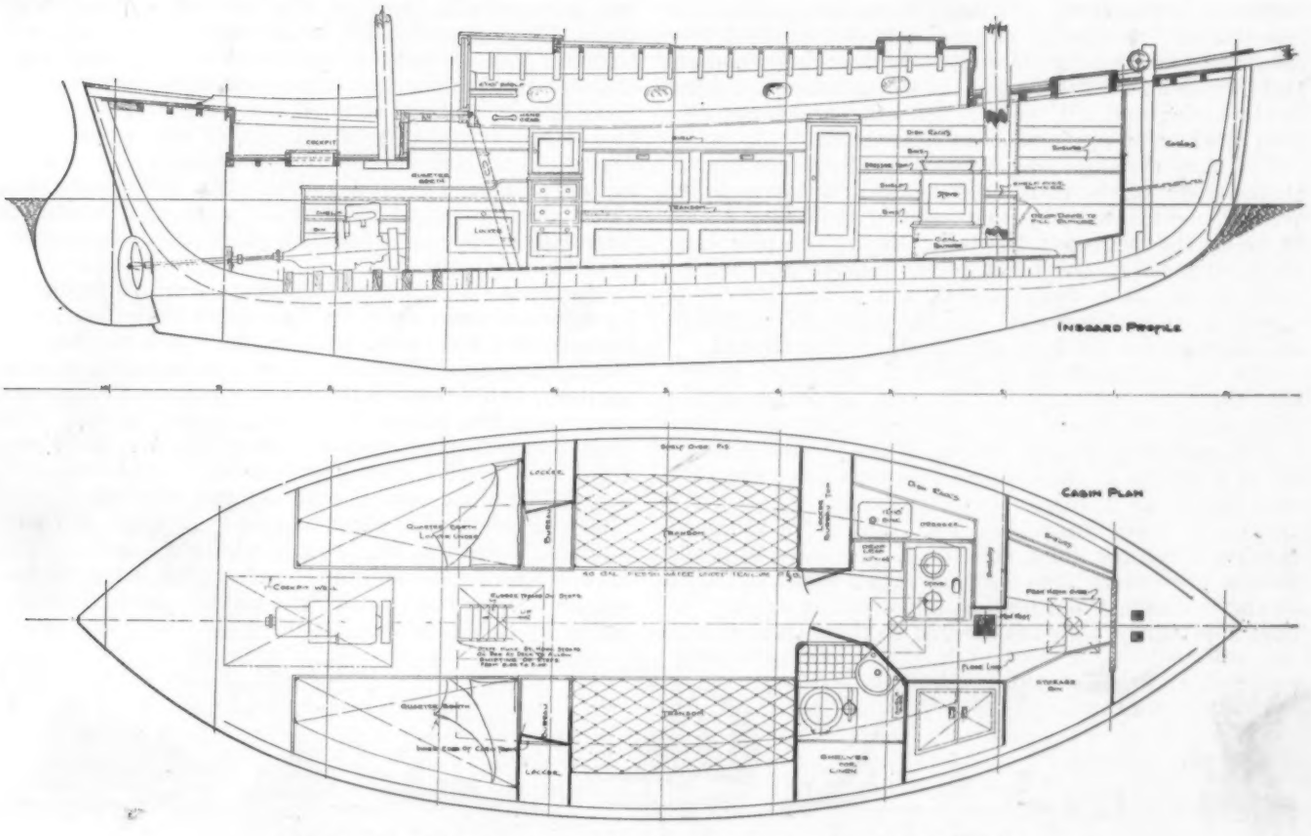
Compared to *West Island*, *Tidal Wave* is a foot longer over all and on the water line, six inches narrower, two inches more in depth of hull. The freeboard has been raised, the sheer changed, a 6000-pound keel added, and water lines and diagonals eased a bit here and there. Essentially, though, she is *West Island*, although she doesn't look much like her, as Bill Dyer and I remarked as the two boats lay close together in Newport Harbor last September. *Tidal Wave* is a far better looking boat, far shippier — and a bit "yachtier."

Why a double-ender? This is the most frequent question I have been asked to answer. Well, double-enders are famous everywhere for their seaworthiness, for one thing. And for the given over all length, no other hull can compare with them for the amount of room available for accommodations inside. *West Island* was a beautiful sea boat, easy, dry, comfortable in every way, and sailed well. And she was the finest boat to sail indefinitely with her helm lashed which I have ever run across — a feature common to many double-enders, and one which I consider of prime importance in a cruising boat, and particularly a small one. Fortunately, *Tidal Wave* will do the same thing, though perhaps not quite as well as her predecessor.

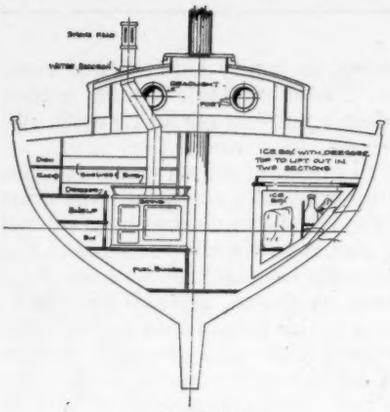
Why the jib-headed ketch rig? Because I tried it in *Eaglet*, a 33-footer, and it worked out wonderfully — so well that I insisted on it for *Tidal Wave*, though many a cutter crank and yawl enthusiast insisted I was all wrong. But I wasn't. It is the easiest and handiest rig to handle imaginable. It *must* be efficient — for, though quite moderate in area, it drives the beamy, heavy hull faster than I ever hoped it would. It gives well-nigh perfect combinations of sail without reefing. And it is a great help in self-steering, as many ketch-rigged craft have proved in the past. Two short single-handed cruises made me glad that I didn't put in a cutter rig with 100 square feet more sail — but more about that later.

The cabin layout is all my own, drawn up by Rhodes from sketches which I supplied. It is essentially the same as shown in the plans, though the motor has been shoved as far aft as it will go, and is now abaft the mizzen, the latter running down to a step in the keel, and not stepping in the cockpit floor, as shown. *Tidal Wave* was to be a man's boat, so none of this forward stateroom business for me — a wide open boat, with two wide quarter berths, two fine main cabin berths, an excellent galley and good toilet room just abaft the mainmast, and an excellent forepeak, invaluable for stowing sails, supplies, running lights, and gear of all sorts. A hanging locker to port, two buffets and lockers at the foot of the companion steps, more hanging space for heavy coats, oilers, etc., under the bridge deck — there's room for a steamer trunk there, if you wish, or several suit cases. Lockers under the quarter berths, too. Two 40-gallon water tanks under the transoms in the cabin — full or empty, the fore and aft trim is unchanged.

The Gray 4-30 motor is completely out of the way, accessible for adjustments or repairs by lying on either quarter berth, or through the hatch in the cockpit. Few people know it is in the boat when they first come aboard. It is wide open — no box over it at all — a free circulation of air around it all the time, which is why it doesn't smell up the boat, despite many predictions that it would. A 25-gallon fuel tank is strapped up under the after deck — not shown in the plan — and is ample for 25 hours of power cruising, or more if the motor is throttled down, as in the auxiliary races, when it ran on a shade less than three quarters of a gallon an hour.



The inboard profile and accommodation plan show how spacious this 32-footer is



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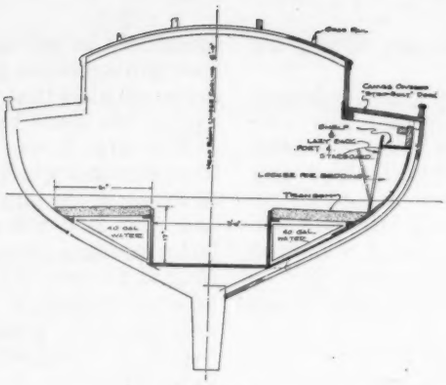

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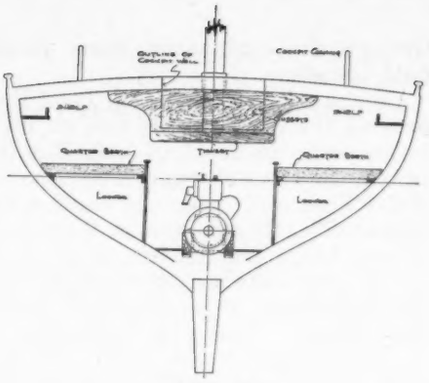


Station 7

I know all the arguments in favor of a galley aft. I had one of them in *Eaglet*. Now my galley is forward, and I am happy. The natural circulation of air in a small boat is from aft forward. With the hatch in the forward deck reversed, air comes down the companionway hatch, works through the boat, and carries out all the cooking smell through the forward hatch. Hot for the cook? Not a bit of it. Remove the hatch right over the cook's head, and you get a beautiful current of air right where you want it. There's plenty of room to work. You're completely removed from the gang aft — there have been thirteen people in *Tidal Wave's* cabin at one time, all smoking, and nobody interfering with the cook forward — and practically perfect ventilation. The ice box holds 200 pounds of ice besides food. It opens on top, so the cold air doesn't escape, as in a side door affair, wherefore the ice lasts just that much longer — and the food doesn't fall out on the floor on one tack, either.

There are all kinds of bins, racks and lockers forward, for various kinds of stowage. The coal bin under the Shipmate holds plenty — I don't know how much, it is immaterial. During the summer months we used two alcohol stoves atop the Shipmate — quicker and handier, and they don't heat things up the way a coal stove does. In the spring and fall, when it gets crisp and snappy — then is when we appreciate the Shipmate.

Ten blankets and four pillows are easily stowed in the lockers back of the main cabin transoms. Linen, toilet articles, medicines, and some canned stuff find a nice home on the shelves in the toilet room. The plumbing appurtenances in the toilet room, including a folding wash basin, have been re-arranged a bit, providing plenty of room. Ginger ale and fizz water are carried in the bilge, under the floor amidships or thereabouts.

The rig is practically as shown in the plans, except that there are backstays on the main, as we found that when strapped down for windward work, in a hard breeze and jump of a sea the pull of the jibstay caused a bit of a buckle in the mast. These backstays run on a wire bridle, as in many six-metre boats, Sound Interclubs, etc. They are seldom used, but are a source of comfort when the going gets dirty. There are two light mizzen preventers, too — set up with a tackle attached to the boomkin when used at all, which is mighty seldom. Ordinarily, they are secured to the mizzen shroud plate, and forgotten. We set them up sometimes when there is a hard breeze aft, or when we carry the Mule, a sprit topsail which pulls like one of those four-legged brutes, and had much to do with our showing in both the Bayside-Block Island Race and the Huntington-Cornfield affair. More about this kite later.

So much for the plans. Next month we'll start building her, tell about the model Harry Hall built, and maybe go out for a trial spin or so.

(*To be continued*)

Large Fleet Sails in Inland Lake Regatta

(*Continued from page 77*)

caught up to him. A shift back to north enabled Ellwood, then in twelfth position, to sail through the fleet, defeating his closest competitor, *Skipaway*, by nine minutes, with the Nye Brothers, in *Gale*, third.

In the first of the Class A races, sailed in a fresh breeze, the winner, *Yellow Jacket*, of Lake Minnetonka, with Allen J. Hill as skipper, was closely pressed by *Sally Too*, the 1929 champion, but a foul ruled her out and gave second place to *Stag Hound*, captained by A. D. Lindley, and third to *Black Point III*, of Lake Geneva. *Yellow Jacket* scored again in the second race, and was third in the next day's race, first place going to *Little Smoke*, of Lake Geneva, after a hard race. In the two succeeding races Hill led the way around the course, thus chalking up four wins for *Yellow Jacket*. *Sally Too* placed second and third in these last races, third place going to *Smiling Through*, of Neenah, in Thursday's race, and second place to *Independence*, of Oshkosh, in the last.

The final standing for the championship is computed by a combination of the final standing in the horse race system and the point system. In Class A the Hill Brothers, with *Yellow Jacket*, won without close competition, and *Little Smoke*, sailed by John Perrigo and owned by Mr. Harry N. Gifford, placed second. *Sally Too*, the 1929 champion owned by Charles Bell, took third place honors. First place in class E went to *Wee II*, Joseph Quarles owner and skipper. *Rokniben*, with Robert Porter at the tiller, was second, and *Wild Deuce*, John S. Pillsbury, Jr., was third. In Class C, Harry Nye, with his *Gale II*, was the champion, with *Sis III*, sailed by Leonard Ellwood, second, and *Nuisance*, sailed by Bruce Adams, third.

Under the Lee of the Longboat

by Cap Stan

THE day before the start of the America's Cup races I sailed into Newport Harbor after an all-night run from Larchmont. Off Brenton's Reef Lightship whom should we meet but *Shamrock V*, with a party of yachtsmen aboard, out for a pleasure sail. And sure as shooting, the green challenger had on a misfit jibtopsail — and a reef in one of her two mainsails!

Right there was the tip-off. Poor sails, rotten judgment — both were shown *ad lib* in the races which started next day. The same jibtopsail fluttered flag-like in the races, and the pulled-out mainsail was a miserable sheet of canvas compared to that swung by *Enterprise*. Add to this poor and inadequate sails and equipment, mediocre handling, and a heavy, cumbersome rig, and you need look no further for the reasons for the stunning defeat sustained by the Irish baronet in his fifth attempt to lift the historic old mug. This is no knock on *Enterprise*, as sweet a boat as one could wish for, perfectly equipped, managed and sailed. She didn't win in any hit-or-miss fashion, but because she was the highest development of the modern racing machine. Hats off to those who conceived her, developed her, and sailed her to a clean-cut triumph. What a pity she didn't have a more worthy competitor to bring out some of her latent ability!

Some of the critics are yowling about money winning for *Enterprise*. Well, money helped, all right, but brains were really responsible. Neither *Yankee* nor *Weetamoe* had a duralumin mast, or a "trick" boom, yet either could have beaten *Shamrock* with ease. So, I believe, could *Whirlwind*, though she might have lost a race or two. Yes, brains, plus money, made *Enterprise* what she was.

Only once did Captain Heard, on *Shamrock*, show himself the equal of Mike Vanderbilt as a skipper, and that was at the start of the third race, which Heard took handsomely, only to lose his advantage two or three minutes later when *Enterprise* tacked to get a clear wind — and got it, Heard being too slow in following suit to cover the slippery Yankee craft and her wide-awake skipper. At all other times Heard showed poor judgment in various departments of the game. For instance: In the second race, nearing the weather mark, he misjudged his angle, tacked too soon, and had to pinch badly to make it, *Shamrock* losing nearly all her headway and barely scraping around. On the second leg of this race he clung to a big balloon jib, which was luffing constantly and backwinding his mainsail — *Shamrock* lost some 3 minutes on this 10-mile reach. And so it went through the whole series. No matter how good her hull, *Shamrock* had no chance with the handling and judgment which Heard showed.

The only time *Enterprise* made a questionable move was towards the end of the weather leg of the last race. With both boats on the starboard tack, and *Enterprise* about a mile to weather, Vanderbilt suddenly hitched around to port, and sailed away from his opponent, leaving her to her own devices for the rest of the beat. Whether *Enterprise* gained or lost by this maneuver is not clear — she was too far ahead for a small gain or loss to be noticeable. But for a leading boat, gaining every moment, deliberately to leave her opponent on a beat to windward — well, somebody will have to explain this strategy to me; I'm too dumb to appreciate it at present.

And now that the smoke of this unequal battle has blown away, perhaps the yachting world will get back to normal by the time another season rolls around.

\+ + +

They tell me that the coming Transatlantic Race will be run under the Bermuda Race rule of measurement, without any allowance for rig or propellers, and that cutters' masts will have the same height limit as the masts on yawls, as regulated by the Universal Rule of measurement. The latter dope seems good, though the abolishing of any rig allowance seems open to argument. Though it may have a few minor faults, the Bermuda Rule seems to be the best rule invented so far, as has been pretty well proven in the last two races. So far, six entries seem assured, between 45 and 72 feet over all measurement. Which is a good omen for a fine bunch of starters off Newport next July.

\+ + +

Last year the old U.S.A. took it on the chin in almost every international yachting match. This year was somewhat better, with the American 6-metres walloping their British adversaries, *Thisbe* successfully defending the Canada's Cup, *Enterprise* trimming *Shamrock*, and the Barnegat tars turning the tables on our Canadian cousins. Not so bad, what?

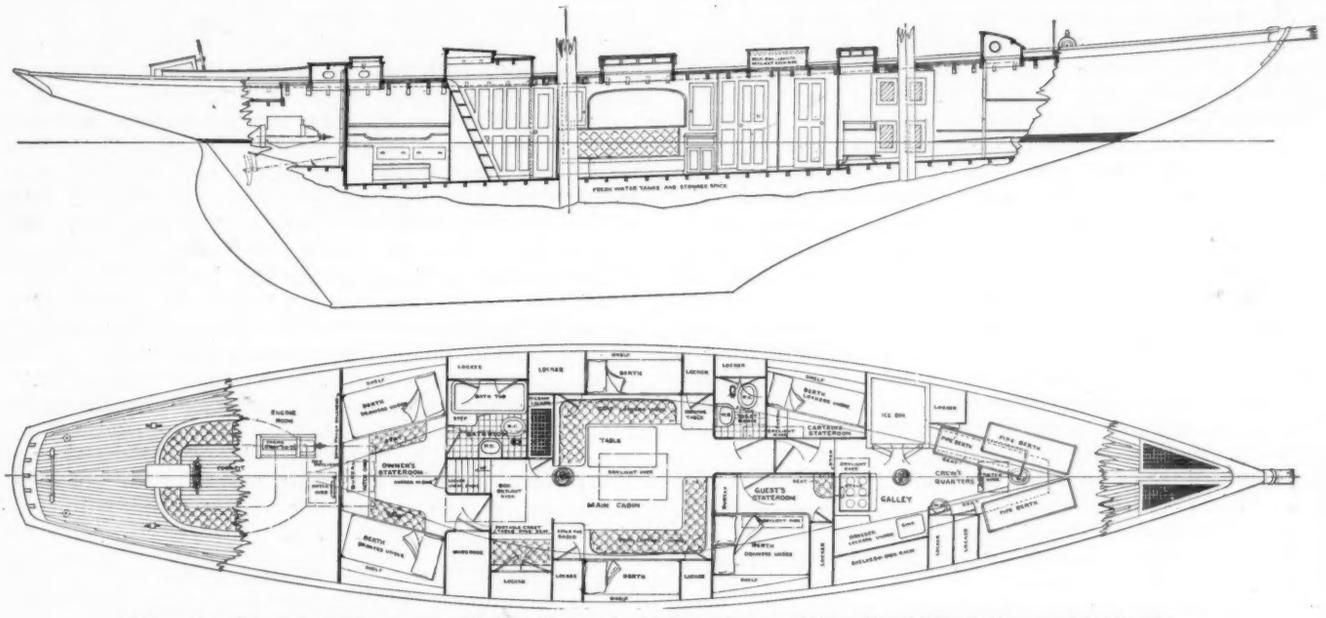
A Fast Cruising Schooner

HERE are the plans of a fast cruising schooner from the board of Millard, Brewster and Chambers, of New York, which should appeal to the man who wants to get somewhere in a hurry and enjoy safety and comfort at the same time. She is a fine-lined craft with fair freeboard, rather straight sheer and moderate ends, the schooner rig having jib-headed mainsail and double head rig. Her dimensions are: l.o.a. 85′; l.w.l. 60′; beam, 17′ 9″; draft, 11′. A 17-ton lead keel, and some inside trimming ballast, assure stability. The construction will be of the best, with double sawn oak frames, yellow pine planking, copper fastened. Rail, houses, and deck trim will be teak.

The commodious quarters below decks include two double staterooms, large main saloon with two fixed berths, bathroom, toilet room, captain's stateroom, big galley, and nice crew's quarters forward. The navigator is well provided for with chart table and seat at the foot of the companion steps.

A Gray 6-72 is installed aft behind a sound proof bulkhead. There is a roomy cockpit on deck, loads of locker and storage space below, and plenty of skylights.

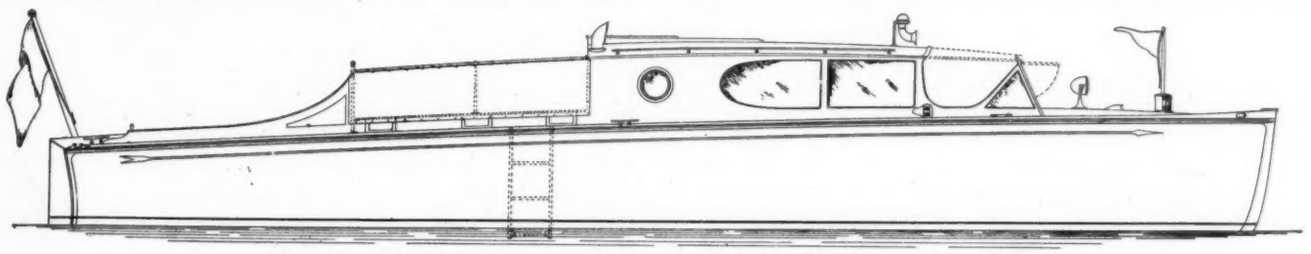
Sail plan



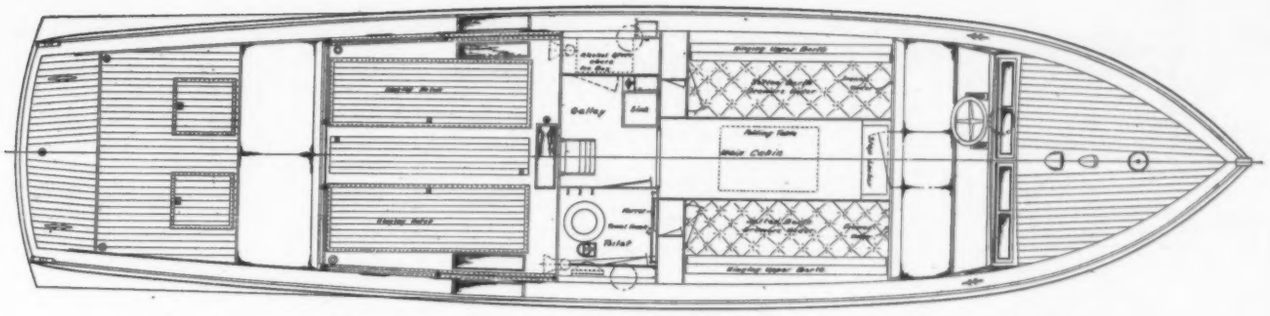
Inboard profile and interior accommodation plan of the 85-foot schooner designed by Millard, Brewster & Chambers

A Successful Commuter from John Alden's Board

EVERY once in a while John Alden takes a bit of a vacation from turning out schooners, yawls and ketches, and produces a power driven craft for a change. One of his latest and most successful craft which depends upon gasoline instead of wind for her motive power is the 38-foot commuter *Cathalene*, which saw a lot of hard service last summer in the hands of her owner, Cornelius Crane, especially on numerous trips between Ipswich and Newport. She is of the round bottom type, Mr. Crane believing that this type made a better sea boat than a V-bottom, a belief borne out by the action of the boat in some hard going in tide rips



"Cathalene," the 33-knot commuter designed by John G. Alden for Cornelius Crane



Interior accommodation plan of "Cathalene," the Alden-designed commuter owned by Cornelius Crane

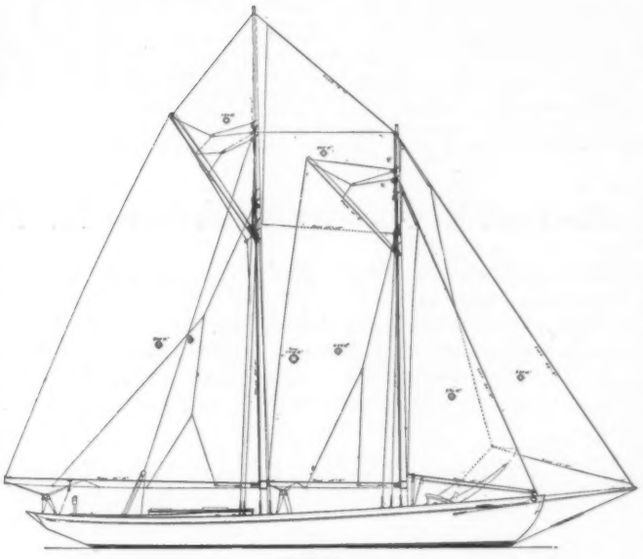
and rough water. Powered with a pair of Sterling Petrels, *Cathalene* acted admirably in the roughest going, with a remarkable absence of pounding, knocking out 26 knots on long runs, and 33 knots when fully opened up.

There is ample room in the two cockpits for quite a large party of people, the weight having no apparent effect upon her speed. Four people are accommodated on upper and lower berths in the cabin, with a good toilet room and workable galley and a sizeable ice box.

Cathalene was excellently built and finished by Goudy & Stevens, at East Boothbay, with frames continuous from gunwale to gunwale, double mahogany planking, the inner skin being laid diagonally. The advantage of this rugged construction was appreciated at the end of the season, when, after continuous and hard usage, she was as tight as the day she was launched.

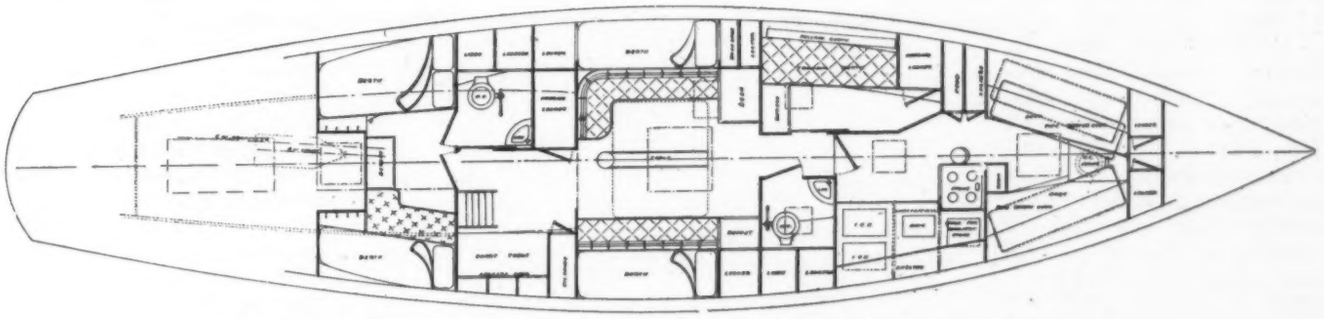
A Seagoing Auxiliary Schooner Designed by Sparkman & Stephens

THE husky auxiliary schooner whose plans are reproduced herewith comes from the board of Sparkman & Stephens, whose yawl *Dorade*, and 6-metre boats *Cherokee*, *Mist* and *Comet* made yachtsmen sit up and take notice during the past season. *Dorade*, which made a fine showing in the Bermuda and other races, was of the narrow, easily-driven type, with small sail area. The new design shows a rugged, able craft with a gaff-headed schooner rig of 1715 square feet area on a hull 61′ 6″ long over all, 49 feet water line, 14′ 8″ beam and 9′ draft. She has plenty of sheer and freeboard, good beam and depth of hull, and should have an easy motion in a seaway. The hull is of heavy construction, and all ballast outside, the total weights being fairly high. The gaff rig was chosen as suitable for this type of hull, and because it gives plenty of sail area without excessive height of spars. The main topsail and fisherman staysail add 375 square feet to the rig, while balloon canvas will speed her up when the going is light.

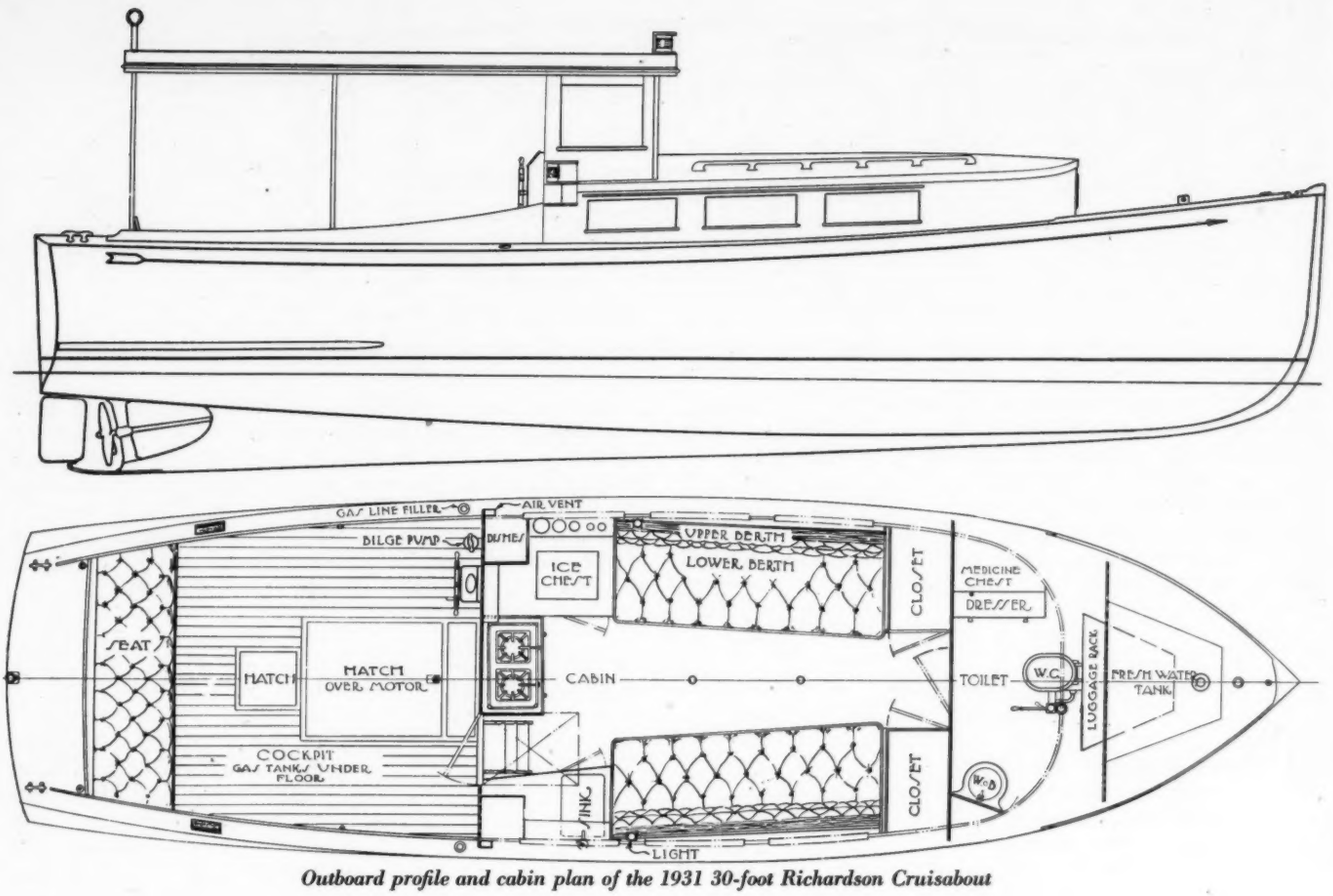


Sail plan

The accommodation plan shows a large main cabin with two built-in berths and two extension transoms, desk and buffet. There are also two double staterooms and two toilet rooms, large galley, roomy forecastle with three berths, navigator's chart space, and fine locker and storage space. She will be fitted with a power plant sufficient to drive her at an 8-knot clip. Headroom aft is well over 6 feet, and just that amount forward. Water and fuel tanks are ample for extended cruising without the necessity of refilling. It is craft such as this which the Bermuda and other offshore races are helpful in developing, as shown by recent ocean racing fleets.



Interior accommodation plan of the husky auxiliary schooner designed by Sparkman & Stephens



Outboard profile and cabin plan of the 1931 30-foot Richardson Cruisabout

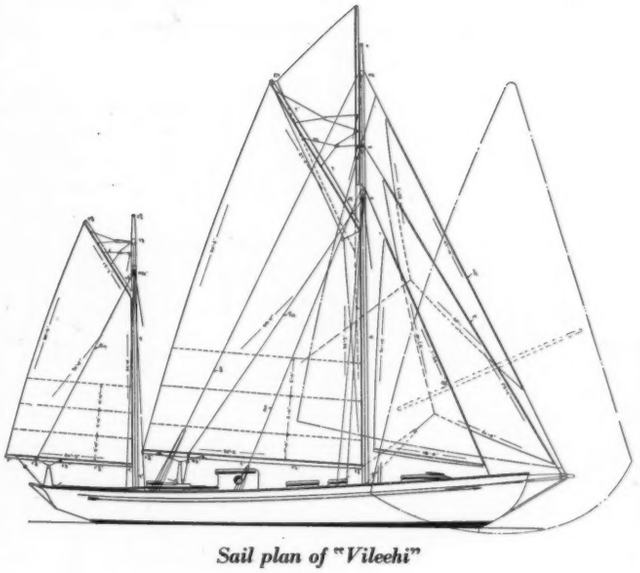
The 30-Foot Richardson Cruisabout for 1931

THE plans above are of the 1931 edition of the popular 30-foot Richardson Cruisabout, which will be seen by the public for the first time at the New York Motor Boat Show in January. She is a whole lot of boat for a very modest sum of money, giving comfortable cruising accommodations for four people and fine speed and reliability with a Gray 6-60 motor. A roomy cockpit, four-berth cabin, good galley and toilet room, in a well-built and nicely-finished hull of pleasing design and appearance, complete an outfit which is sure to appeal to discriminating motor boatmen. The motor, batteries, tanks, etc., are accessible by means of the large hatch.

"Vileehi," a Rugged West Coast Auxiliary Ketch

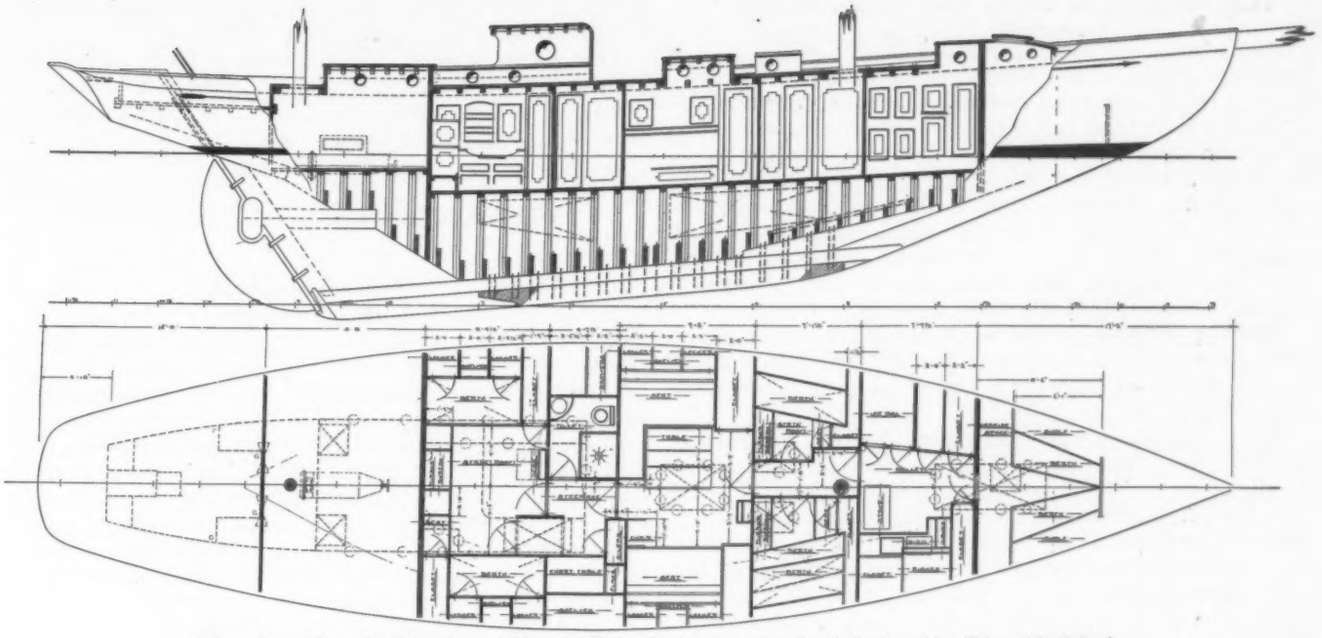
WITH no more elaborate preparation than a 24-hour "shakedown cruise," the auxiliary ketch *Vileehi*, built for H. T. Horton of Chula Vista, California, left San Diego for Honolulu within a week after her rigging was completed.

Designed by Edson B. Schock, *Vileehi* is of unusually rugged construction, teak being employed for decks, topsides, and deck fixtures. She is 80 feet in length, and while relying chiefly upon her sails for propulsion, carries a 115-horsepower Sterling Petrel, with reduction gear, for auxiliary. Speed under power is around eight knots, while on her trial run, in moderately light weather and without her main topsail, she logged ten nautical miles in one hour and three minutes.



Sail plan of "Vileehi"

A roomy cockpit, and a shelter enclosing the companionway, feature the deck arrangements. Between the two is a low house, over the engine room. Below decks, aft, is the owner's stateroom with two berths; next comes the steerage, with roomy chart table and drawers, and the short-wave wireless installation, to starboard, and the toilet and bath to port. Next comes the main cabin,



Inboard profile and cabin plan of "Vileehi," the 80-foot seagoing ketch designed by Edson B. Schock

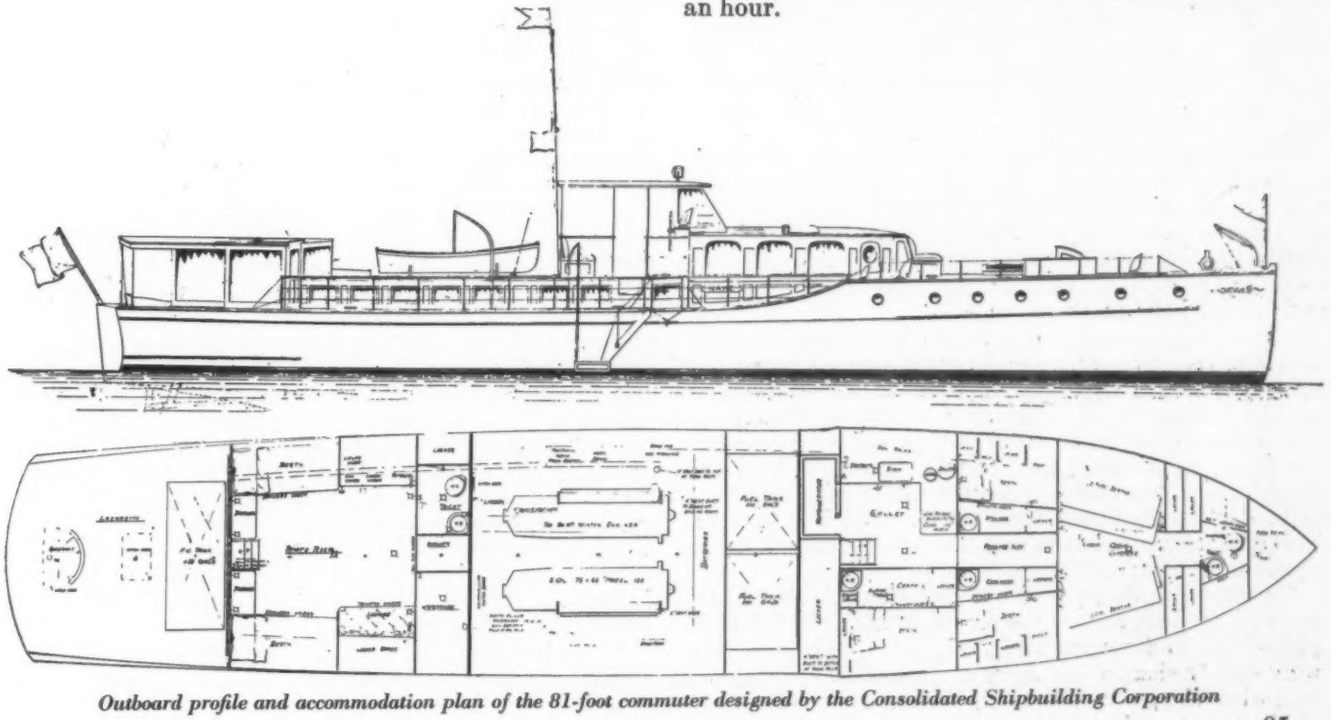
and then, to port, a single stateroom, with a double stateroom opposite. Forward of this is the galley, with electric refrigerator and gas range, and forward of the galley the forecastle, with two berths. Interior finish is of teak and mahogany.

The yacht was built by the San Diego Marine Construction Company, and is the largest sailing craft to be launched from a San Diego yard. Her owner plans to use her for extensive offshore cruising.

Working canvas consists of main, jigger, jib, forestaysail and jib and main-topsails, the gaff-headed rig being employed. A spinnaker, and a squaresail of 1000 feet area, are also provided. This rig should prove to be handy for long runs in almost any weather conditions.

An 81-Foot Commuter Designed by Consolidated

THE handsome 81-foot commuter whose design appears below is the product of the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation, of Morris Heights, whose high class craft have been favorites with yachtsmen for many years. Consolidated yachts have an enviable reputation for excellence of construction and finish as well as design, and this newest product is no exception to the rule. She will be powered with a pair of Speedway motors, and will have a guaranteed speed of 22½ miles an hour.



Outboard profile and accommodation plan of the 81-foot commuter designed by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corporation

Yacht Racing Union Trophy Goes to Lake Michigan

(*Continued from page 53*)

Atalanta terribly. It was a hard, scrappy fight, one boat working to get her wind free and the other working to cover. *Atalanta* took advantage of this situation as she neared the mark and pulled *Gossoon* well to the south of the finish line, and then jibed. Not only did she get her working canvas working quickly, but she had her wind free for a broad reach for the finish line, which she crossed 35 seconds to the good with a lead of about three boat lengths. The finish times were *Atalanta*, 2:56:30; *Gossoon*, 2:57:05; *Spry*, 3:08:59.

Weather conditions for the second race were very light, with an east wind and smooth sea. The course was windward and leeward, twice around, three nautical miles to the leg.

Atalanta was again first across the line, in the weather position, *Spry* being second and *Gossoon* last. All came about shortly after crossing. In spite of the fact that *Spry* had *Gossoon* under her lee, the latter apparently worked out from under without any trouble. *Atalanta* then tried to cover *Gossoon* but Kurtzwarth wiped his boat off and went through *Atalanta's* lee with just as much ease as he had gone through *Spry*. *Atalanta* laid off, tried to foot with *Gossoon* but could not hold her, so she came up and tried to point. One-quarter of the way out *Atalanta* was badly headed and came about on starboard tack. *Gossoon* carried on and ran into a fresher breeze which did not reach *Atalanta* until ten minutes later. This gave *Gossoon* a big lead, which the Chicago boat was never able to make up, and *Gossoon* rounded the first buoy five and one-half minutes ahead of *Atalanta*. *Spry*, in the meantime, had taken a hitch to the south'ard and ran into a soft spot, so she did not round the windward mark until 18 minutes after *Gossoon*. On the next leg, a run with the wind slightly to starboard, *Atalanta* was able to cut down *Gossoon's* lead by one minute, but did not get close enough to interfere with her wind.

The finishing times of the boats were as follows: *Gossoon*, 2:54:07; *Atalanta*, 3:02:26; *Spry*, 3:39:10.

In the third race the wind was fluky, finally settling in the southeast, with a light chop which favored *Gossoon*. The Detroit boat had substituted Cheney for skipper, as Kurtzwarth had gone East to see the America's Cup races. *Atalanta* was first to cross the line, but about one mile out *Gossoon* caught and passed her.

Three-fourths of the way out *Gossoon*, on the starboard tack, met *Atalanta* on a port hitch. *Atalanta* made a threat to go under *Gossoon's* stern. Cheney put his helm down too soon and *Atalanta* came about on the starboard tack with her wind clear, while *Gossoon* went off on the port tack. *Atalanta* thus gained a boat length and rounded the mark in the lead.

The next leg was a broad reach. In spite of the fact that *Atalanta* was the second boat around she had her light canvas out and was drawing ahead of *Gossoon*. In the confusion of breaking out the spinnaker on *Gossoon* someone let the fore guy go too soon, causing Joe Snay, on the after guy, to fall overboard. He hung on the spinnaker sheet, but went under and called for help. *Atalanta* bore off, went over and picked him up. This disqualified *Gossoon*, and the race then lay between *Spry* and *Atalanta*.

On the reach down to the second mark *Atalanta* held her lead on *Spry* but on the run to the home mark *Spry* passed her and rounded two lengths in the lead. The wind had freshened and *Spry* continued to open up her lead when she got on the wind, beating up for the fourth mark. About half way out, however, the wind lightened and *Atalanta* was able to round the fourth mark with a lead of four lengths. This lead she held and finished the race four boat lengths to the good.

This gives *Atalanta* the Richardson Cup, to be held for the next two years, with eight points. *Gossoon*, by reason of her disqualification, and *Spry*, tie for second place with five points each.

"Miss Britain," a Radical Development in Speed Boat Design

(*Continued from page 60*)

faster on the straightaway, much of the advantage she gained thereby was lost to the English boat on the turns; the latter invariably headed directly for the stake and made a short-radius turn with the utmost ease. Much of the maneuvering ability of *Miss Britain I* can be credited to the Scott-Paine patent dual rudder control, which differs from the ordinary rudder control in that there is no inter-connection between the bow and stern rudder. The bow rudder is controlled independently by a rudder-bar actuated by the feet — similar to the rudder control employed on airplanes. The stern rudder defies all precedent, both in its location and design, and is one of the outstanding features of the boat.

The racing rules for this class call for all buoys to be left on the port hand. In view of this, Mr. Scott-Paine has offset the rudder at an angle on the starboard side. This removes the resistance from the slip-stream when running straight, and enables the full turning effect to be obtained. The top of the rudder blade is set at an angle and so designed that when turning to starboard the top of the blade is taken up to the bottom of the hull, thus effectively harnessing the water in that direction.

In the strut we see further developments. The fore end of it is a hollow casting, and the actual leading edge of the strut forms an orifice through which the cooling water for the motor is collected. This removes a certain amount of the head resistance of the strut, and totally removes the appendage resistance of a water scoop. The stream line end of the strut has been taken care of by a hollow casting. The strut is fitted with a Goodrich Cutless bearing.

Great care was taken to insure a perfect engine installation. While there is no surplus room, everything is easily accessible and every allowance has been made for adjustments to the motor. Use has been made of the weight of the engine to assist in the dispersing of structure stresses through the engine bearers.

The motor is a Scripps Model 124, displacement 331.2 cubic inches, weighing approximately 900 pounds, and developing 135 h.p. at 3,000 r.p.m. It is complete with reversing gear, electric starter and generator.

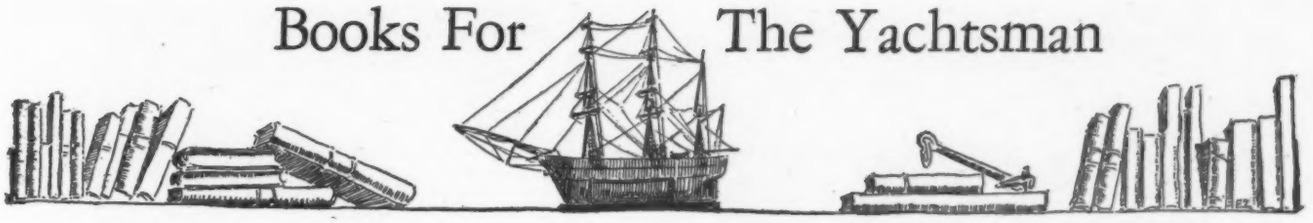
The propeller shaft arrangement has necessitated the employment of a new type of return drive gear box of greater shaft angle than is commonly used. It is on this item of the equipment that Mr. Scott-Paine has been experimenting for a considerable period with a view to obtaining a quiet-running gear wheel. Gear noises are not noticeable with this new gear box. Though jacketed for water cooling, the friction losses proved so negligible that no artificial cooling was necessary; and the water cooling was dispensed with during the races. At no time did the temperature of the gear box rise above 50°C.

The general dimensions of *Miss Britain* are as follows:

Length	20 ft. ½ in. (Water line)
Beam	5 ft. 8 in.
" amidships	5 ft. 6 in.
Height of amidships superstructure	1 ft. 9 ins.
Width " " "	1 ft. 9¾ ins.

The bottom is of mahogany, ½" thick, the sides being ⅜" thick.

Books For The Yachtsman



BY WAY OF CAPE HORN

By A. J. Villiers

(Henry Holt and Company, 1930. $3.50)

IN a passage of 138 days in the Australian wheat race of 1929 aboard the *Grace Harwar*, there is ample opportunity for a book of the sea approaching the epic in quality. A. J. Villiers, who will be remembered for his authorship of *Falmouth for Orders*, has turned out in this new book what impresses us as the most vivid yarn of life aboard a full-rigged ship yet to appear, bar none.

The last full-rigged ship in the Australian wheat trade, the *Grace Harwar* set out in April, 1929, for Falmouth. In the preceding two years she had twice encircled the world, with misfortune dogging her tracks. Her bottom was foul, and a long voyage was expected, despite a winter passage of Cape Horn. Nearly five months later she limped into Queenstown harbor, her flag at half mast and a long tale of adversity behind her.

Villiers and a companion, Ronald Walker, signed on before the mast, not for the purpose of writing a book, but in order to film life under sail. Villiers had had long experience in sail, Walker none.

Head winds, fog, snow and ice made a slow passage to the Horn. On this leg of the passage Walker was killed aloft, a tragedy which naturally made a deep impression on the twelve youngsters who remained in the forecastle. Of the foremast hands, some were only sixteen years old. It was 57 days to the Horn, with practically no favorable winds, a ship 40 years old, and poor canvas and rigging.

Shortly after the ship entered the South Atlantic the second mate went out of his mind. This sad state was attributed to the worry of the trip, and particularly to Walker's death. It was impossible to land him or to transfer him to another ship. In the North Atlantic the food supply was exhausted, but fortunately a passing steamer provided enough for the remainder of the voyage.

Quite evidently, the author is more impressed with the hardships of life on present day sailing ships, with their undermanned crews, than he showed himself in his previous book. The tragedies of the voyage doubtless had much to do with producing this change of feeling.

Villiers exercises a fine restraint in not over-painting his picture. The crude facts speak for themselves, and the incidents are marked by a vivid, gripping sense of reality. As an epic of salt water sailing, *By Way of Cape Horn* will appeal to everyone interested in the sea, adventure, history, or literature.

J. G. S.

NOT WITHOUT DUST AND HEAT

By Weston Martyr

(Ives Washburn, New York, 1930. $2.50)

WHEN Weston Martyr turned out the *Perfect Ship*, we thought well of him. But now that this new book, *Not Without Dust and Heat*, has come from his pen, we think even better of him. It is most decidedly a very friendly book.

In this group of short stories there is humor aplenty, humor of the delicious sort that recurs after the reading is done. Through most of the yarns there runs a smell of salt air, only three of the thirteen stories not being related closely to the sea and voyaging upon it. One is almost inclined to believe that the stories are based largely upon fact. Though this may not be true, Mr. Martyr has proved himself so masterly in the handling of the conversation, particularly the salt water conversation, that it seems to the reader that the author must be recounting his personal adventures in many lands.

A wholesome philosophy of the sea is carried in two of these tales, "A Sleeping Draft" and "An Error of Judgment." Both deal with the trials and tribulations of masters of vessels in passenger service. The former is a bit of a thriller; the latter is somewhat subtle and more entertaining. To our mind the book would be worth while if it contained nothing more than "A Prelude to Enslavement," in which one senses the full charm of sailing small boats. This story and "Golden Calf" are the high spots of the volume, if any one or two tales can be picked out above the rest as samples of excellence.

JAMES G. STONE

THE VAGARIES OF "LADY HARVEY"

By Frank Cowper

(W. R. Mackintosh, Kirkwall, Scotland, 1930)

THE group of episodes which comprise *The vagaries of "Lady Harvey"* have as their source a series of single-handed passages made by an Englishman, Mr. Cowper, from 1890 to 1894 when he was collecting material for his well-known "Sailing Tours." At that time, as Mr. Cowper points out in his foreword, few had attempted long passages in small yachts, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the appearance in some out-of-the-way harbor in the Orkneys, the Hebrides, or on the coast of Ireland or Scotland, of a 29-ton yawl, originally a fishing boat, and manned by a crew of one, should occasion some surprise, frequently incredulity as to the veracity of the lone sailor, and, at times, even hostility.

But the lone crew of *Lady Harvey*, strong in his confidence in himself and in his boat, meeting all encounters, friendly and unfriendly alike, with a limitless fund of sympathy, good faith, and humor, sails serenely on, unmindful of a growing reputation for freakishness.

And it is these encounters, with the thoughts engendered by them, the significance which a mind philosophically inclined attaches to them, which make up Mr. Cowper's "vagaries." *Lady Harvey*, for the purposes of this volume, serves largely as an agent for bridging a sequence of experiences. Of the sailing itself, a feat of no common prowess, little is said, except as it serves to illumine some incident. The book, then, is a series of sketches in which the incidents serve as a starting point for the contemplations and musings of a well-stored and imaginative mind. Sailorizing occupies but a subordinate place in it. But it is not to be inferred that for Mr. Cowper sailing is merely a form of locomotion, and *Lady Harvey* only a conveyance. Far from it. So closely does the author identify himself with his boat and the seas she rides that the thoughts, the fancies, the reminiscences which crowd upon each other as he "lets himself go with the tiller," seem to emanate as much from *Lady Harvey* as from the mind of the man who guides her. Thus, he sets them down as the vagaries of *Lady Harvey*.

A. L.

MASSACHUSETTS ON THE SEA

(Tercentenary Marine Committee, Boston, 1930. $1.00)

IN CONNECTION with the tercentenary celebration in Massachusetts, this interesting summary of the part the sea has played in the history of that state has been published by the Tercentenary Marine committee.

That sea history begins with the first haul of cod, and today cod fishing is still one of the chief activities carried on in the

(*Continued on page 108*)

"Maxim," a 54-footer owned by David M. Goodrich, of Mt. Kisco, N. Y. She was built by the Huckins Yacht Corp., from designs by Frank P. Huckins, and is powered with two Sterling Dolphin Special 6-cylinder engines which give her a speed of 22 m.p.h.

OF INTEREST TO THE SKIPPER

Fortieth Anniversary of the Matthews Co.

THIS month of November marks the fortieth anniversary of continuous designing and building for the Matthews Co., of Port Clinton, Ohio, whose stock cruisers are so well and favorably known to the motor boating public. Scott J. Matthews, the veteran president of the firm, announces that to celebrate the occasion fittingly the company will turn out two vastly improved stock models, 38- and 46-footers, which will represent the most striking changes that have occurred since the inception of 38-foot stock cruisers. Ten different models, with 24 cabin arrangements, will be offered. Completeness, refined lines, added spaciousness, greater speeds, are a few of the new features in the new models, which will shortly be on display in all Matthews showrooms, and on exhibition at the forthcoming New York Motor Boat Show. Photographs of two of these smart craft are reproduced herewith.

New York Boat Service Corporation Going Strong

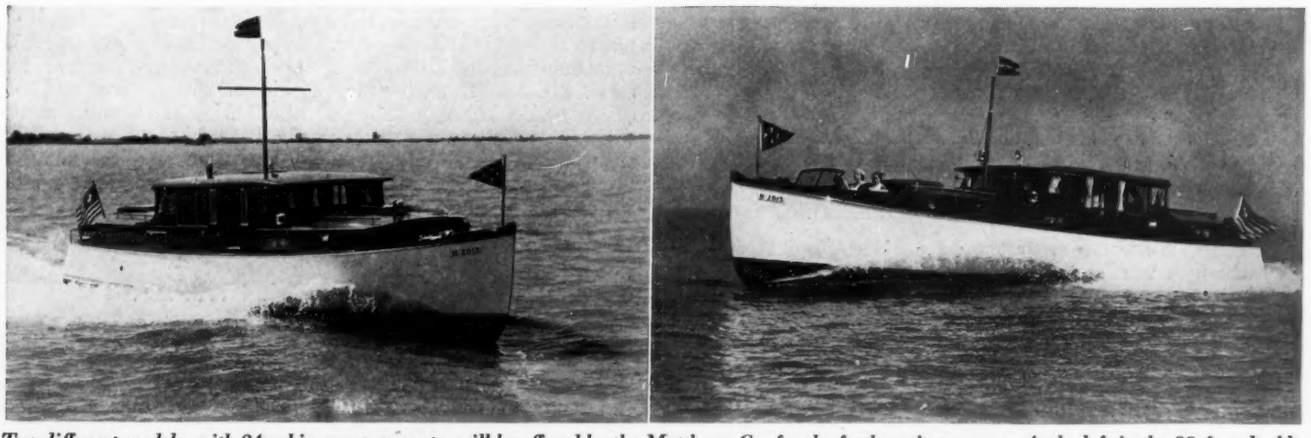
The New York Boat Service Corporation, which is a subsidiary of the Dawn Boat Corporation, has been unusually successful in its first year of operation. The company was organized August 1st, 1929, and during the first eight months of actual operation showed a substantial profit on the common stock outstanding after paying the $6.00 dividend requirements on the preferred stock, according to a recent statement by the corporation.

The New York Boat Service Corporation has one of the most modern yards in the country. The plant covers 12½ acres, which will not be completely developed for another year. The unusual feature of the yard is that it is entirely honeycombed with railroad tracks, and each boat in storage rests upon its own roller-bearing steel carriage during the entire period of storage. It is possible to put any boat in the yard overboard upon a few hours' notice, an invaluable feature if a boat is for sale, or if owners desire prompt launching in the spring.

A large brick and tile showroom is nearing completion. Dawn cruisers will be exhibited in this building, as well as Staples Johnson cruisers and Dodge runabouts.

At the annual meeting, in September, the following prominent New York yachtsmen were elected to the Board of Directors: S. G. Etherington, Treasurer of Staples Johnson Co.; Chas. F. Havemeyer, member of N. Y. Stock Exchange; Benjamin Brewster Jennings, Head of the Real Estate Department of the Standard Oil Co. of N. Y.; J. H. Senior, President of the West India Oil Co., and Director of the Standard Oil Co. of N. J.; R. C. Montgomery, member of the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

"During the past twelve months," says the statement, "the Dawn Boat Corporation did an even greater volume of business than in the year 1929. Not a single new boat built by the Corporation has had to be carried over the summer."



Ten different models, with 24 cabin arrangements, will be offered by the Matthews Co. for the forthcoming season. At the left is the 38-foot double cabin model, with enclosed bridge deck, which provides cruising accommodations for eight. A Kermath "Six" gives a speed of 16 m.p.h. The 46-foot double cabin de luxe model is shown at the right. There are accommodations for ten. With a 225 h.p. Kermath, speeds up to 20 m.p.h. are available. Twin engine installation gives speeds up to 30 m.p.h.

A New Kermath Light "Six"

The Kermath Manufacturing Co., of Detroit, has just announced a new model which has been added to the already comprehensive line of Kermath engines. This is a small, light "Six" developing 85 h.p. at 3000 r.p.m. In this new motor have been incorporated all the qualities of ruggedness and strength which a marine engine must have to stand up under heavy duty work and be proof against the inroads of salt water corrosion which attack certain parts of any engine designed for marine use.

The studs holding the cylinder head do not go through into the salt water. A blind hole is tapped in the embossing of the cylinder block to insure against any difficulties that might arise from the effects of salt water on steel. The cylinder block is of the very highest grade chrome nickel iron with a very much higher Brinell hardness than is customary, to prevent the valves from wearing down through their seats at high speed. It is a type of material which will provide 200,000 miles of service in a motor car without need of cylinder regrinding.

This motor comes in both the high speed and lower speed, low compression models and also has a special 9 to 5 reduction gear.

The principal specifications follow:

General — Six cylinders, cast en bloc with crankcase. L-head type, four-cycle, bore 3½", stroke 4⅝", cubic displacement 267 cu. in.

Size — Length, 52 5/16" over all; height 22½".

Cylinders — Special chrome nickel gray iron. Bored and honed to size. Water jackets cast integral with cylinders.

Cylinder Head — Special chrome nickel gray iron, cast in one piece. *Crankcase* — Cast iron cast integral with cylinder.

Crankshaft — Seven bearing. Statically and dynamically balanced, drop forged shaft with flywheel flange integral — machined all over. Drilled for forced lubrication.

Main Bearings — Seven bronze back, babbitt lined interchangeable bearings, 2⅝" diam.

Pistons — Lynite Invar strut type, accurately ground and fitted.

Connecting Rods — Drop forged steel. With direct, babbitted crank bearings, bronze piston pin bushing.

Gears — Crankshaft gear, steel. Camshaft gear, gray iron. Generator gear, steel.

Manifolds — Exhaust and intake cast separate, forming a "hot spot" for intake. Water jacketed exhaust.

Ignition System — Delco battery ignition; also double battery ignition furnished special. *Carburetor* — Schebler 1½".

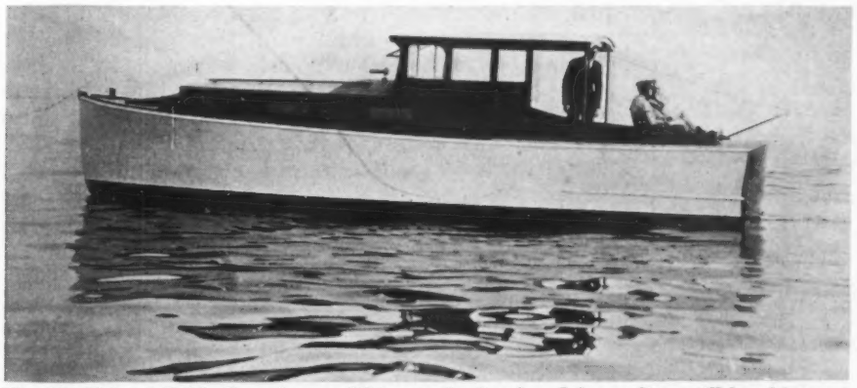
Electric System — Two unit Delco 5-volt system, starter and generator complete.

Scooting over the waters of the Lido. Dario Carbone, dealer for Johnson Motors at Genoa, in his runabout "Gigi III"

A Dee Wite Endurance Test

Great interest centers in two young society women, Maude Hughes, of New York City, and Peggy Radcliffe, of Philadelphia, who will soon pilot a Dee Wite 22-foot runabout from New York to Miami, Florida, on one leg of a 5000-mile endurance run that will take the craft from Detroit, Michigan, to Cairo, Illinois, via Lake Erie, the New York Barge Canal, the Atlantic Ocean, the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi River. The route from Cairo is problematical.

Two sister boats, stock models in the 1931 Dee Wite line, will make the trip — each powered with a Lodge eight-cylinder, 135 h.p. motor developed by Lodge Marine Motors, Inc. The runabouts were launched about October 15th; the endurance trial was to be started a few days after that.



The Marblehead Guide Boat, latest addition to the Staples, Johnson line, will be of interest to the deep-sea fisherman

The New Marblehead Guide Boat

Yachtsmen who take their houseboats to Florida in the winter, and enjoy fishing, are sure to be interested in the new Marblehead Guide Boat, the latest addition to the line turned out by Staples, Johnson & Co., of Biddeford, Maine. Built on the same trim lines as the well-known Marblehead cruiser, this new creation is quite unlike the slow, makeshift guide boats heretofore available for deep sea fishing. Instead, it is a handsome, comfortable twin screw craft, with fine fishing cockpit, sleeping accommodations for four, and speed ranging from 20 miles an hour down to trolling speed. When not used for fishing, it should make a handy errand boat for getting supplies, mail, etc.

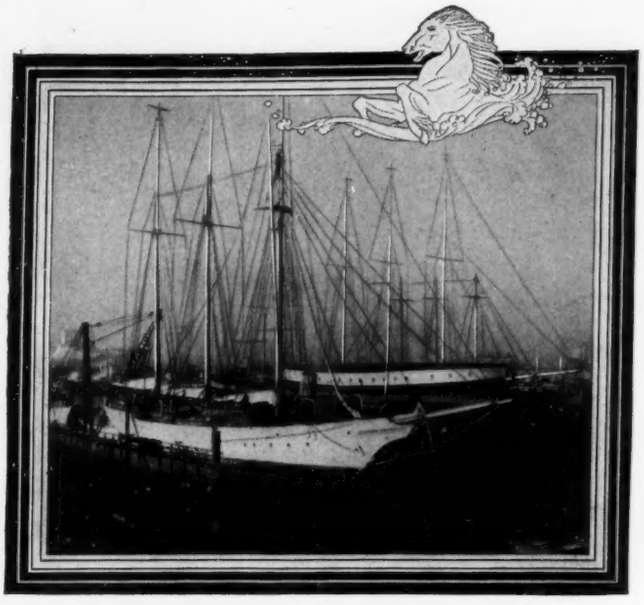
One of these new Guide Boats is a member of the Staples, Johnson demonstration cruise from Maine to Mexico, which started October 15th and is scheduled to end December 15th. Yachtsmen and fishermen may inspect the new boat at any of the various ports of call.

Dodge Expands for 1931

J. Gilmore Fletcher, Managing Director of the Horace E. Dodge Boat & Plane Corporation, of New York and Newport News, Va., let it be known recently that his company is placing orders for boat materials and in other ways making definite commitments in the certainty that the coming year will be one of unprecedented prosperity in the motor boat business.

"General motor boating conditions," says Mr. Fletcher, "are most propitious for 1931, and this company, the largest in the industry, is undertaking no retrenchment program but, on the contrary, is expanding in every way in preparation for the greatest season this fast-growing sport has ever experienced."

Mr. J. Gilmore Fletcher, managing director of the Horace E. Dodge Boat & Plane Corporation



It's Fitting-Out Time All Year 'Round at Tebo Yacht Basin

THE value of Tebo Yacht Basin complete Service to owners of fine yachts lies in its one-point contact.

Complete facilities for all operations. Repair, conversion, fitting-out, overhaul, reconditioning or even redesigning are located within the confines of the Yard—and all of which are conveniently accessible for owner supervision within 15 minutes of lower Manhattan.

Ample storage (wet or dry) for all sizes of yachts and fittings.

TEBO
YACHT BASIN
TODD DRY DOCK ENGINEERING & REPAIR CORPORATION
Foot of 23rd Street *Brooklyn, New York*

TODD NEW YORK U.S.A.

Adventurers All

(*Continued from page 56*)

even in midsummer, Cape Stiff has its terrors, particularly for the little fellow. On January 16th the Horn was passed at a distance of only three and one-half miles, visibility being poor because of flying spray. By the twenty-second the wind had increased to a gale and no sail could be carried. The wheel was lashed and both adventurers were below when the boat was flung on her beam ends, and then, to the horror of the men, rolled completely over. As she righted, both masts were snapped off and the main boom was smashed. Blythe and his companion managed to get on deck and clear the wreck, using the mass of spars and sails that battered at her hull as a sea anchor at a safer distance. They drifted all night. By good luck *Pandora* was sighted by a Norwegian whaler and towed into the whaling station at New Island, in the West Falklands.

Then followed a tedious time making repairs in that out-of-the-way spot where everything is scarce and high priced. (Do you remember Auld Jock in *The Brassbounder* and his struggles with the Falkland Island harpies?) But the whalemen took pity on the two adventurers and repaired the battered *Pandora* without charge. Reading between the lines of the accounts of the voyage, the owners probably had little, if any, money.

At last she was fitted for sea once more and set sail for the northward, leaving the Falklands on March 4th, 1911, for St. Helena. That lonely rock was reached after a leisurely run in good weather and was left on April 26th. Ascension was reached on May 3rd, just a year after the commencement of the voyage. The last leg, the 4,850 miles to New York, was made in 46 days.

She attracted considerable attention while in port and was visited by a good many yachtsmen. They found her roomy and comfortable and learned that her daily average for the 22,000 miles sailed was about 120 miles. But most of them admitted that she was rather a tub.

She sailed from Sea Gate on July 30th, 1911, bound for London. The owners planned to exhibit her at the Crystal Palace and expected to make the passage in about 30 days. But since she sailed out from the bay, nothing has ever been heard from her nor has any trace of wreckage been found that belonged to her. Whether she foundered in an Atlantic gale or was run down by some ship, no one ever knew. She simply vanished into the unknown, bound for the Port of Missing Ships.

Around Gaspé with a Diesel

(*Continued from page 51*)

years out on the coast. The south shore sheltered us so that we did not even know what was going on. As we came out into the Gulf the weather eased up and we had a couple of beautiful days with mild offshore breezes. The Diesel blew nothing but white smoke, which is a sign of peace below, and Java Al got a few hours of comparative rest. We would find him standing in the engine room with his head on a fuel tank fast asleep. He had learned to do it in the Navy, he said. But if his charge gave the slightest uncharacteristic grunt he was instantly awake and in attendance.

Coasting along the St. Lawrence is a lazy business in pleasant weather. If you run off five miles you get a permanent easterly current of a knot or two. But that gives occasion for argument with the sightseeing enthusiasts, for the coast is bold, and well worth seeing. Hill ranges come down abruptly into the sea with dozens of cataracts pouring down through jams of logs. It is difficult to tell where you are, for the little French hamlets, with their tall church spires and clusters of white-

R I V E R H O U S E

THE CHARM OF OLD-TIME RIVER RESIDENCES IN THE SPIRIT OF TODAY

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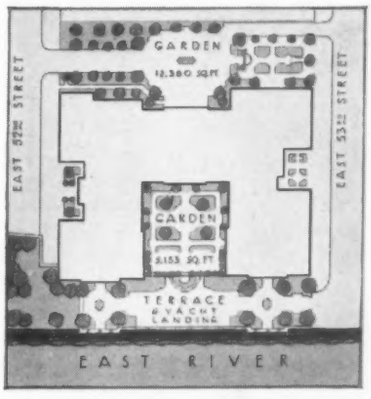

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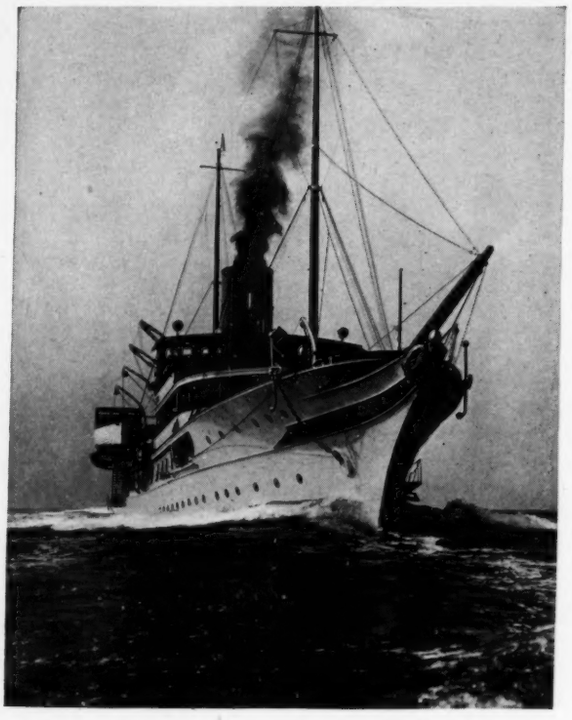

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washed houses, are much alike. A beautiful, barren country, harboring a friendly people.

So came and went Dalibaire, Matane, Grand Vallee, and Fox River, in some of which we put up for the night and in others merely learned the French equivalent for too little water to anchor. It is not a coast where one can put in anywhere, and the day's run must be carefully planned ahead from the scant and not always accurate data available in the Coast Pilot. In any wind north of east or west there are few lees and poor, and in the whole stretch from Rimouski to Gaspé there are not half a dozen snug harbors for a boat over thirty feet. And so each night, if we could, we sought the village store where the mate and the navigator would draw some old fisherman or pilot into conversation and get an up-to-date picture of the coast for the next day. Many times this information was all that made it safe to go on.

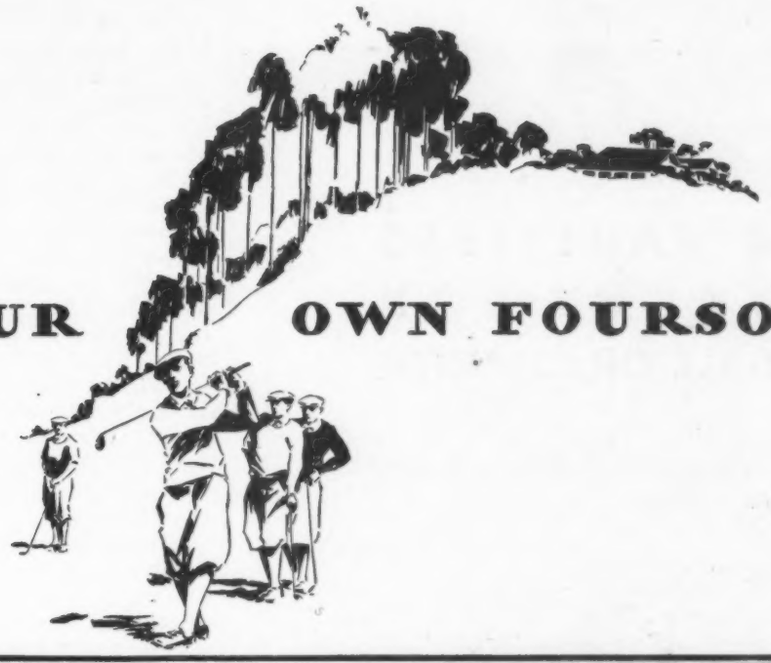
At last, one morning, we rounded the nose of the province of Quebec and wallowed past Gaspé herself in a pea-soup fog. We were so close that our horn echoed loudly and we could hear the seas crashing on the cliffs, but we could see no more than a faint blur to starboard. A stiff sou'easterly was brewing and before long we were taking some of the gulf over our bows.

Gaspé would have been a snug place to lie in bad weather, but as we were ready to go on again by noon, it seemed a pity to waste the time in port. So we set out again for the little-known town of Anse à Beau Fils, thirty miles to the south. During the afternoon the weather thickened somewhat and, as we came down upon the famous Perce Rock, the doubtful lee ahead looked more doubtful still. The chart showed a good dock at Beau Fils, and the Coast Pilot was encouraging, but the bo's'n took a gloomy view of it. The thickening weather and the increasing seasickness aboard seemed to bear him out. So we argued for an hour about it, as was our custom, and eventually decided to go down the remaining three miles and have a look, if necessary returning to find a poor shelter behind Bonaventure Island. Meanwhile, the head sea battered us and a few brave photographers took pot shots at the bleak sides of Perce Rock, which showed grim and cavernous through the mist.

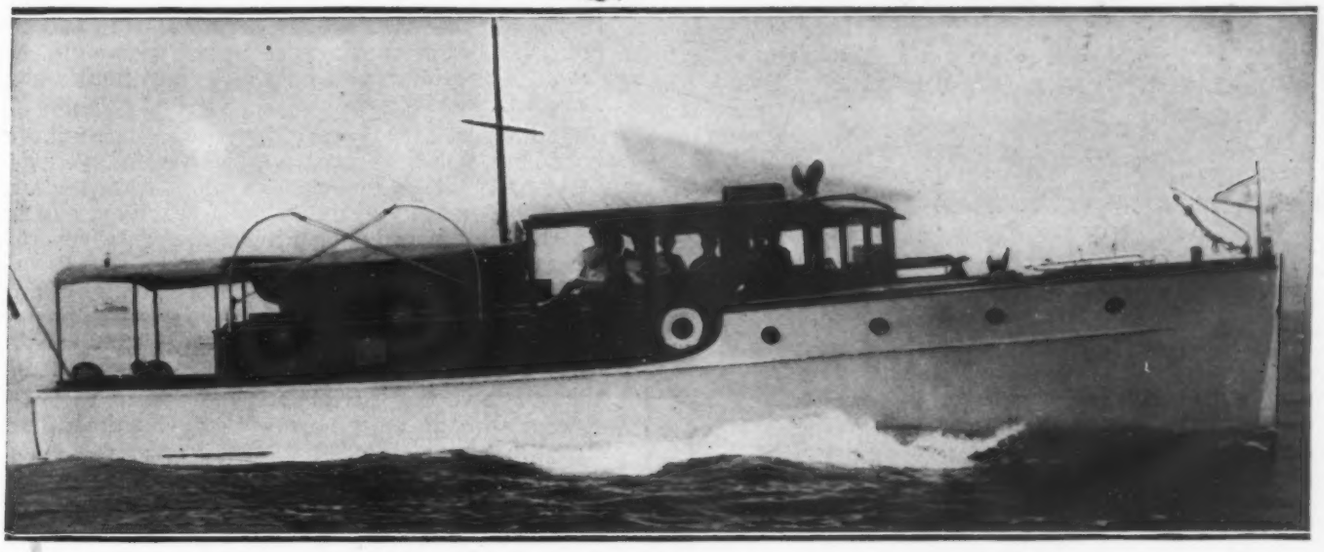
At seven we lay off Beau Fils, searching in vain for the dock and shelter. The long, curved beach showed white in the stormy dusk where the line of rollers broke, and the little breakwater lying athwart the seas was a mass of foam. That there could be a negotiable entrance seemed impossible. We debated in loud tones as the ship slatted and banged in the troughs of the seas. A fishing boat then appeared from seaward and calmly sneaked in behind the breakwater and disappeared. The temptation to follow her in was great, but we were sensible enough to resist it. Instead, we put four men in the lifeboat and sent them ashore in search of information.

After some time the boat returned, bringing a native pilot who spoke reasonably good English. To him there was no problem in entering Beau Fils, and he stationed himself beside me at the wheel and urged us ahead. But in the gathering dusk it was not a pleasant place to take a 40-ton boat, and I should never have attempted it if I had known what it was like. The inner basin was reached by a narrow, bulkheaded canal with two sharp bends in it; across the front of this the breakwater nearly closed off the entrance, leaving barely room to pass and necessitating an abrupt right-angle turn. A sand bar with seven feet on it guarded the entrance and we rode for it on the backs of seas which occasionally broke in the shoal water.

As we approached, the dock was black with people, all shouting and gesticulating. Meanwhile, the old chap in



CARRY YOUR OWN FOURSOME



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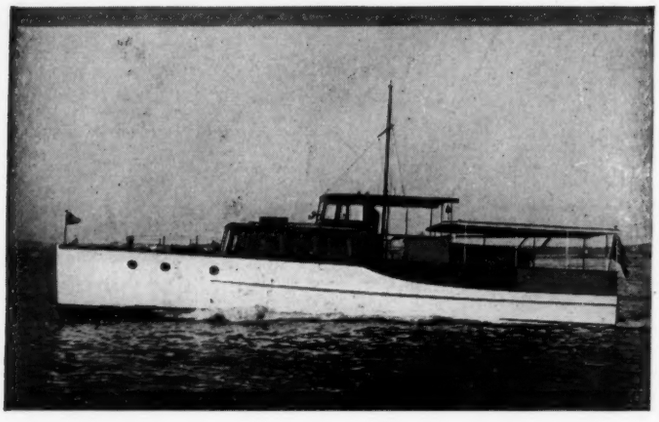

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the pilothouse jumped up and down and shouted orders to everybody. He knew all about the place and nothing of the boat. Quite the reverse was true of myself. Between us we seemed headed for trouble. We came nearer and nearer, and the opening grew smaller and smaller. The next moment we were on the bar, which came up and hit us heavily. Then a following wave boosted us in. We slewed around the turn with just barely room — got a stern line ashore to the windward bulkhead — bumped again — missed the heave on the bow line — couldn't make any orders heard amidst the din set up ashore — gave Java Al four bells for emergency astern, and finally brought up without so much as scraping the leeward dock, the first boat of our size ever to make the entrance — and probably the biggest that could. The weather, having seen us safely in, came on to blow straightway, and we were snugly storm-bound for a day while the easterly piled seas over the entrance, breakwater and all.

Beau Fils was the most picturesque of all our stops — a real Brittany village, with its landlocked basin, and fish factories, and the fleet of little sailing boats that went out together next evening with a newly returned sun on their brown sails. The people outdid themselves in hospitality; they brought us enormous salmon, they slaughtered a cow for us, and insisted on donating milk, whisky, and other necessities. They took us in and got as much fun out of our unexpected visit as we did. No cruise in this region would be complete without a stop at Anse à Beau Fils.

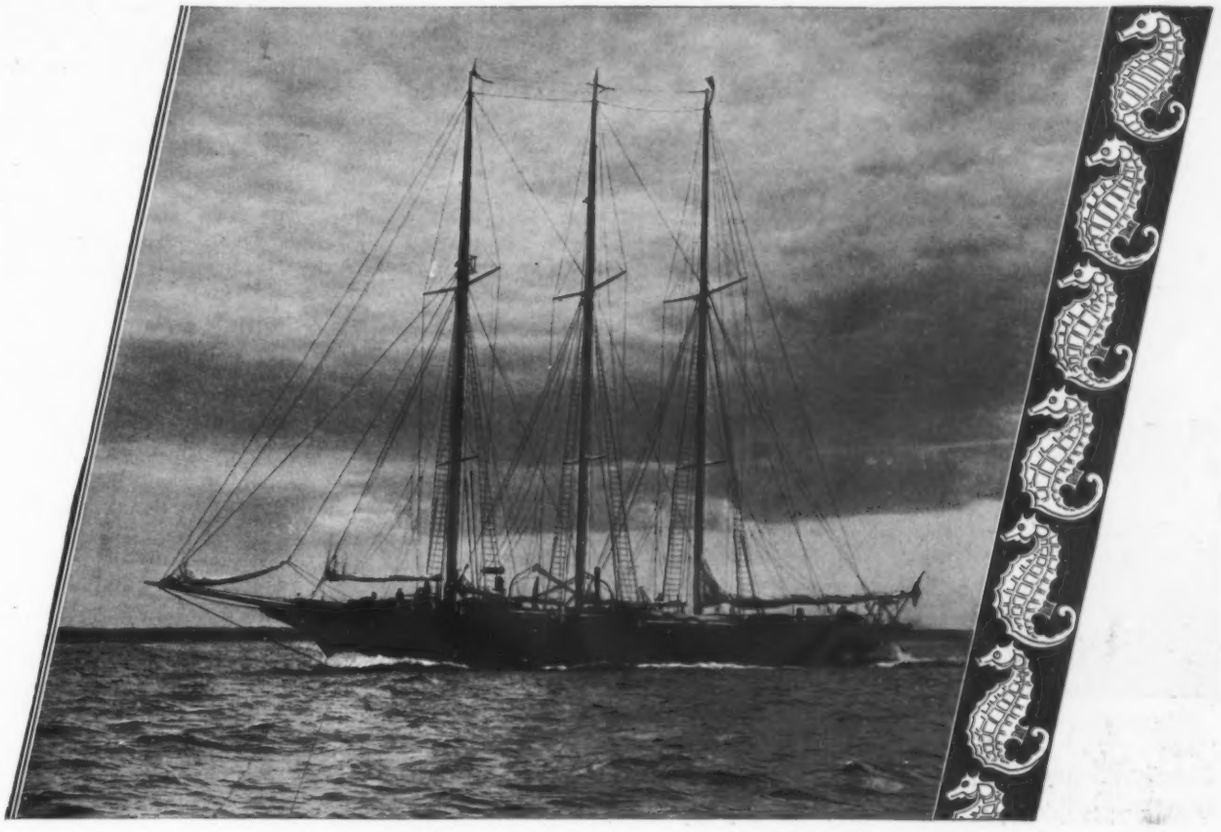
Our next port of call was Shippegan, a flat, uninteresting island, and next day, in a glassy calm, we made the long stretch to Summerside, Prince Edward Island. We were on our way again by noon next day, and for two nights we dropped anchor in deserted little coves on the northern Nova Scotia shore, with only birds and fish for company. Thirty days out of Boston, on a clear cold morning, we whooped through the Gut of Canso on the back of a roaring tide and came at last to the Atlantic.

We ran down the Nova Scotia coast in four days — and went through more narrow channels and suffered with more "boulder bustin" than in the whole four weeks preceding. With a smaller party and no women and children aboard, we might well have made the run from Cape Sable to Boston direct, but under the circumstances it seemed foolish. Our Diesel was getting fussy; it needed a reasonable amount of time off, and had to be cleaned incessantly. So we ran the gut behind Sable Island — which, by the way, is no place for night travel, with its five-knot tide and its strewn shoals, which make of the channel a corkscrew no chart can make clear — and stopped in at Yarmouth.

In a glassy calm and a dense fog, we crossed the Bay of Fundy to Grand Manan, missing all the buoys, but making the intended landfall at Big Duck Island without difficulty, and giving the notorious Bulkhead Rip a wide berth to port. Then we pushed on into violent rain and thunder by North Head.

And so we worked our way down the Maine coast for three days and back to Boston, having lost no more than four of the original adventurers, and having accomplished something which the skeptics at home had repeatedly said was impossible. But the cruise around Gaspé is far from impossible. We had done the whole 2500 miles without a serious mishap. We had left the imprint of our keel and our sides on several boulders and docks, perhaps, but the sea had not licked us, nor will it again next year, when, as I hope, we may visit the Cape Breton country and, if we are hardy enough, go in search of some real icebergs off the end of Newfoundland.

THE ★"BLACK DOUGLAS"



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★ The "Black Douglas", pictured above, is a 153'x 32'x 12' auxiliary schooner of 450 tons displacement, designed by Henry J. Gielow, Inc. and built by Bath Iron Works for Mr. Robt. C. Roebling. She is powered with an 8 cyl. Cooper-Bessemer Diesel engine of 325 H.P. at 500 R.P.M. which gives her a cruising speed of 10½ knots under power.

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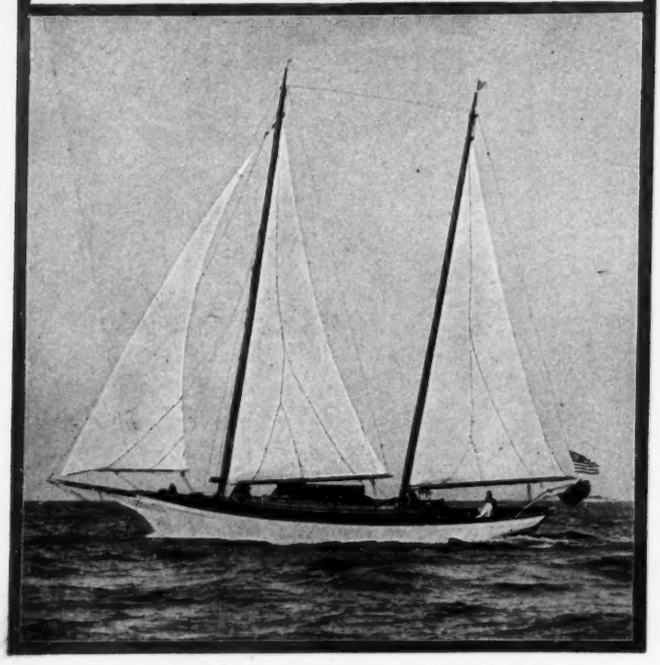

The Yacht Orithia

The Orithia, a handsome auxiliary bugeye built for Mr. Haliburton Fales of New York City is but one of the excellent craft constructed this year by M. M. Davis and Son. Designed by P. L. Rhodes she is 57 feet long and powered by a 40 h. p. Lathrop engine which drives her at a nice 8-mile clip. Truly a masterpiece of construction. Throughout her interior arrangement is decidedly unusual. Main features are an owner's stateroom, huge main saloon, with five built-in berths, two toilet rooms, large galley and good forecastle. It is large, airy, attractive. A fair example of the real joy of sailing.

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M. M. DAVIS & SON

For Three Generations Custom Builders of Fine Yachts

Solomons **Maryland**

With "Ripples" in Sweden

(*Continued from page 59*)

weather end of the line. To leeward of her were Denmark and Holland. The U.S.A. boat was way over at the leeward end of the line.

Ralph Manny cleverly managed to squeeze *Ripples* through the lee of *Norna* just before the first mark which she turned in second place, 12 seconds behind *Ian*. On the second windward leg *Ripples* split with the Norwegian and Swedish boats and stood off on the starboard tack, covering Finland, until she also went off on the port tack. When we finally went off on the port tack we crossed the three Scandinavians but for a while we had quite a fight with the Frenchman. We rounded the weather mark in the lead and there were no changes on the reach except that the Swede got by the Dutchman just before rounding the second mark. From that point on the order was unchanged and *Ripples* slid across the finish line hailed by cheers and sirens announcing her qualification for the finals.

After sailing a good part of the course in light weather, the fourth race had to be called off on account of the expiration of the time limit. The following day the fifth race was sailed and resulted in a win for Denmark, with the Swedish boat second and *Ripples* third. As Sweden, Denmark and the U.S.A. had now each won a race, the following races were limited to the boats of these three countries, which were to race until one of them had won three races.

The sixth event went to *Ian*, the Swedish entry, *K.D.Y.*, the Danish boat, slipping by *Ripples* on the last leg to beat the latter by 23 seconds for second place. This gave *Ian* the edge with two firsts as the three boats entered the seventh, and what proved to be the last race of the series.

This last race was sailed in weather that looked just suited to *Ripples*, — a nice, steady 10-knot breeze from W.N.W. with smooth sea. If we had not been outmaneuvered at the start we would probably have had a pretty good chance of winning the race. The course gave a beat to windward as the first leg. The weather was suited for using a Genoa jib to windward but as we figured on having to do a lot of short tacking we started with working jib and the Genoa jib in stops. *Ian* was chasing us right from the preparatory gun and when approaching the line on the starboard tack, *Ripples* on *Ian's* starboard quarter, we had to hail for room as we passed the stern of the committee boat. The Dane crossed nine seconds after the gun, *Ripples* being 38 seconds late. The Swedish boat short tacked to camp on our wind. We now took a short hitch, crossed Sweden's wake and came back on the starboard tack, being on the weather quarter of the Swede, who had Denmark on her lee bow. The Dane now tacked, thinking that he could cross *Ian's* bow. She found she could not make it, tacked back too late, fouled the Swede and withdrew from the race. This, of course, was very unfortunate for us as it left Sweden with only one competitor, of whom she was then ahead. The race then developed into a short tacking duel, but we could not get free and Sweden rounded the weather mark 1 minute, 24 seconds ahead of *Ripples*. Although we got our Genoa jib up first, *Ian* gained another six seconds on the following reach, but on the run which finished the first round, we managed to reduce *Ian's* lead to 1 minute, 12 seconds.

On the second beat to windward we both carried Genoa jibs, and in spite of a lot of short tacking we cut *Ian's* lead further and rounded the weather mark 52 seconds after her. On the next leg we gained another eight seconds. In spite of all the hard work *Ian* finished just 31 seconds ahead of *Ripples*. She had won her third race and thereby the Gold Cup for Sweden.

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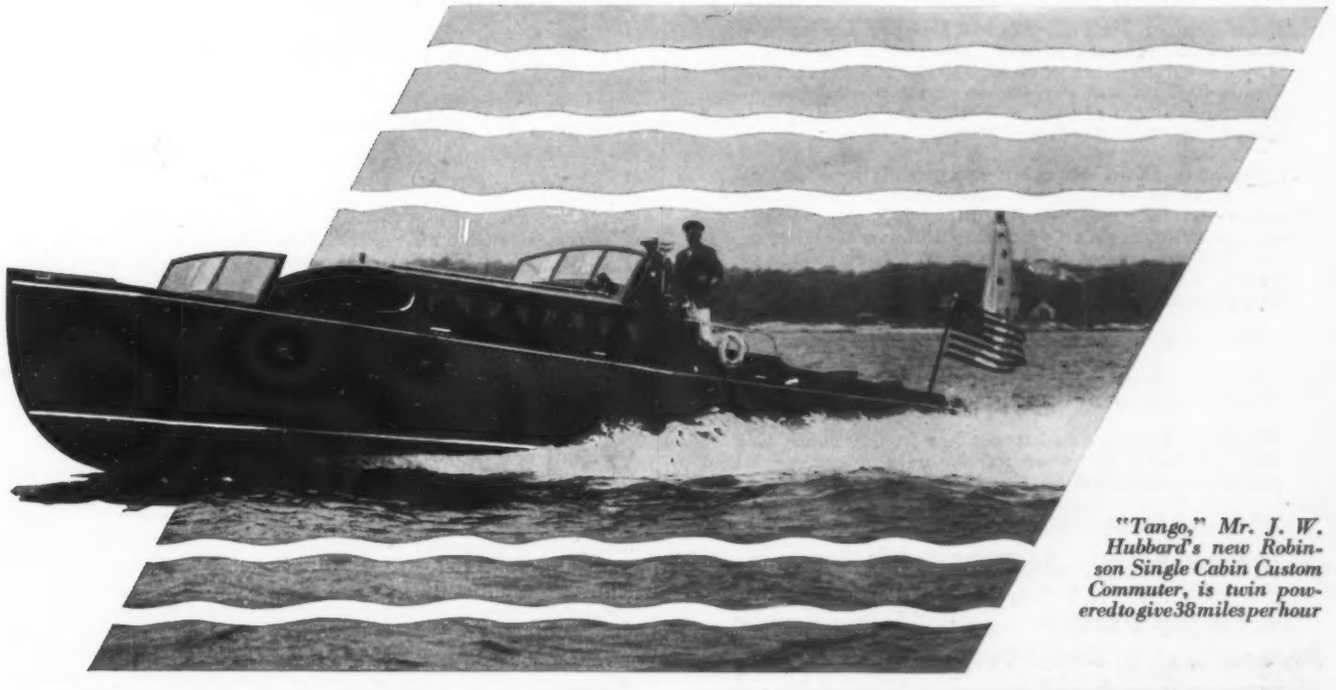
ROBINSON *Seagull* CRUISERS



"Tango," Mr. J. W. Hubbard's new Robinson Single Cabin Custom Commuter, is twin powered to give 38 miles per hour

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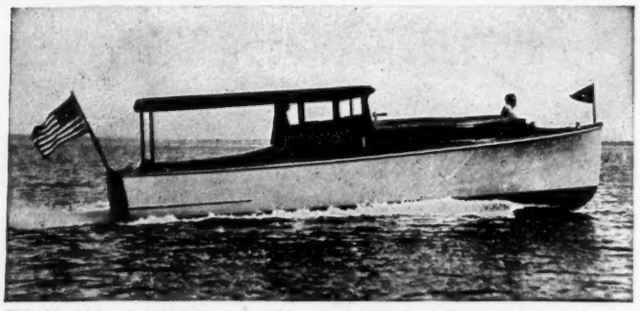
Down the Atlantic Seaboard and through the Gulf from Maine to Mexico

sweeps the demonstration cruise of the

Master Marbleheads



This Marblehead Cabin Cruiser will be accompanied on the demonstration cruise by a Marblehead Guide Boat especially designed for use in Florida fishing waters.

AS a pre-announcement of its 1931 line of Marblehead Cabin Cruisers, Newport De Luxe Commuters and Florida Guide Boats, Staples, Johnson & Co. sounds the opening gun with a performance demonstration cruise from Biddeford, Maine to Matamoros, Mexico.

Two sturdy Marblehead 1931 Models left Maine October 15th. They are making ports of call at principal coast cities of the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, and are due to arrive at Miami about December 15.

These pioneer Marbleheads will be open for inspection at yacht clubs and dealers' moorings at each port. Watch for newspaper announcements of arrival. The Cruise Commander extends to you a cordial invitation to visit him aboard and view the amazing features of these Master Marbleheads.

Unique and luxurious cabin accommodations for six. New ideas in convenience and control. Complete safety—all fill pipes, ventilation, wiring, etc., worked out under supervision of marine underwriters inspector. New motors of mighty power. Your choice of speed. Low cost of building boats in Maine is reflected in new popular prices.

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Watch your chance to inspect her in the South this winter — or defer your purchase of a cruiser 'til you've learned all about the Master Marblehead.

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It costs less to build better boats in Maine.

4408

Great Britain Wins International Race for Model Yachts

(*Continued from page 85*)

maintain the substantial lead he had piled up in the first two days of racing. The regatta was brought to a close with two resails yet to be run, but as these could not affect the relative positions of the contestants and a heavy squall was threatening, it was mutually agreed to divide the points involved. This caused the fractional points which appear in the final scores as follows: *Albion*, 1st, 145½ points; *Yankee Doodle*, 2nd, 90½ points; *Argo*, 3rd, 73½ points and *Hortensia*, 4th, 51½ points. As a possible score for any boat for the three days would have been 180 points, the following are the respective percentages: *Albion*, 80%; *Yankee Doodle*, 50%; *Argo*, 40%, and *Hortensia*, 29%.

What are the lessons, if any, to be drawn from this year's regatta? Is *Albion* an unbeatable boat? To the second question I would reply with an emphatic negative. So far Mr. Daniels and *Albion* have proved invincible, but that formidable combination won the British elimination races by just one point! *Cresset* was undoubtedly a better boat than *Albion* in the heavy weather that prevailed and but for one or two lucky breaks in Mr. Daniels' favor not even he could have defeated her. With her 50 inch w.l. length, 15.2″ w.l. beam, 50 lbs. of displacement and 1823 square inches of sail, *Cresset*, designed by Captain Alfred Turner, R.N., is undoubtedly the most powerful craft ever built to the Class A rule. In spite of her great displacement she is a sweet, clean craft, and judging from what I saw of her performance, should give an excellent account of herself even in moderate weather.

The chief thing that America needs to better her showing at Gosport is, in the opinion of this writer, adequate facilities for testing and racing models under conditions approximating those at Gosport. Boats that will make an excellent showing when handled from skiffs will not necessarily duplicate that performance when sailed from the bank, where steadiness and reliability are at least as important as speed. Recent experience convinces me that there is nothing like bank-sailing with reasonably steady winds to bring out defects of balance, if any, in a design. The Reflecting Pool at Washington seems to be the only lake in this country at present adapted to this type of sailing, but the wind there is so unreliable by reason of various obstructions that it has proved far from satisfactory. There are rumors, I am glad to say, that a suitable pool is planned for Boston, and that ground has already been broken for one on the unobstructed lake front in Chicago. Let us hope that within another year one or both of these lakes will be available.

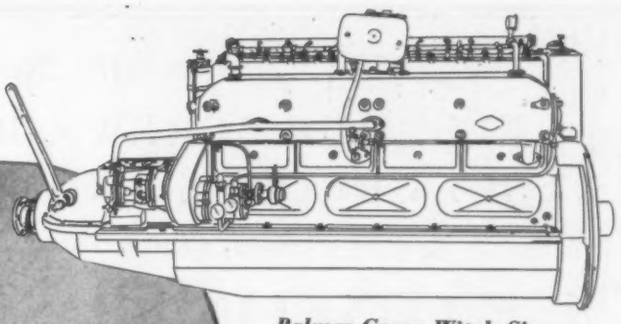
Massachusetts on the Sea

(*Continued from page 97*)

state. But many other industries have contributed to the fame of Massachusetts on the sea. She has for years been preëminent in shipbuilding. The first schooners were built there and sailed the seas with cargoes of fish, lumber, and provisions, many of them losing everything to pirates but many bringing fortunes to their owners.

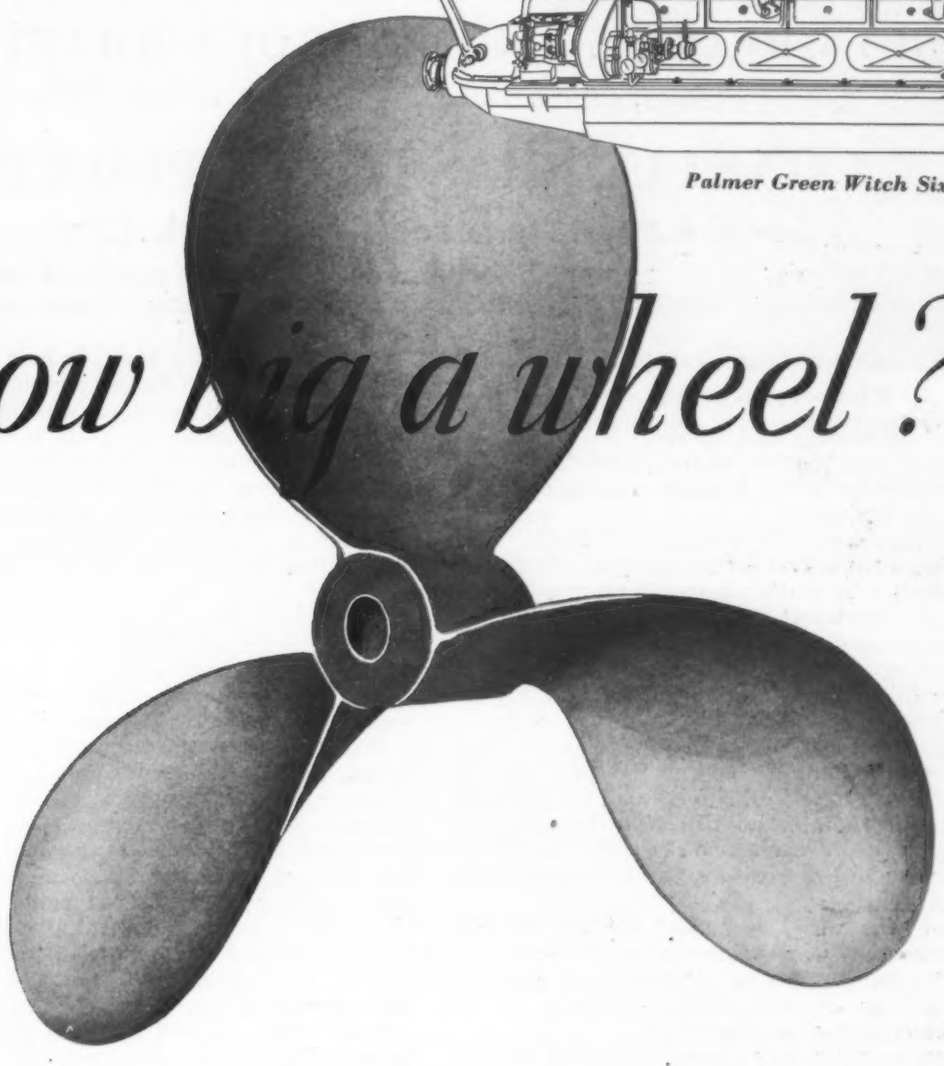
The great whaling industry was established, trading in hides flourished, and a large ice trade developed, great quantities of the latter commodity being sent from New England ponds to South America and the East. Then came the brilliant era of the clipper ship. It was in Massachusetts that Donald McKay developed his famous work, coming there from Nova Scotia. His swift and beautiful clippers brought glory to his own name and that of Massachusetts. Today the very names of his clippers are symbols of speed and beauty. Shipbuilding is still one of the most important industries of Massachusetts, though the clipper ship is no more and the shipyards concern themselves with producing such vessels as the U. S. S. *Lexington*, an airplane carrier, completed in 1927 at the Fore River Shipyards, in Quincy.

The book contains, also, a description of the work of the Humane Society of Massachusetts which established the first life boat in America; a list of the interesting historical exhibits to be seen in the state; and a full history of the famous old ship *Constitution*.



Palmer Green Witch Six

How big a wheel?



YOU can use a wheel with flukes the size of teaspoons, spin it like mad, and call the horsepower anything you like . . . but this is not the Palmer way. Palmer engines are husky enough to deliver the full rated horsepower while they throw a man-sized wheel at sane speed. That is one of the reasons Palmer Engines are known as trouble-free machines. Insist that the boat you buy be equipped with a Palmer Engine.

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PNR4 — 4-cylinder....24 h.p.
ZR1 — 1-cylinder.... 7 h.p.
ZR2 — 2-cylinder....18 h.p.
ZR3 — 3-cylinder....30 h.p.
ZR4 — 4-cylinder....40 h.p.
F2 — 2-cylinder....18 h.p.
F3 — 3-cylinder....25 h.p.
F4 — 4-cylinder....35 h.p.
F6 — 6-cylinder....50 h.p.
NK2 — 2-cylinder....25 h.p.
NK3 — 3-cylinder....35 h.p.
NK4 — 4-cylinder....50 h.p.
NK6 — 6-cylinder....80 h.p.
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The Cruise of the "Carlsark"

(Continued from page 64)

deciding to get out quickly and quietly. "Mucho vento" was no longer on the tongues of the population — the Levanter had subsided and a friendly evening mist was settling over the harbor.

The conniving dockyard company thought their interests quite secure, with *Carlsark* alongside their own piers, well patrolled by soldiers in gaudy green uniforms, topped off with Napoleonic hats worn "wing and wing" fashion. As a precaution, in case they halted our getaway, a letter was left stating that the fine weather prompted our hasty departure, and asked that the bill be forwarded.

First, we had to shake our numerous followers, who shadowed us everywhere in Cadiz in the hope that we would take them to New York. In spite of the fact that we were bound in the opposite direction their ardor to reach the city of their dreams never ceased — there was "N. Y." on the stern of *Carlsark* and they knew some day we would return.

Returning to the quay, we pushed our way through the usual crowd that was eyeing the queer mechanical contrivance on the stern of our dinghy — an outboard motor. As well as arousing endless curiosity it had cheated the dockyard of our ferry fare.

Three-quarters of the way across the harbor the outboard was stopped, and, with muffled oars, we covered the remaining distance to *Carlsark* unnoticed. The lines were quietly slipped, but the noise of the starting auxiliary brought a soldier on the run, jabbering at the top of his lungs. No doubt he had orders regarding *Carlsark*. He arrived ten feet too late, and we bade him farewell with a lusty "manana." He and his followers were too excited to use a gun.

With a blanket over the taffrail to muffle the exhaust, we slipped down the harbor through the mist, with all lights out. Several shrieking whistles opened wide our throttle, as we made all haste toward the three-mile limit. We pictured the whole Spanish Armada madly stoking its three boilers in hot pursuit. King Alphonso was sponsoring a new kind of yacht race. And, had he known of it, I think, he would have joined *Carlsark* and chuckled as we did when we reached the "Freedom of the Seas."

August 27th. In order to allay suspicion we had taken only a small quantity of gas aboard and it expired when we reached the Straits. There was no Levanter to keep us out this time — only a dead calm. But now Hercules seemed satisfied that we were fit to sail his seas and, gradually, an unseen force carried us past Tangier, then Tarifa, and by sunset we could see destroyers in the shadow of a great gray rock. We had been carried in by the ceaseless current that flows into the Mediterranean from the Atlantic to compensate for the greater evaporation of that shallower sea. And then, with a sunset zephyr filling her battered canvas, *Carlsark* slipped tranquilly to rest in the Admiralty harbor. Riding lights came on to send their reflections dancing over the quiet waters. The mastheads of naval vessels twinkled with heliographic lamps. Europa Point Lighthouse flashed red and white, and on the shore, like trees on a mountainside, lights thinned out with altitude, finally melting into the darkened heights of a grim rock — Gibraltar.

Three tugs bumped alongside, bringing health officers, pilots and naval inspectors for their spoils. But even if they had taken our last cent it mattered little, for behind us lay the might and majesty of the Atlantic. We had reached our goal, the place where the blue begins, and soon we would be sailing far into it — the Mediterranean.

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who designed the first EVERDUR-*fastened craft.*

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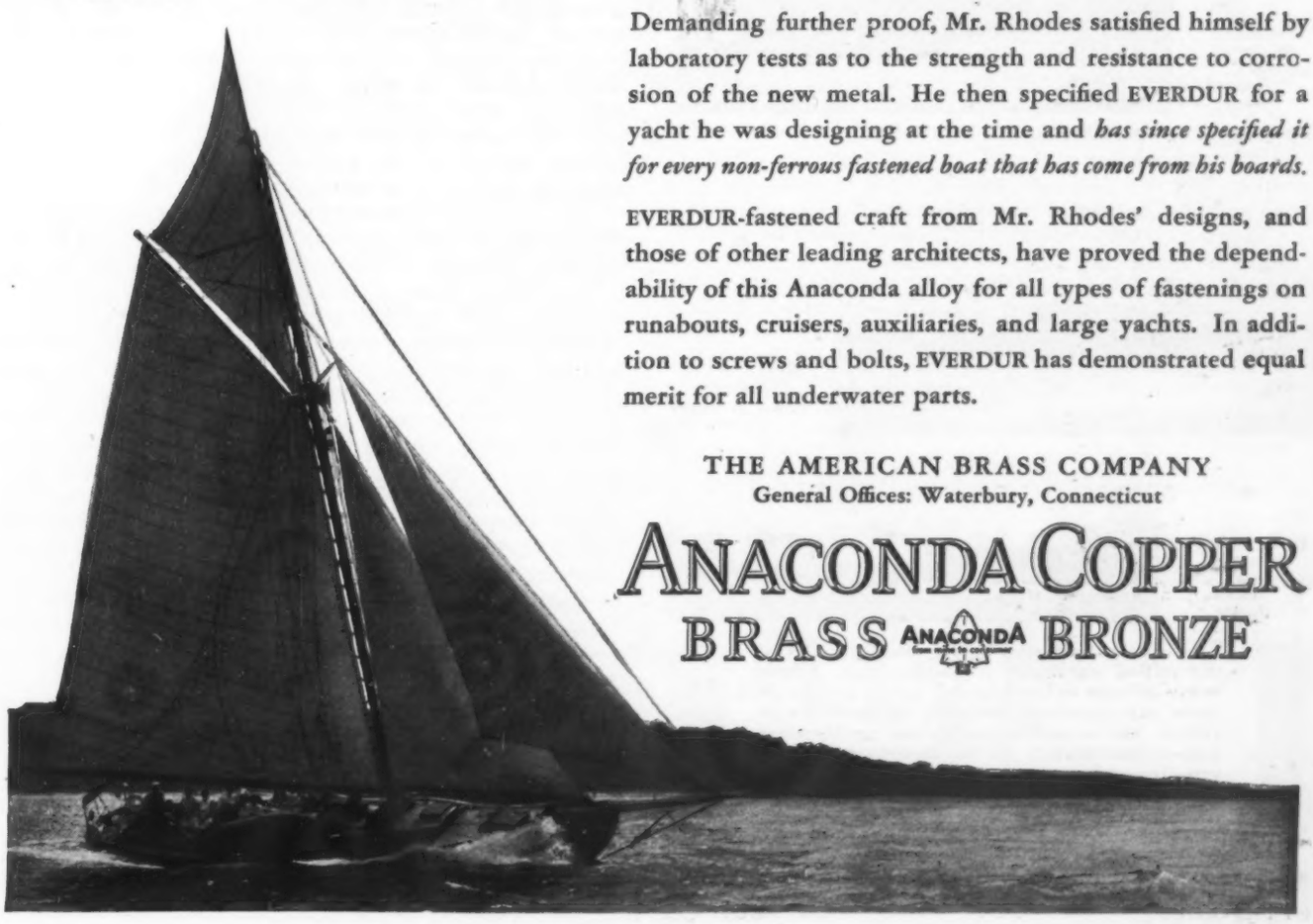
More than ordinarily interested in metals for marine use, Mr. Rhodes was impressed with a demonstration of EVERDUR when he saw screws made of this Anaconda alloy easily sunk by hand into heavy oak without previous drilling; then withdrawn without the slightest fracture of threads or slots.

Demanding further proof, Mr. Rhodes satisfied himself by laboratory tests as to the strength and resistance to corrosion of the new metal. He then specified EVERDUR for a yacht he was designing at the time and *has since specified it for every non-ferrous fastened boat that has come from his boards.*

EVERDUR-fastened craft from Mr. Rhodes' designs, and those of other leading architects, have proved the dependability of this Anaconda alloy for all types of fastenings on runabouts, cruisers, auxiliaries, and large yachts. In addition to screws and bolts, EVERDUR has demonstrated equal merit for all underwater parts.

The EVERDUR-equipped 48' auxiliary cutter, Skal, designed by Mr. Rhodes for Mr. Hobart Ford and Mr. George Smith and built by the Casey Boat Works. Finishing among the leaders in the Bermuda Race, she surmounted an 80 mile blow on her return voyage with remarkable success.



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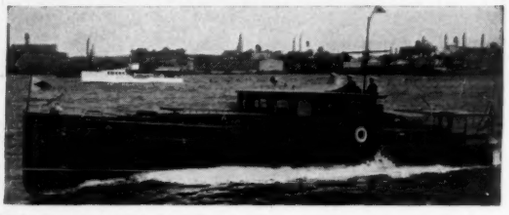
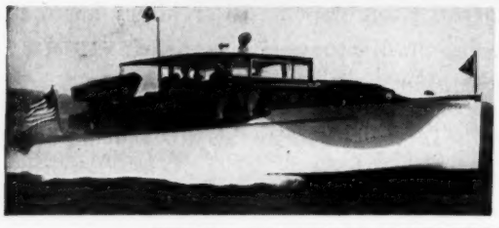
VENUS — 50′ overall, J. King Reckford, *Owner*

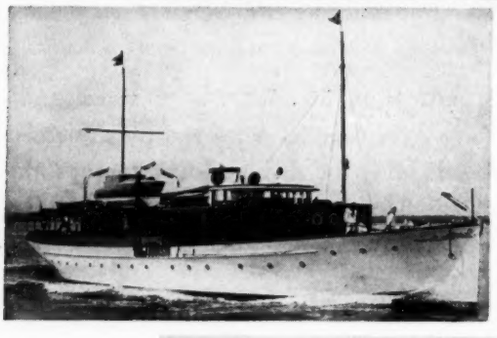


GEREDNA
72′ overall
Joseph H. Higgins
Owner



BAMBALINA
46′ overall
Theodore Pratt
Owner

PHOENIX
40′ overall
Graham C. Thompson
Owner



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Frank D. Hower
Owner

CATAMOUNT
85′ overall
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MARINE CONSTRUCTION CO.
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The Crew on Long Cruises

(*Continued from page 69*)

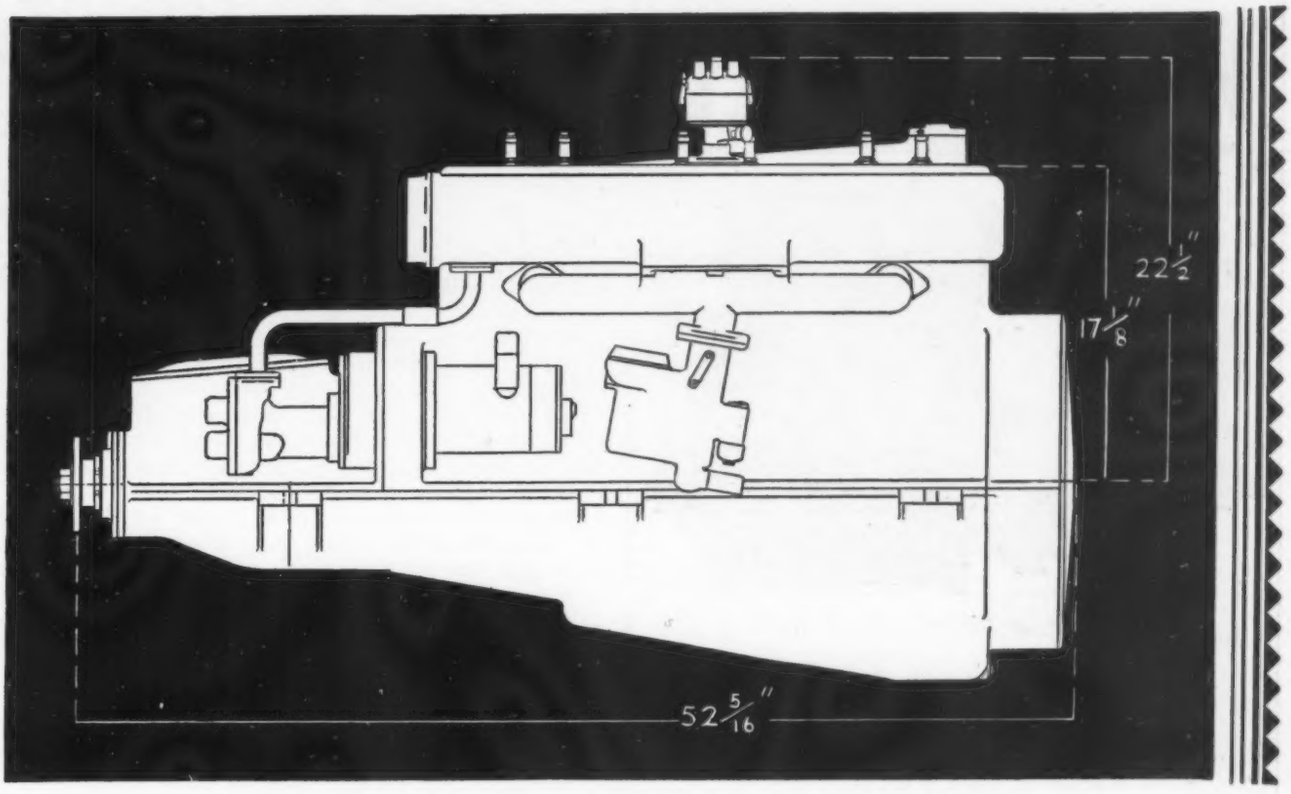
facilitate reducing canvas in a gale as to avoid tearing her to pieces in a calm — a thing the biggest crew you could pack into her cannot prevent. So you may as well have the smallest crew that can arrange one-man watches to their liking. Three watch-keepers and a cook would be my choice; but the cook should be a professional, so that the others may have some common object at which to grumble, and at the moment I'm considering an amateur crew; we'll make it three, all told.

For financial reasons, they may have to pack into the smallest boat practicable; if they were English this would hardly be less than a 45-footer. Nations differ very much in this matter; when I first visited Brazil in *Saoirse* the people there were astonished, not by the smallness of the ship, but by the smallness of the crew, though we thought three rather a crowd. We require a good deal of privacy; we like to have space and a sufficiency of bulkheads around us, within which we can spread out our possessions and commune with them, or we soon begin to hate the faces of our shipmates. But since we have to sit opposite them in the saloon, this ought to be as spacious as possible, and not planned as a potential bedroom.

I believe cruises are often spoiled by a cramped saloon. It really does make a difference to many people if they can get the whole width of the ship away from their *vis-a-vis* instead of being propped up as close as in a British railroad car — the Britisher never speaks to his neighbor on the cars, and his railroad trips are short, anyway. I would prefer, though it adds to the difficulties of construction, the midship section of *Saoirse* to the more usual section I have drawn beside it (Fig. 2). In the latter, the narrow floor seems hardly sufficient to prevent the occupants from sliding together at the bottom of the wedge-shaped interior. The former gives both the designer and the crew trouble with the main deck beams — unless the mainmast is wedged in the cabin top, which I do not think sound practice — but it puts the ballast in the right place. I have assumed a similar section in the layout I suggest for a 45-foot seagoing cruiser to be worked by three men.

There are other points of more obvious importance in the design. If the single watch-keeper is going to sail the ship properly — not reducing sail at night, or any of that sort of thing — he must be as closely as possible in touch with another man, preferably the captain. In *Saoirse* I used to sleep in the chartroom in unsettled weather; in *Ilen* my cabin was right aft. In the plan shown in Fig. 3 I suggest the latter arrangement. If the poop deck is raised 18 inches above the main deck, and the house two feet above that, you get a fine cabin as far aft as you have any use for it. Note that it gives the helmsman considerable shelter, and the smallness of the cockpit adds to his sense of security. I should say that I think an ocean-going yacht ought not to have a counter, which makes repairs to the rudder difficult, so this design would be nearly as long on the water line as on deck. Access to the rest of the cabins might be provided; it would involve a crawl under a big beam sufficiently difficult to discourage its general use.

I have put the other two berths in one big cabin, in the only place where it cannot be used as a passage, that is, right forward. Of course the cabin could easily be divided into two, or enlarged by borrowing on the lavatory and the cupboard space opposite. I think one ought to contemplate the possibility of such alterations, even in the middle of a cruise, and therefore one's accommodations ought not to be too elaborately planned, or finished in too valuable hardwood.



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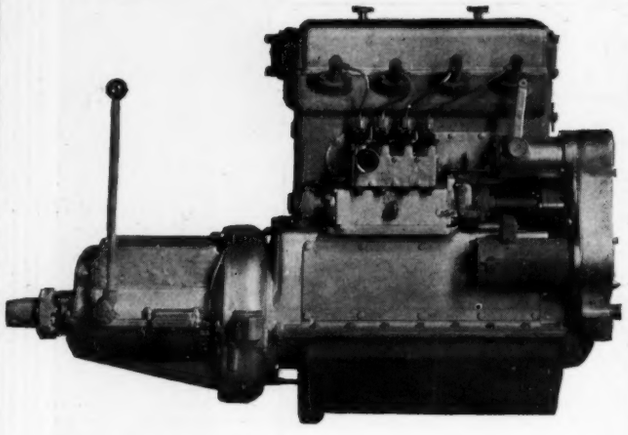

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In most English yachts the galley is in the forecastle, or between that and the saloon — a bad location for a voyage on which good cooking is more important in bad weather than it is in harbor. A galley should have space, light and air, and a safe way of getting the slush-bucket on deck in any conditions. *Saoirse's* galley is the best-arranged one I know. It has the merit that the helmsman can keep an eye on the fire, and reach down through the chartroom to get himself a mug of cocoa off the stove.

The other plan looks rather wasteful when compared with *Saoirse's*, but the latter has not, in fact, enough stowage space; the room designated for the captain is often used for stores, and if we ever get an engine it will be the engine-room, too. The 45-foot boat, having a longer after-body (*Saoirse* has a counter) could get an engine in under the companion ladder.

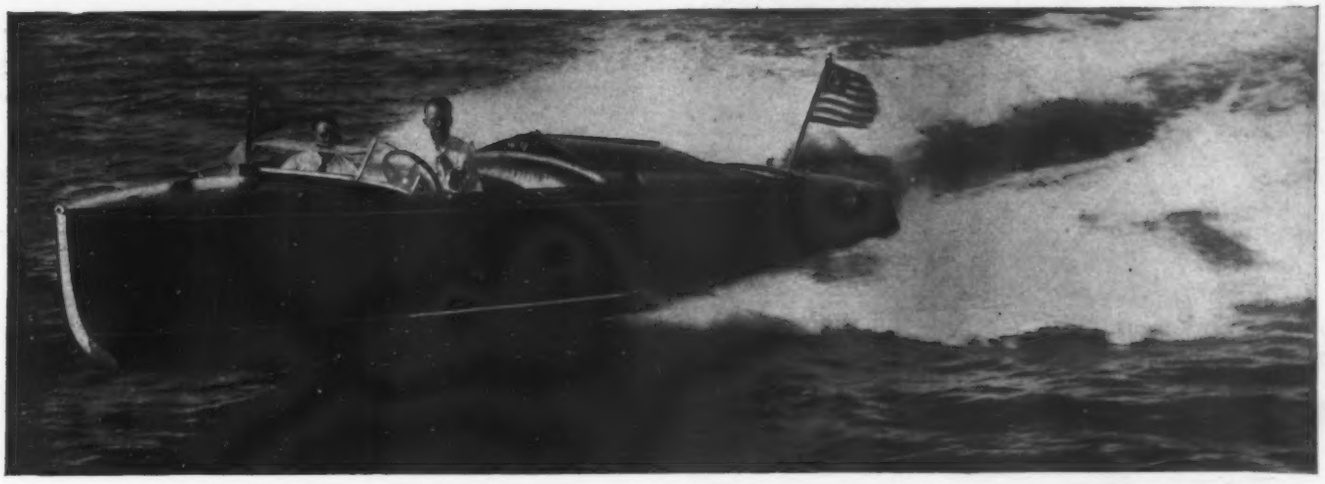
I had another idea in my mind when planning this after cabin so much bigger than *Saoirse's* chartroom. When the amateur crew is not available, here are ideal quarters for the paid crew; handy for them to relieve each other at the wheel, and a short crawl to the galley, so they can get their meals without the embarrassment of carrying the grub through the saloon. But note that, if a cook only is shipped, the galley is six feet long, so he can have a cot there. Take it all around, I think this is the more workable plan of the two.

Now let us suppose our prospective navigator is affluent enough to build a larger vessel, and start with two or three paid hands, and a couple of friends aft. In a way, the designer's job is simpler; at any rate, the design is more inevitable. I say the amateurs are going to berth aft, because I want to restore the chartroom, and make it communicate with the captain's cabin. In fact, you can see from the sketch what a simple plan this is (Fig. 4). As far as the break of the poop, it is the usual English layout; abaft that, it differs in that the helmsman can consult the captain, if necessary, most times without turning the latter out of his bunk or having a messenger standing by.

Putting the amateurs aft means putting the professionals, and therefore the galley, forward; and I can see considerable trouble about this; there will want to be something pretty substantial in the way of skylights and hatches to keep the water out of the frying-pan when she's butting into a Trade wind sea and the temperature below decks is over 100 degrees. However, most other people manage with this arrangement, so I suppose we shall.

The other difficulty is the location of the engine. I have strong views about the provision of a proper engine-room, if one has power at all, but I'm not going to insist on them, since the usual practice seems to be to put the machine under a mahogany box that pretends to be part of the companion ladder. I judge from other men's logs that this is a bad practice; usually, when they want the motor, it won't start. The only engine I ever had dealings with stood out in the open; I didn't have to shift furniture to run it, so I ran it at least once a week, whether it was wanted or no, and, either for that reason or because it liked being admired, it never failed me. However, I do not put enough store on the power equipment of a yacht that would get across the ocean more quickly if she did not have a wheel astern of her, to spoil her cabins; if you want to do the thing properly, make her four feet longer, put the engine in an enlarged chartroom, with the shaft going forward and inclined slightly down to a beveled gear-box in the bulkhead between the captain's cabin and the after stateroom.

That brings her up to 60 feet, but three men can still bring her home. Above that, other considerations may arise; but I have reached the limit of my experience, so I will make it the limit of this article.



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From boating centers in America and Abroad —from the winter victory at Palm Beach to the President's Cup Regatta and Italy's National Regatta at the Lido comes word that Hackercraft have swept the field with a brilliant consistency. Last year, if you recall, Hackercraft lead in owner-driver victories both in Europe and America with standard hulls and stock engines. This year has duplicated and exceeded past performance, conceding to Hackercraft an enviable position of leadership—A performance record without a single parallel—A reputation which signalizes clean sportsmanship without factory interference or panicipation. . . . Proof that Hackercraft are fastest for their power.

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Palm Beach Regatta, first place, 200-225 class. *Great South Bay Regatta*, first, not over 200 H. P.; second, with 225 not over 300 H. P. *Miles River Chesapeake Championship*, first place, unlimited. *Adirondack Circuit Regatta*, first place, free-for-all. *Essex Regatta*, first place, free-for-all. *Westport Regatta*, first place, free-for-all; second place, 200-300 H. P. class. *Les Cheneaux Islands Regatta*, first place, free-for-all. *Burt Lake Regatta*, first place, 225 H. P. class. *Harbor Springs Regatta*, first place, free-for-all. *President's Cup Regatta*, first place 225 H. P. class; second place (with 225), 300 H. P. class. *A. D. A. C. Regatta—Germany*, Gabarty Gold Cup for consistent performance and speed. *Severn River Trophy*, first, 225 class. *Pass Christian Gulf Coast Regatta*, first place. *Lake George Regatta*, first place, free-for-all. *Burlington Regatta*, first place, 200 H. P. class. *Lake Winnepesauke Regatta*, first place, 250 H. P. class. *Crooked Lake Regatta*, first place, free-for-all. *Mullet Lake Regatta*, first place, 225 H. P. class. *Herald Harbor Regatta*, first place, 225 H. P. class. *Lido, Venice*, first place, 12 litre class; second place, 12 litre class.

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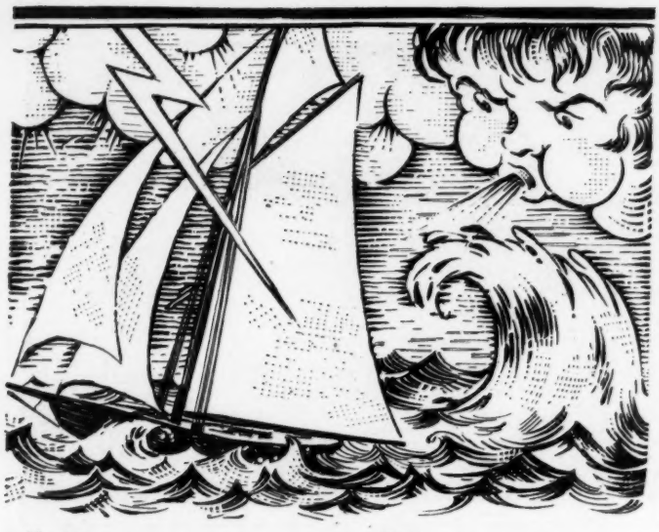
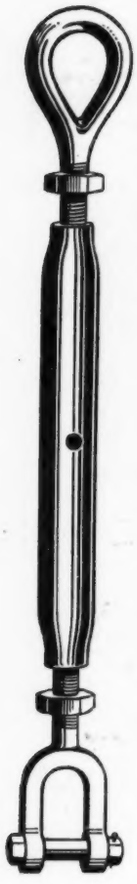


"SHIVER MY TIMBERS ..... But you can't snap my Weather Shrouds!"



"Those Laughlin turnbuckles are built to last . . . and no matter how hard your gale may strike, or how you toss your waves, you can't do anything about it!" And with a laugh the old Fishing Schooner plunged into the flying spray of the angry sea.

Sometimes it seems as if the elements and the sea are in cohoots to bring you to an untimely end . . . but you can foil them every time if you *insist* on Laughlin fittings. For Laughlin builds to resist sea . . . to withstand the salt . . . to laugh at corrosion.

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Write for the Laughlin catalog and special folders on marine supplies.

THE THOMAS LAUGHLIN CO.
190 FORE STREET PORTLAND, MAINE

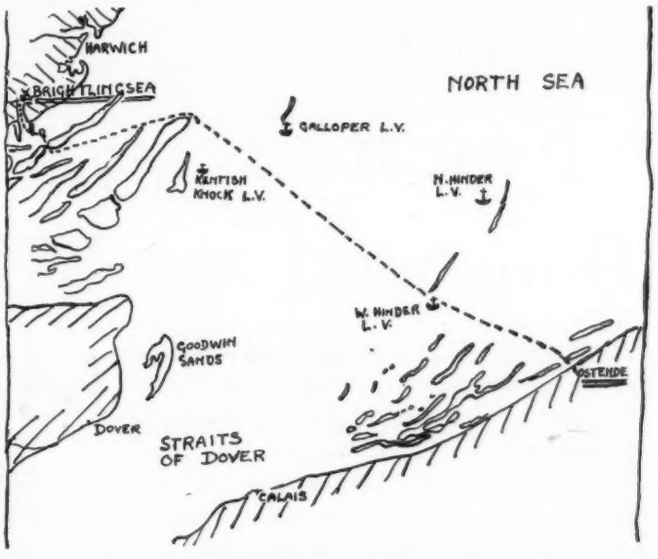
A Race Across the North Sea

(*Continued from page 66*)

saved the lives of *Kestrel's* crew between midnight and dawn next morning, and I think, if only we had had two bottles, we certainly would have won that race.

By 11.00 P.M. we were clear of the Estuary with its multitudinous sands and tearing along S.E. with a strong and rising wind just before the beam. By midnight it was blowing hard and I watched the seas roll up abeam, expecting each one to come aboard and join us in our yawning cockpit. It needed only one sea in there to sink us, so I suggested a reef. And while we were about it we put in two, finding, when we reached away again, that the second reef was needed.

Half way across to Ostende lie the Hinder Shoals, marked by the North and the West Hinder Lightships. I believe the North Hinder must be the most powerful lightship in the world, for we saw the loom of it clearly



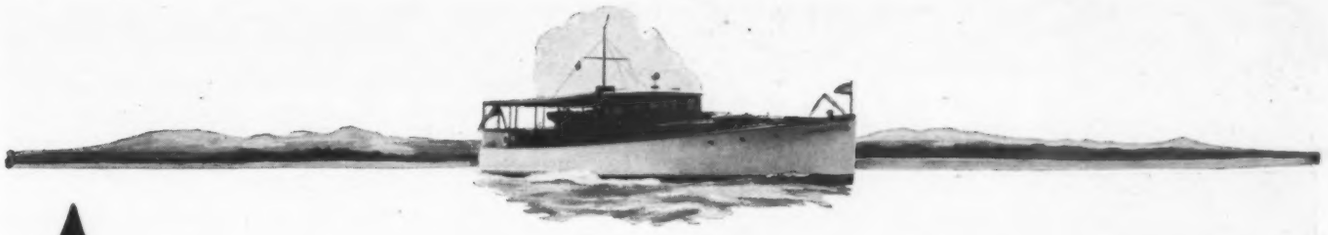
A course from Brightlingsea to Ostende was sailed

when thirty miles off; while as for the West Hinder, for which light we were steering, we could not pick it up at all. Perhaps it was hidden by the flock of steamers which here afflicted us. These came blundering up from all directions; thousands of them. Hundreds of thousands, in fact, and none of them seemed to be watching their step. We had to dodge. One confounded fellow actually followed us about, dogging us as if determined to cut us down, until Brown, my shipmate, unlimbered an exceptionally powerful electric torch which he carries around for these occasions. He trained this engine suddenly onto that infernal steamer's bridge and threw such a scare into her that her engines stopped of their own accord while she took an eight-point sheer to starboard.

I shall remember the dawn that morning for a long while. It was pale, cold and cheerless. And so were we. We were wet through, too, and the water was slopping about all over the boat, inside and out. Worst of all, our bottle of Hollands was finished and, although I have never been seasick, I knew I would be if I ventured into our infinitesimal fo'c'sle and tried to make some hot coffee. And just then, to clinch matters, the wind headed us and we knew the ebb tide, which had just commenced to run, would now set us for the next six hours dead to leeward of our destination.

Why does anyone, not a congenital idiot, deliberately and of his own free will go to sea in a small boat?

Presently the sun came up and things began to look



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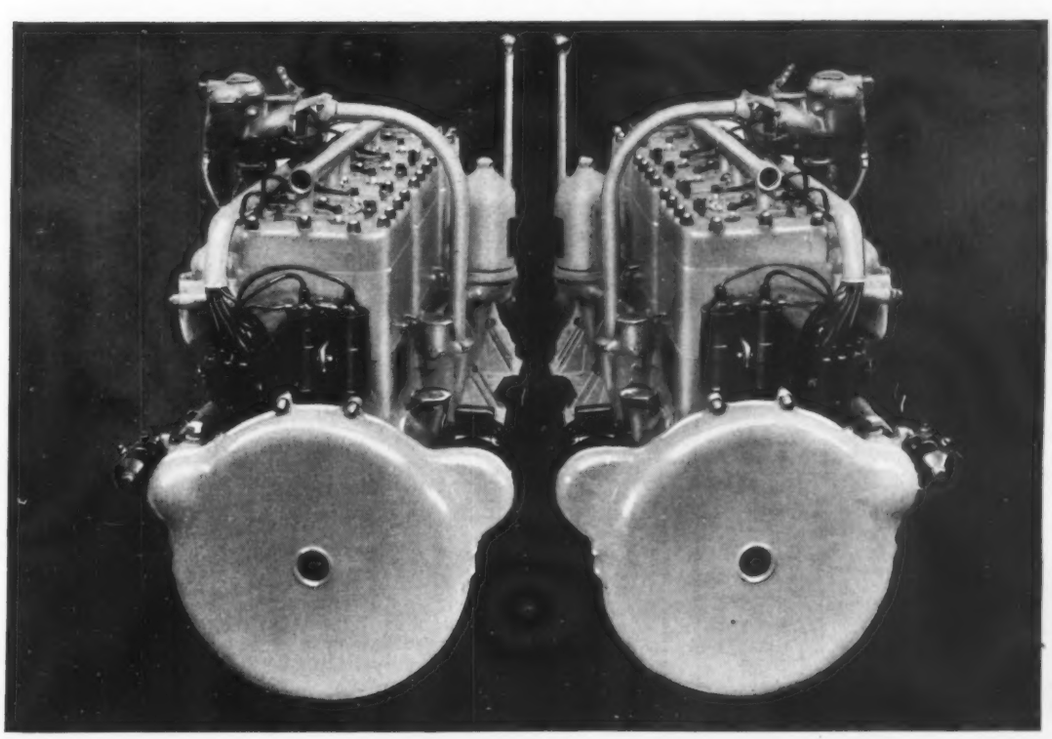
SCRIPPS TWINS are available for prompt delivery in five distinct power ratings—100 and 125 H. P. medium speed—150, 175 and 200 H. P. high speed, fully described in an attractive booklet which will be sent on request.



The wide acceptance of SCRIPPS motors by so many prominent builders of standardized craft who offer them as standard or optional equipment is significant of SCRIPPS unfailing dependability.

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SEA LYON "40"*
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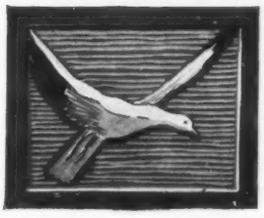
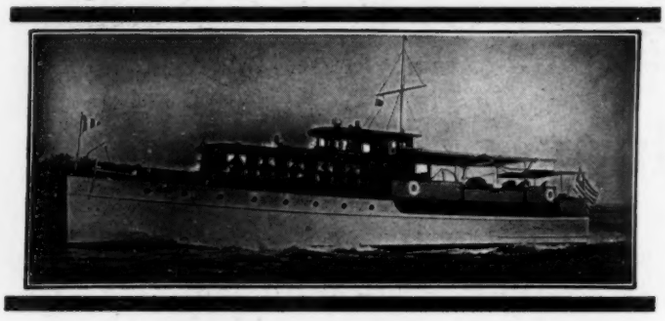
STAPLES-JOHNSON*
SUNBEAM "46"
WHEELER "PLAYMATES"*
Foreign
BRITISH POWER BOATS
OSBORNE-CRAFT—*England*
CLAUS CRAFT—*Germany*
CHANTIERS NAVAL
EXCELSIOR
DESPUJOLS—*France*
ORTHOLAN—*Argentina*
BURLAND—*Bermuda*
*Optional



SCRIPPS

· THE MOTOR THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC ·

SCRIPPS MOTOR COMPANY, 5833 LINCOLN AVE., DETROIT, MICHIGAN



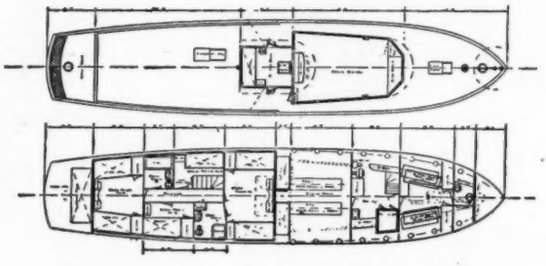
An Ideal Winter in the South

If you spend the winter in Florida or in other Southern Coast States, you can make it ideal by ordering one of our standardized 77-foot Cruisers — recognized as a perfect example of fine yacht designing and building. This increasingly popular model is absolutely seaworthy and safe in all weather conditions, and is constructed for long, hard service. It is swift and steady, beautiful in appearance, handsomely finished and with furnishings and equipment found only in yachts of much larger dimensions.

We cordially invite you to visit our Shipyard and thoroughly examine this remarkable yacht. A demonstration can be arranged by telephone. Full details, exterior and interior views, prices, etc., mailed upon request.

SPECIFICATIONS

16-foot Beam
Double-planked Hull
Decks of Teak
Houses of Mahogany
Two Double Staterooms
Two Single Staterooms
Two Bathrooms
Combination Dining and Living Room
Large Deck House
Captain's Stateroom adjoining Pilot House
Galley running full width of boat
Quarters forward for Crew of Four
Frigidaire Ice Machine
Decatur Pressure Water System
110-volt Electric Generator
Bilge Pump
Electric Windlass
15-foot Tender
12-foot Dinghy
Unusual Appointments and Refinements
Powered with either Gasoline or Diesel Motor



Ever since we started business over thirty years ago, our Custom-built Department has been an integral part of our organization. We are ready to submit plans and specifications covering your individual ideas and desires.

The New York Yacht, Launch & Engine Co.

Morris Heights, New York City

Phone: SEDgwick 4880

more rosy — as they generally do if you wait long enough. We ate some plum cake, drank cold coffee out of a thermos, swore we would never, never go to sea again without at least a case of Hollands in the hold, and then set the mizzen. Then a stack of dominoes stuck themselves on end on the rim of the sea ahead of us and Brown said, "Ostende! And we'll make it yet on this tack if the tide's not too strong."

But the tide was too strong. It always is. So we wasted a precious hour making short tacks along the shore until the pierheads were at last abeam. Then we saw a speck to windward, coming down fast. It was *Jean*, and we laughed and said, "Well, we've beaten *her*, anyhow," and tacked to cross the finish line between the pierheads. But we had not reckoned with the tide that comes spewing out of Ostende's harbor. It took us and flung us half a mile out to sea and we suffered all the agonies of beating slowly back again while we watched *Jean* come reaching along at speed. Soon we were fifty yards from the line and *Jean* one hundred, but we were hard on a wind, while she was reaching free and going two feet to our one. With our bowsprit five yards from the line, *Jean's* bow was level with our counter. "We'll just do it," said we, and then a foul puff shook our sails and laughed at us. However, *Kestrel* carries her way well. She kept moving, and those two little boats, after sailing ninety miles, finished together to one gun — an absolute dead heat.

We found the larger yachts already moored inside. *Ilex*, the scratch boat, was first in, having sailed the course in exactly twelve hours. As she sailed round the sands, instead of across most of them as we did, she must have averaged eight knots and more. *Nellie*, handicapped by the loss of her topsail gear, arrived next, having been pushed for all she was worth and logging nine knots during one hour under jib and mainsail. She saved her time on *Ilex* by one hour. All hands reported a strenuous night, no accidents and a plague of steamers. When the figuring was done we found that *Jean II*, the smallest boat to finish, was the winner, with *Ariel*, our companion of the night, second, and ourselves third.

The corrected times are as follow:

Jean II	H. D. Barton	9.32.30
Ariel	J. B. Kirkpatrick	10.36.30
Kestrel	Dr. H. R. Brown	10.51.30
Nellie	Capt. H. C. Tetley	10.53.45
Coronilla	F. L. Tempest	11.01.30
Ilex	R. E. Yacht Club	12.00.00
Marine	R. W. Braithwaite	12.26.40
Fairlight	Major Barrie	14.09.25
Betsy	R. Blewitt	15.50.50
Mignonette	L. C. M. Worsp	Not timed.

Protecting Your Boat from Fire

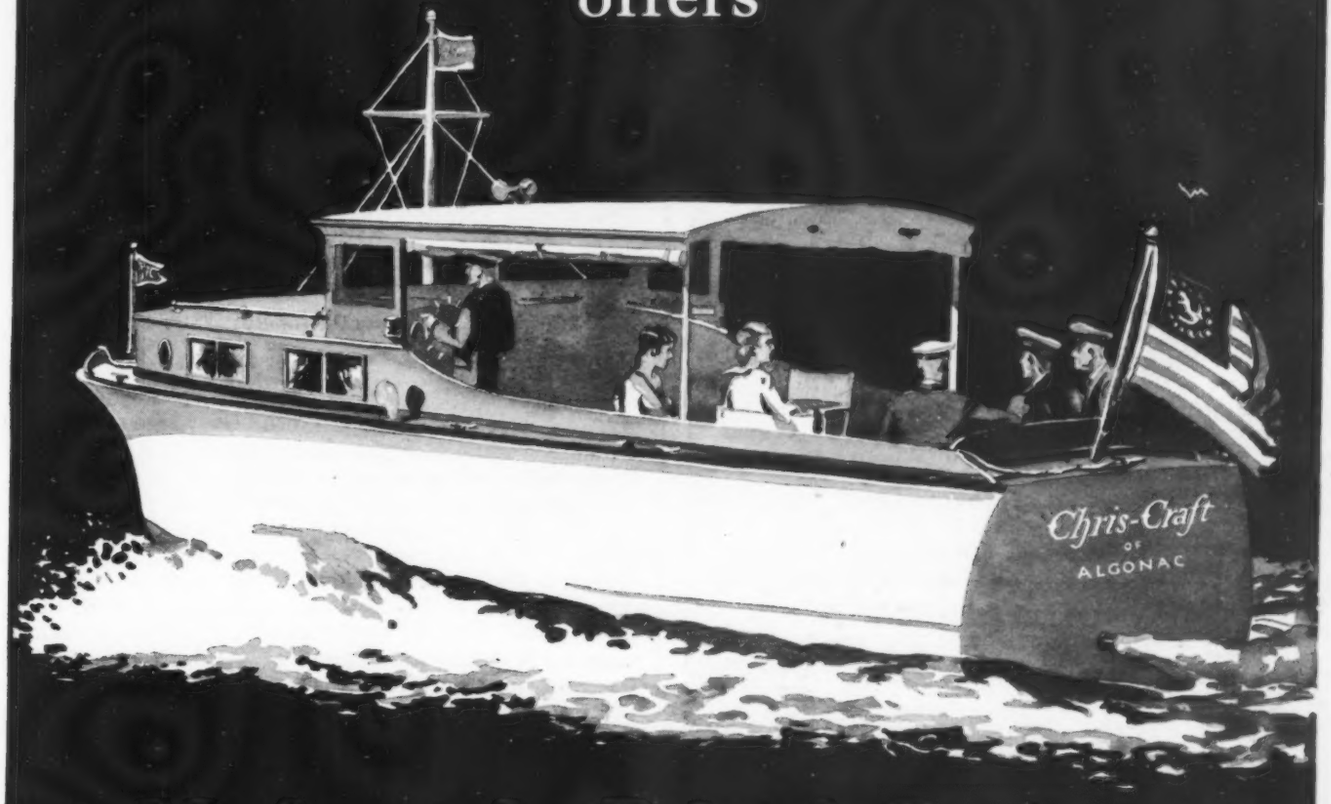
(*Continued from page 73*)

other spaces to be protected, where they terminate in specially constructed and placed discharge nozzles. With such a system on board, it is not necessary, in case of fire, even to approach the burning area, for by means of a remote control hook-up, located where it is readily available, the system may be instantly actuated by simply pulling a cord, enclosed in a neat box of small dimensions. The extinguishing action of carbon dioxide gas is almost instantaneous. Numerous cases are on record where even an intense gasoline and oil fire has been smothered in less than five seconds by a carbon dioxide system.

Many builders of standardized boats now include such systems as standard equipment. It seems inevitable that, sooner or later, the purchaser of a boat will demand

CHRIS-CRAFT

offers



Moderately Priced Cruisers

Cruisers such as every true yachtsman has often wished Chris-Craft would build . . . V-bottom in design . . . easily maneuvered . . . fast . . . luxurious . . . seaworthy. ¶ Stamped with the genius and artistry of three generations of fine boat building . . . sound within and smart without. ¶ Available in single and double cabin models . . . with plenty of deck and cabin space for a large party of guests. There is a comfortable full-width seat in the after cockpit . . . a convenient vantage point for the fisherman. A large and completely equipped galley makes meal time an "occasion". . . instead of a necessity. ¶ See your nearest Chris-Craft merchant for complete information.

CHRIS-CRAFT CORPORATION - 411 DETROIT ROAD, ALGONAC, MICHIGAN

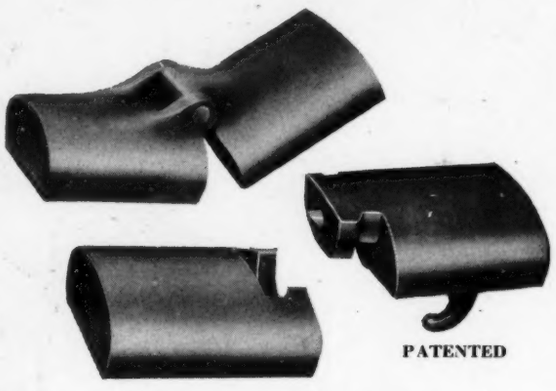
New York Direct Factory Branch - 1 West 52nd Street at 5th Avenue

Runabouts—Sedans—Commuters—Cruisers—Yachts

Chris-Craft

MARINE HARDWARE *SPECIALTIES*

Rail Hinge Socket Set
Cast of BRONZE Polished

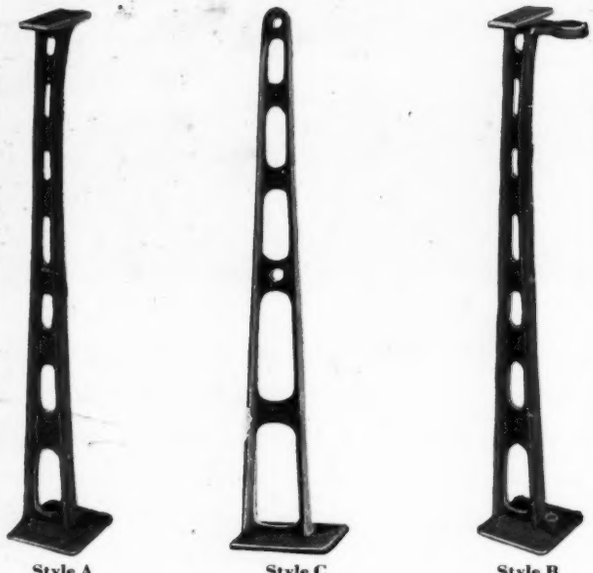


PATENTED

Accidental opening of rail is prevented by this new, positive, automatic locking latch with Dovetail Joint.

Made in three sizes:
No. 1 fits 2½" x 1⅛" Rail
No. 2 fits 3" x 1⅛" Rail
No. 3 fits 3½" x 1⅜" Rail
Larger sizes to order

Rail Stanchions Cast of BRONZE



Style A — Style C *Patented* — Style B

Styles A and B have top pads for wooden rails. Style B has supports for awning stanchions. Style C has eye at top for wire rope.

Bases and top pads are drilled and countersunk for wood screws. Centre webs are drilled for wire rope.

These stanchions are a Rigid I-Beam Section. They have unlimited strength and are neat in appearance.

Made in four sizes for:
18", 24", 27" and 30" Rail Heights
Larger sizes to order

Manufactured and Sold by

BUCKHOUT BOAT CORPORATION
1 Union Street
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

such protection. When the time arrives there is little doubt but that the number of serious fires on pleasure craft will show a marked decrease.

Fire protection and fire prevention translated means just one thing — *safety*. If we give the same attention to these twin problems as we do to appearance, speed, and all-around performance in our boats, they will virtually take care of themselves.

Just one more point. If you own a boat and are desirous of knowing just what type of fire protection devices are needed, by all means consult someone, who, by knowledge and special training, is equipped to give you that information. A leading manufacturer of fire-fighting equipment has a staff of such experts, who will be glad to inspect your boat and make unbiased recommendations for making it safe from fire. This same expert will then supervise the installation of any equipment purchased and will thoroughly explain and demonstrate its operation.

The Federal Motor Boat Laws

(*Continued from page 76*)

all navigable waters in such a manner as to make it almost impossible for any motor boat to be operated on such waters without coming under the scrutiny of enforcement officials.

If the motor boat and its equipment are found to satisfy the regulations in every respect, the inspecting officer may or may not make a note to that effect. But, should a violation of the laws be discovered on the occasion of such an inspection, the officer will, in all cases, make note of the vessel's identification marks, together with the names and addresses of the owner and operator of the craft. It is advisable, therefore, for the person in charge of the vessel to inquire of the inspecting officer as to his findings. Should the inspection disclose a violation of the law, it may prove of future advantage to have the inspecting officer explain fully just how the law has been violated. Detailed information at this time will enable the owner of the motor boat to correct the undesirable situation without undue delay. Likewise, it will prevent any possibility of confusion in his mind when he later receives official notification of the violation.

All violations are reported by the detecting officer to the collector of customs for the district in which the violation has been discovered. The first action of the collector is to send the violation fine notice, referred to above, to the motor boat owner. The notice is sent by mail and it explains the particular statute that has been violated, describes the nature of the violation and states the place and time the violation took place. In addition, the notice lists the statutory amount of the penalty to which the vessel has become liable. Last, the notice calls attention to the fact that the accused motor boat owner possesses the right to apply to the Secretary of Commerce for complete or partial relief from the statutory penalty to which his craft has become liable.

Upon receiving the notice the motor boat owner should avoid making any of the several common mistakes. He should not be overwhelmed by the sight of the statutory penalties quoted. They run from ten dollars up to several hundred dollars, and it should be understood that they are merely possible maximum penalties which, in the larger amounts certainly, are collected in full but rarely. Likewise, the recipient should refrain from employing an attorney (it has been done) to assist him in answering the charge. He should just as wisely desist from seeking political or any other aid of similar character.

NOW Another Amazing Record!

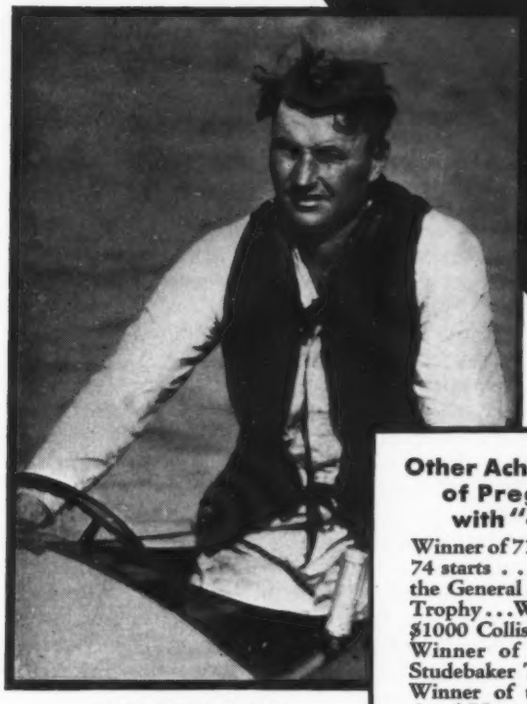
50.934 M.P.H.

New Official Time Trial Mark set by

4-60

World's Fastest Outboard

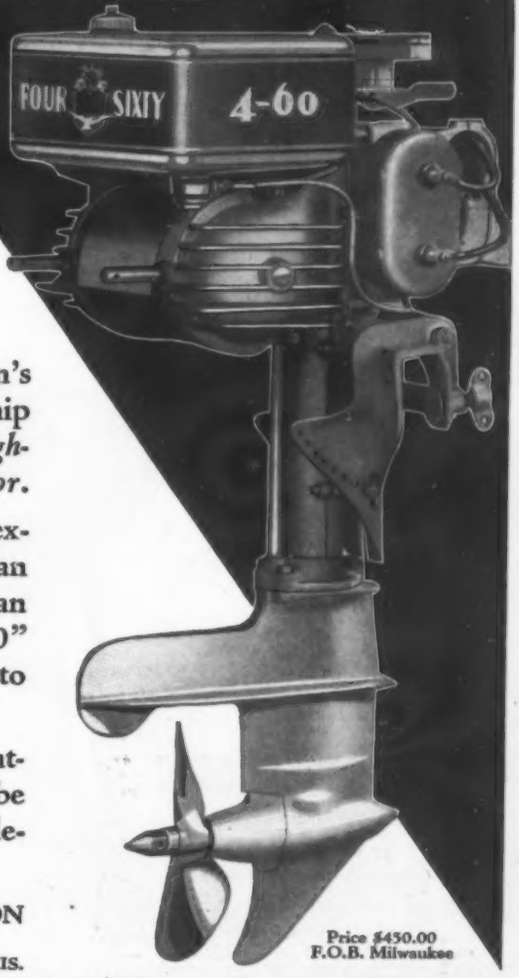
Sold by EVINRUDE · Elto · LOCKWOOD Dealers throughout the world



RAY PREGENZER
Antioch, Illinois

Other Achievements of Pregenzer with "4-60"

Winner of 71 races out of 74 starts . . . Winner of the General Dawes Gold Trophy . . . Winner of the $1000 Collis Trophy . . . Winner of the $5000 Studebaker Trophy . . . Winner of the International Harmsworth Free-for-All Trophy.



TOPPING a record of seventy victories in a single season's racing, Ray Pregenzer in the Divisional Championship Regatta at Fox Lake, Illinois, drove his "4-60" to the *highest official mark ever recorded by an outboard motor.*

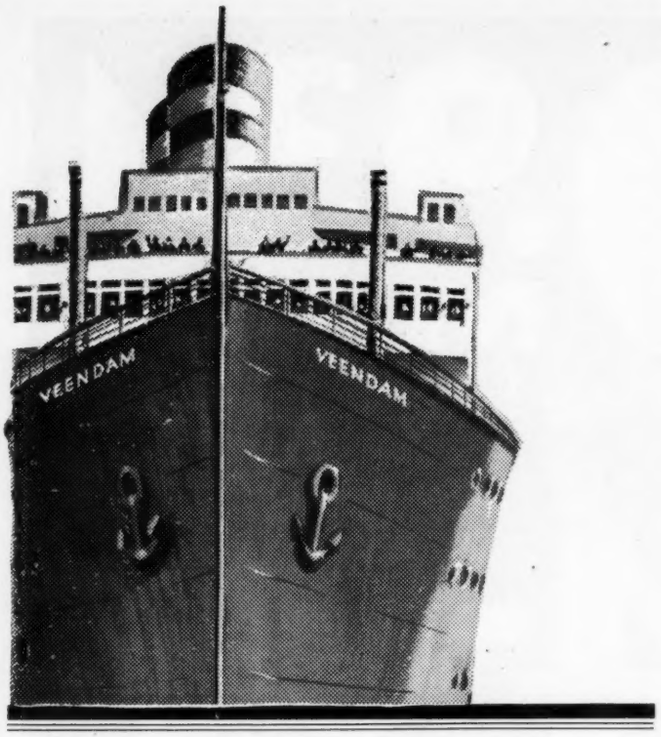
Throughout six 1-mile heats he registered speeds in excess of 50 miles an hour—the fourth heat at better than 51½ miles an hour—for an average of 50.934 miles an hour. Thus Pregenzer with the "4-60" breaks his own previous world's record to reach the long-coveted 50-mile goal.

Sensational victories in hundreds of regattas and distance races prove "4-60" to be the fastest racing outboard motor yet developed. Literature on request.

OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION

OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION
OLE EVINRUDE, President
5228-27th STREET MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Price $450.00
F.O.B. Milwaukee



BERMUDA

is still going "strong"

And *still* the "Veendam" slips away with its gala crowds every Wednesday! Giving many vacationists a two-day "Dutch" transatlantic appetizer before their feast of Bermuda fun. While the "Bermuda" sets out Saturdays loaded with other fortunates who are finding all the midsummer pleasures of our closed resorts — and much more, besides!

ROUND TRIP FARE FROM

$70

Inclusive rates on application

Sailings Wednesdays on S. S. "Veendam" and Saturdays on M. S. "Bermuda"

IMPORTANT TO NOTE: "Veendam" and "Bermuda" sail from Manhattan Pier 95 (west 55th St.) and go direct to dock at Hamilton (Bermuda) thus avoiding inconvenience of five-mile transfer from anchorage.

FURNESS
Bermuda Line

34 Whitehall St.
(where Broadway begins)
565 Fifth Ave., New York,
or any authorized agent

The only proper thing to do is to take the notice just for what it says and, unless the statutory penalty happens to be a small one and the violation clear-cut, to apply for relief from the penalty in the prescribed manner. To guarantee fairness and impartial treatment to every applicant for relief, the law invests only the Secretary of Commerce with the power to remit or mitigate a penalty incurred by violation of the law.

An applicant for relief from a penalty incurred should address his petition to The Honorable, The Secretary of Commerce, Washington, D. C. In the petition, he should tell just how his vessel came to violate the motor boat laws and, in making any excuse, the applicant should bear in mind that he later must make oath to the truth of the excuse given. The petition should request directly a remission or mitigation of the penalty, in support of which request all relevant facts may be cited. Likewise, the petition should include the expressed determination of the applicant to avoid a repetition of the offense. This petition should be made in duplicate and sworn to before a notary. The next step is to forward both the petition and its copy to the collector of customs for transmission to the Secretary of Commerce. The collector will forward the petition to the Secretary. With it, he will send a copy of the fine notice originally sent the accused motor boat owner and, if he so desires, he may make some recommendation as to the disposition of the case. After consideration of all the facts presented to him, the Secretary makes his decision and informs the collector of customs as to its nature. The latter, in turn, is charged with notifying the petitioner of the decision to which the Secretary has come.

In a few instances, it will be found that the verdict of the Secretary is that the statutory penalty must be paid in full. This is likely to happen, however, only when the statutory penalty is a relatively small one and when the violation is a serious one and quite evidently the result of wilfulness or gross negligence. In a number of cases, the circumstances are such as to justify the complete remission of the statutory penalty and the closing of the case with but a warning to the offender. Such a generous disposition of a case is by no means uncommon.

In the majority of the cases, however, the statutory penalty is mitigated to a nominal sum that seems to the Secretary to be in keeping with the circumstances involved and sufficient in amount to deter the petitioner from a repetition of his offense.

The violator whose incurred penalty has been reduced to a nominal sum is allowed thirty days in which to pay the mitigated amount to the proper collector of customs. If he fails to do so, his case is referred to the United States District Attorney for the collection in full of the original statutory penalty. In all cases, the motor boat involved is liable for any penalty imposed and any failure to pay a penalty may result in the vessel being seized and proceeded against, by way of libel, in the district court of the United States for any district within which the vessel may be found.

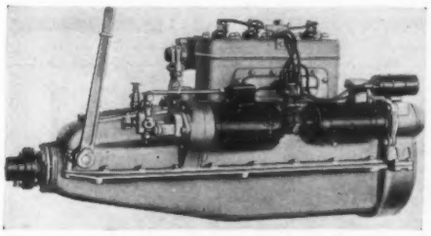
The hundreds of thousands of motor boat owners who, year after year, operate their craft in complete compliance with the federal motor boat laws are responsible in the largest measure, of course, for the high rating which motor boat devotees have come to possess as sportsmen. But even the motor boat owner who does run afoul the laws can still contribute to the sporting reputation of the fraternity by answering the charge without delay, by seeking relief only in the manner prescribed by law, by paying a mitigated penalty within the designated time limit and by cooperating with the authorities throughout the entire proceedings. Incidentally, the offending motor boat owner will be doing the most helpful things he can do to bring about a welcome disposition of the charges made against his vessel.

ADVERTISING PAGES REMOVED

New Universal Flexifour

The Universal Motor Company of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, announces a new model of the popular Flexifour marine motor. The new motor, Model NB, contains features designed to make it a favorite with the boating enthusiast of moderate means. The price is attractively low, yet the engine is rated at and produces a full 25 h.p. The new Flexifour Model NB is described as light enough to drive a small runabout 20–25 miles an hour, powerful enough to drive small cruisers, strong enough to stand up under severe conditions, easy to maneuver and good for trolling.

The new model is shorter than its widely known mate, the Flexifour Model N of 10–15 h.p. It has ⅛ inch larger bore, higher compression, improved manifolding and carburetion. It is furnished in either aluminum or cast iron equipment. Maximum horsepower is developed at 2500 r.p.m., operation at all speeds being unusually smooth. Like the many other motors in the Universal line, the new Flexifour 25 h.p. is available with built-in silent reduction drive.



The new 25 h.p. Flexifour Model NB, recently announced by the Universal Motor Co.

Accessory Novelties

Yachtsmen and boat builders who appreciate fine fittings will be interested in a new line of marine lamps and accessories recently brought out by Perkins Marine Lamp Corp., 1943 Pitkin Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. The line includes streamline fittings, cleats, chocks, flag pole sockets, binnacles, bells, ventilators, etc., and is illustrated and described in a new booklet which will be sent free on request. Fine fittings give a boat the finishing touch of distinction. In these latest "Perko" designs the discriminating buyer will find many attractive items.

The Goodrich Cutless Rubber Bearing

The greatest difficulty encountered in the construction of power boats driven by screw propellers has been overcome by the development of a rubber bearing which resists abrasion. This new cutless bearing is the product of the research department of the B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, and has been proved successful for any type of marine vessel having moving parts in contact with water.

Goodrich engineers, using the principle of friction elimination between metal and rubber, as commonly indicated by the slipping of automobile tires on wet street car rails, conceived the rubber bearing idea. Goodrich Cutless Bearings, used in experimental work in all types of ships, have been known to outwear babbitt and other bearings as much as nine or ten times.

These bearings are manufactured in all sizes for use on small pleasure and speed craft to ocean-going liners. The United States Coast Guard, Merchant Marine, and other commercial carriers are users of the bearings in sizes ranging up to 30 inches in diameter.

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"Champion of all the shaves . . . Barbasol"

***"Barbasol plays a fast, clean game for me every morning. Man, what a comfort to get rid of brush and rub and lather. I wouldn't believe it at first, when I got your signals, but now I know it's not a trick play but just a straight buck right through the whiskers, with no interference. I'll lead the cheering for Barbasol — every time."**

John Law

* Barbasol testimonials are not paid for

John Law, Star Captain of the 1929 Notre Dame National Championship Football Team, now making his mark as coach of Manhattan College, New York

TO the man on the side-lines or the man in the game of life, Barbasol brings the opportunity to *look like a winner*, every day, all day long. Just one reason: Barbasol shaves *cleaner*, *closer*, *quicker* and *easier*.

How many men with tough beards in tender faces can *shave twice a day*? Not with the old soap and lather system! Few faces can stand that racket. But Barbasol *leaves* the face feeling so soft and refreshed that hundreds of Barbasol believers have written in to say two shaves a day are *easy!*

Barbasol softens the beard like magic and, at the same time, its fine even texture holds the hairs straight up to the blade. Naturally, there is no pull; no scrape — and your face actually is *improved* by the treatment.

As for speed, Barbasol is no chore at all. It's *fun* to shave this modern way. But you must do it *right*. The method is simplicity itself. If you once tried Barbasol and *quit*, the chances are you've missed the shaving comfort which has made Barbasol the fastest-selling shaving cream in America. Try it again and *Follow these directions — at that, you'll be following the crowd:*

1 Wet your face. Leave it wet . . . **2** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in . . . **3** Wet a good blade and — SHAVE.

That's all. And note how crisp and easy the blade slides along; how clean the whiskers come away. How *good* the old face *feels*. No lotions needed here. And blades last longer, too. Get Barbasol today and give your face a glad surprise in the morning. Generous tubes, 35c and 65c at all drug stores. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER

Here's a new one: A "Bracer" for the face; slap it on any time; morning, noon or night, for a quick pick-up. It t-i-n-g-l-e-s; rejuvenates. Try it.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

NO BRUSHING — NO LATHERING — NO RUBBING